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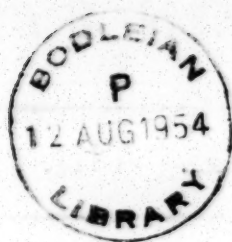
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IN THEATRE





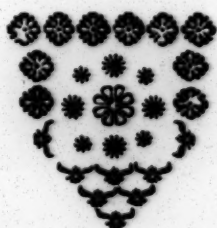


Dupuis sculp.

PHÆDRA
AND
HIPPOLITUS,
A
TRAGEDY.

By Mr. EDMUND SMITH, of Christ-
Church, Oxford.

The FOURTH EDITION.



LONDON, Printed for
Mess. CROWDER, LOWNDS, CASLON, and KEARSLEY.

MDCCLXV.

THE HISTORY OF THE
LIFE OF CHARLES

IN THE REIGN OF

CHARLES

THE SECOND

BY JOHN

A young man of great talents and
with this view, my friends have
the permission, to print and
taken in the year 1704. I was
vanity I had not been so
with, and began to doubt of having
than the immortality of my work.

And I had not been shown the vanity
in interpreting the laws of God, but
did I only consider you as one to whom I
many admirable & new to whom the praise
of Italy, and the best Latin poem since the
Frost, that on the great of Rome.



To the Right Honourable

C H A R L E S,

Lord H A L L I F A X.

MY LORD,

AS soon as it was made known that your Lordship was not displeased with this PLAY, my friends began to value themselves upon the interest they had taken in its success; I was touch'd with a vanity I had not before been acquainted with, and began to dream of nothing less than the immortality of my work.

And I had sufficiently shewn this vanity in inscribing this PLAY to your Lordship, did I only consider you as one to whom so many admirable pieces, to whom the praises of Italy, and the best Latin poem since the *Æneid*, that on the peace of Ryswick, are

Epistle Dedicatory.

consecrated. But it had been intolerable presumption to have address'd it to you, my Lord, who are the nicest judge of poetry, were you not also the greatest encourager of it; to you who excel all the present age as a poet, did you not surpass all the preceding ones as a patron.

For in the times when the Muses were most encouraged, the best writers were countenanced, but never advanced; they were admitted to the acquaintance of the greatest men, but that was all they were to expect. The bounty of the patron is no where to be read of but in the works of poets, whereas your Lordship's will fill those of the historians.

For what transactions can they write of which have not been managed by some who were recommended by your Lordship? It is by your Lordship's means, that the universities have been real nurseries for the state; that the courts abroad are charm'd by the wit and learning, as well as the sagacity of our ministers; that Germany, Switzerland, Muscovy, and even Turkey itself begins to relish the politeness of the English; that the poets at home adorn that
court,

Epistle Dedicatory.

court, which they formerly used only to divert; that abroad they travel, in a manner very unlike their predecessor Homer, and with an equipage he could not bestow, even on the heroes he designed to immortalize.

And this, my Lord, shews your knowledge of men as well as writings, and your judgement no less than your generosity; you have distinguished between those who by their inclinations or abilities were qualified for the pleasure only, and those that were fit for the service of your country; you made the one easy, and the other useful: You have left the one no occasion to wish for any preferment, and you have obliged the publick by the promotion of the others.

And now, my Lord, it may seem odd that I should dwell on the topick of your bounty only, when I might enlarge on so many others; when I ought to take notice of that illustrious family from which you are sprung, and yet of the great merit which was necessary to set you on a level with it, and to raise you to that house of peers, which was already filled with your relations;

Epistle Dedicatory.

tions ; when I ought to consider the brightness of your wit in private conversation, and the solidity of your eloquence in public debates ; when I ought to admire in you the politeness of a courtier, and the sincerity of a friend ; the openness of behaviour which charms all who address themselves to you, and yet that hidden reserve which is necessary for those great affairs in which you are concerned.

To pass over all these great qualities, my Lord, and insist only on your generosity, looks as if I solicited it for myself ; but to that I quitted all manner of claim when I took notice of your Lordship's great judgment in the choice of those you advance ; so that all at present my ambition aspires to is, that your Lordship would be pleased to pardon this presumption, and permit me to profess myself, with the most profound respect,

Your LORDSHIP's most humble,

and most obedient servant,

EDM. SMITH.

T H E
P R O L O G U E,

By Mr. ADDISON.

Spoken by Mr. WILKS.

*L*ONG has a race of heroes fill'd the stage,
That rant by note, and thro' the gamut rage;
In songs and airs express their martial fire,
Combat in trills, and in a feuge expire;
While, lull'd by sound, and undisturb'd by wit,
Calm and serene you indolently sit;
And from the dull fatigue of thinking free,
Hear the facetious fiddles repartee:
Our homespun authors must forsake the field,
And Shakespear to the soft Scarlatti yield.
To your new taste the poet of this day
Was by a friend advis'd to form his play:
Had Valentini, musically coy,
Shunn'd Phædra's arms, and scorn'd the proffer'd joy,
It had not mov'd your wonder to have seen
An eunuch fly from an enamour'd queen:
How would it please, should she in English speak,
And could Hippolitus reply in Greek?
But he, a stranger to your modish way,
By your old rules must stand or fall to-day,
And hopes you will your foreign taste command,
To bear, for once, with what you understand.

THE
EPILOGUE,

By Mr. PRIOR.

Spoken by Mrs. OLDFIELD.

LADIES, to-night your pity I implore
For one who never troubled you before :
An Oxford man, extremely read in Greek,
Who from Eu—ripides makes Phædra speak ;
And comes to town to let us moderns know
How women lov'd two thousand years ago.
If that be all, said I, e'en burn your play,
Egad, we know all that as well as they :
Shew us the youthful handsome charioteer,
Firm in his seat, and running his career ;
Our souls would kindle with as gen'rous flames
As e'er inspir'd the ancient Grecian dames :
Ev'ry Ismena would resign her breast,
And ev'ry dear Hippolitus be blest.

But, as it is, six flouncing Flanders mares
Are e'en as good as any two of theirs ;
And if Hippolitus can but contrive
To buy the gilded chariot, John can drive.

Now of the bustle you have seen to-day,
And Phædra's morals in this scholar's play ;
Something, at last, in justice, should be said,
But this Hippolitus so fills one's head——
Well ! Phædra liv'd as chastly as she cou'd,
For she was father Jove's own flesh and blood ;

Flu

THE EPILOGUE.

*Her aukward love, indeed, was oddly fated,
She and her Poly were too near related ;
And yet that scruple had been laid aside,
If honest Theseus had but fairly dy'd :
But when he came, what needed he to know,
But that all matters stood in statu quo :
There was no harm, you see ; or grant there were,
She might want conduct, but he wanted care.
'Twas in a husband little less than rude,
Upon his wife's retirement to intrude :
He should have sent a night or two before,
That he would come exact at such an hour ;
Then he had turn'd all tragedy to jest,
Found ev'ry thing contribute to his rest ;
The picquet friend dismiss'd, the coast all clear,
And spouse alone, impatient for her dear.*

*But if these gay reflections come too late
To keep the guilty Phædra from her fate,
If your more serious judgment must condemn
The dire effects of her unhappy flame :
Yet, ye chaste matrons, and ye tender fair,
Let love and innocence engage your care ;
My spotless flames to your protection take,
And spare poor Phædra for Iimena's sake.*

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

THESEUS, king of Crete,	Mr. Betterton.
HIPPOLITUS, his son, in love with } Ismena,	Mr. Booth.
LYCON, minister of state,	Mr. Keen.
CRATANDER, captain of the guards,	Mr. Corey.

W O M E N.

PHÆDRA, Theseus's queen, in love } with Hippolitus,	Mrs. Barrey.
ISMENA, a captive princess, in love } with Hippolitus,	Mrs. Oldfield.

Guards, Attendants.

PHÆDRA



PHÆDRA
AND
HIPPOLITUS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Cratander and Lycon.

Lycon.

IS strange, Cratander, that the royal Phædra
'T Should still continue resolute in grief,
And obstinately wretched :
That one so gay, so beautiful and young,
Of godlike virtue and imperial power,
Should fly inviting joys, and court destruction.

Crat. Is there not cause, when lately join'd in marriage,
To have the king her husband call'd to war ?
Then for three tedious moons to mourn his absence,
Nor know his fate ?

Lyc. The king may cause her sorrow,
But not by absence : oft I've seen him hang
With greedy eyes and languish o'er her beauties,
She from his wide, deceiv'd, desiring arms
Flew tasteless, loathing ; whilst dejected Theseus,
With mournful loving eyes pursu'd her flight,
And dropt a silent tear.

Crat.

2 PHÆDRA and HIPPOLITUS.

Crat. Ha! this is hatred,
This is averſion, horror, deteſtation :
Why did the queen, who might have cull'd mankind,
Why did ſhe give her perſon and her throne
To one ſhe loath'd ?

Lyc. Perhaps ſhe thought it juſt
That he ſhould wear the crown his valour ſav'd.

Crat. Could ſhe not glut his hopes with wealth and
honour,
Reward his valour, yet rejeſt his love ?
Why, when a happy mother, queen and widow ;
Why did ſhe wed old Theſeus ? while his ſon,
The brave Hippolitus, with equal youth
And equal beauty might have fill'd her arms.

Lyc. Hippolitus (in diſtant Scythia born,
The warlike Amazon, Camilla's ſon).
'Till our queen's marriage, was unknown to Crete :
And ſure the queen could wiſh him ſtill unknown :
She loaths, deteſts him, flies his hated preſence,
And ſhrinks and trembles at his very name.

Crat. Well may ſhe hate the prince ſhe needs muſt fear ;
He may diſpute the crown with Phædra's ſon.
He's brave, he's fiery, youthful and belov'd ;
His courage charms the men, his form the women ;
His very ſports are war.

Lyc. Oh! he's all hero, ſcorns th' inglorious eaſe
Of lazy Crete, delights to ſhine in arms,
To wield the ſword, and launch the pointed ſpear ;
To tame the gen'rous horſe, that nobly wild.
Neighs on the hills, and dares the angry lion ;
To join the ſtruggling courſers to his chariot,
To make their ſtubborn necks the rein obey,
To turn, or ſtop, or ſtretch along the plain.
Now the queen's ſick, there's danger in his courage.—
Be ready with your guards.—I fear Hippolitus. [*Exit Crat.*]
Fear him! for what? poor ſilly virtuous wretch,
Affecting glory, and contemning power :
Warm without pride, without ambition brave ;
A ſenſeleſs hero, fit to be a tool
To thoſe whoſe godlike ſouls are turn'd for empire.
An open honeſt fool, that loves and hates,
And yet more fool to own it. He hates flatterers,

He.

He hates me too ; weak boy, to make a foe
Where he might have a slave. I hate him too,
But cringe, and flatter, fawn, adore, yet hate him.
Let the queen live or die, the prince must fall.

Enter Ismena.

What still attending on the queen, Ismena ?
O charming virgin ! O exalted virtue !
Can still your goodness conquer all your wrongs ?
Are you not robb'd of your Athenian crown ?
Was not your royal father Pallas slain ?
And all his wretched race, by conqu'ring Theseus ?
And do you still watch o'er his consort Phædra ?
And still repay such cruelty with love ?

Ism. Let them be cruel that delight in mischief :
I'm of a softer mould ; poor Phædra's sorrows
Pierce thro' my yielding heart, and wound my soul.

Lyc. Now thrice the rising sun has chear'd the world,
Since she renew'd her strength with due refreshment ;
Thrice has the night brought ease to man, to beast,
Since wretched Phædra clos'd her streaming eyes :
She flies all rest, all necessary food,
Resolv'd to die, nor capable to live.

Ism. But now her grief has wrought her into phrenzy ;
The images her troubled fancy forms
Are incoherent, wild ; her words disjointed :
Sometimes she raves for musick, light, and air.
Nor air, nor light, nor musick, calm her pains ;
Then with extatic strength she springs aloft,
And moves and bounds with vigor not her own.

Lyc. Then life is on the wing ; then most she sinks
When most she seems reviv'd. Like boiling water,
That foams and hisses o'er the crackling wood,
And bubbles to the brim ; ey'n then most wasting,
When most it swells.

Ism. My lord, now try your art ;
Her wild disorder may disclose the secret
Her cooler sense conceal'd ; the Pythian goddess
Is dumb and fullen, 'till with fury fill'd
She spreads, she rises, growing to the sight,
She stares, she foams, she raves ; the awful secrets

Burst

PHÆDRA and HIPPOLITUS.

Burst from her trembling lips, and ease the tortur'd maid.
But Phædra comes, ye gods, how pale, how weak !

Enter Phædra and Attendants.

Phæd. Stay, virgins, stay ; I'll rest my weary steps :
My strength forsakes me, and my dazzled eyes
Ake with the flashing light ; my loosen'd knees
Sink under their dull weight. Support me, Lycon.
Alas ! I faint.

Lyc. Afford her ease, kind Heav'n !

Phæd. Why blaze these jewels round my wretched head ?
Why all this labour'd elegance of drefs ?
Why flow these wanton curls in artful rings ?
Take, snatch 'em hence. Alas ! you all conspire
To heap new sorrows on my tortur'd soul :
All, all conspire to make your queen unhappy.

Ism. This you requir'd, and to the pleasing task
Call'd your officious maids, and urg'd their art ;
You bid 'em lead you from yon hideous darkness
To the glad chearing day, yet now avoid it,
And hate the light you fought.

Phæd. Oh, my Lycon !
Oh ! how I long to lay my weary head
On tender flow'ry beds and springing grass,
To stretch my limbs beneath the spreading shades
Of venerable oaks, to slake my thirst
With the cool nectar of refreshing springs.

Lyc. I'll soothe her phrenzy. Come, Phædra, let's away ;
Let's to the woods and lawns, and limpid streams.

Phæd. Come, let's away ; and thou most bright Diana,
Goddess of woods, immortal, chaste Diana,
Goddess presiding o'er the rapid race,
Place me, O place me in the dusty ring,
Where youthful charioteers contend for glory ;
See how they mount and shake the flowing reins,
See from the goal the fiery courfers bound,
Now they strain panting up the steepy hill,
Now sweep along its top, now neigh along the vale ;
How the car rattles, how its kindling wheels
Smoak in the whirl ! the circling sand ascends,
And in the noble dust the chariot's lost.

Lyc. What, madam!

Phæd. Ah, my Lycon! ah, what said I?
Where was I hurry'd by my roving fancy?
My languid eyes are wet with sudden tears,
And on my face unbidden blushes glow.

Lyc. Blush then, but blush for your destructive silence,
That tears your soul, and weighs you down to death;
Oh! should you die (ye pow'rs forbid her death)
Who then would shield from wrongs your helpless orphan?
Oh! he might wander, Phædra's son might wander,
A naked suppliant thro' the world for aid;
Then he may cry, invoke his mother's name:
He may be doom'd to chains, to shame, to death,
While proud Hippolitus shall mount his throne.

Phæd. O Heav'ns!

Lyc. Ha, Phædra, are you touch'd at this?

Phæd. Unhappy wretch! what name was that you spoke?

Lyc. And does his name provoke your just resentments?
Then let it raise your fear, as well as rage:
Think how you wrong'd him, to his father wrong'd him;
Think how you drove him hence a wand'ring exile
To distant climes; then think what certain vengeance
His rage may wreak on your unhappy orphan.
For his sake then renew your drooping spirits;
Feed with new oil the wasting lamp of life,
That winks and trembles, now, just now expiring:
Make haste, preserve your life.

Phæd. Alas! too long,
Too long have I preserv'd that guilty life.

Lyc. Guilty! what guilt? has blood, has horrid murder
Imbru'd your hands?

Phæd. Alas! my hands are guiltless,
But oh! my heart's defil'd.

I've said too much; forbear the rest, my Lycon,
And let me die to save the black confession.

Lyc. Die then, but not alone; old faithful Lycon
Shall be a victim to your cruel silence.

Will you not tell? O lovely, wretched queen!
By all the cares of your first infant years,
By all the love, and faith, and zeal I've shew'd you,
Tell me your griefs, unfold your hidden sorrows,
And teach your Lycon how to bring you comfort.

Phæd.

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Phæd. What shall I say, malicious cruel pow'rs ?
O where shall I begin ? O cruel Venus !
How fatal love has been to all our race !

Lyc. Forget it, madam ; let it die in silence.

Phæd. O Ariadne ! O unhappy sister !

Lyc. Cease to record your sister's grief and shame.

Phæd. And since the cruel god of love requires it,
I fall the last, and most undone of all.

Lyc. Do you then love ?

Phæd. Alas ! I groan beneath
The pain, the guilt, the shame of impious love.

Lyc. Forbid it, Heaven !

Phæd. Do not upbraid me, Lycon :
I love.—Alas ! I shudder at the name ;
My blood runs backward, and my fault'ring tongue
Sticks at the sound—I love.—O righteous Heav'n !
Why was I born with such a sense of virtue,
So great abhorrence of the smallest crime,
And yet a slave to such impetuous guilt ?
Rain on me, gods, your plagues, your sharpest tortures,
Afflict my soul with any thing but guilt,
And yet that guilt is mine.—I'll think no more ;
I'll to the woods among the happier brutes.
Come, let's away ; hark, the shrill horn resounds,
The jolly huntsmens c ies rend the wide heav'ns.
Come, o'er the hills pursue the bounding stag ;
Come, chase the lion and the foamy boar ;
Come, rouse up all the monsters of the wood,
For there, ev'n there, Hippolitus will guard me.

Lyc. Hippolitus !

Phæd. Who's he that names Hippolitus ?
Ah ! I'm betray'd, and all my guilt discover'd.
Oh ! give me poison, swords, I'll not live, nor bear it ;
I'll stop my breath.

Ism. I'm lost, but what's that loss ?
Hippolitus is lost, or lost to me :
Yet should her charms prevail upon his soul,
Should he be false, I would not wish him ill ;
With my last parting breath I'd bless my lord :
Then in some lonely desert place expire,
Whence my unhappy death shall never reach him,
Lest it should wound his peace, or damp his joys. [*Aside.*

Lyc.

Lyc. Think still the secret in your royal breast,
For by the awful majesty of Jove,
By the all-seeing sun, by righteous Minos,
By all your kindred gods we swear, O Phædra,
Safe as our lives we'll keep the fatal secret.

Ism. &c. We swear, all swear to keep it ever secret.

Phæd. Keep it! from whom? why it's already known,
The tale, the whisper of the babbling vulgar:
Oh! can you keep it from yourselves, unknow it?
Or do you think I'm so far gone in guilt,
That I can see, can bear the looks, the eyes
Of one who knows my black detested crimes,
Of one who knows that Phædra loves her son?

Lyc. Unhappy queen! august, unhappy race!
Oh! why did Theseus touch this fatal shore?
Why did he save us from Nicander's arms,
To bring worse ruin on us by his love?

Phæd. His love indeed; for that unhappy hour
In which the priests join'd Theseus' hand to mine,
Shew'd the young Scythian to my dazzled eyes.
Gods! how I shook! what boiling heat inflam'd
My panting breast! how from the touch of Theseus
My slack hand dropt, and all the idle pomp,
Priests, altars, victims, swam before my sight!
'The god of love, ev'n the whole god, possess me.

Lyc. At once, at first possess you!

Phæd. Yes, at first.

That fatal ev'ning we pursu'd the chace,
When from behind the wood, with rustling sound,
A monstrous boar rusht forth: his baleful eyes
Shot glaring fire, and his stiff-pointed bristles
Rose high upon his back; at me he made,
Whetting his tusks, and churning hideous foam;
Then, then Hippolitus flew in to aid me:
Collecting all himself, and rising to the blow,
He launch'd the whistling spear; the well-aim'd jav'lin
Pierc'd his tough hide, and quiver'd in his heart;
The monster fell, and gnashing with huge tusks,
Plow'd up the crimson earth. But then Hippolitus!
Gods! how he mov'd and look'd when he approach'd me!
When hot and panting from the savage conquest,
Dreadful as Mars, and as his Venus lovely,

His

8 PHÆDRA and HIPPOLITUS.

His crimson cheeks with purple beauties glow'd,
 His lovely sparkling eyes shot martial fires.
 O godlike form ! O extasy and transport !
 My breath grew short, my beating heart sprung upward,
 And leap'd and bounded in my heaving bosom.
 Alas ! I'm pleas'd ; the horrid story charms me.---
 No more---That night with fear and love I sicken'd.
 Oft I receiv'd his fatal charming visits ;
 Then would he talk with such an heav'nly grace,
 Look with such dear compassion on my pains,
 That I could wish to be so sick for ever.
 My ears, my greedy eyes, my thirsty soul,
 Drank gorging in the dear delicious poison,
 'Till I was lost, quite lost in impious love.
 And shall I drag an execrable life ?

And shall I hoard up guilt, and treasure vengeance ?

Lyc. No ; labour, strive, subdue that guilt, and live.

Phæd. Did I not labour, strive, all-seeing pow'rs ?
 Did I not weep and pray, implore your aid ?
 Burn clouds of incense on your loaded altars ?
 Oh ! I call'd heav'n and earth to my assistance,
 All the ambitious thirst of fame and empire,
 And all the honest pride of conscious virtue :
 I struggled, rav'd ; the new-born passion reign'd
 Almighty in its birth.

Lyc. Did you e'er try
 To gain his love ?

Phæd. Avert such crimes, ye pow'rs !
 No ; to avoid his love I sought his hatred :
 I wrong'd him, shunn'd him, banish'd him from Crete ;
 I sent him, drove him from my longing sight :
 In vain I drove him, for his tyrant form
 Reign'd in my heart, and dwelt before my eyes.
 If to the gods I pray'd, the very vows
 I made to Heav'n were by my erring tongue
 Spoke to Hippolitus. If I try'd to sleep,
 Straight to my drowsy eyes my restless fancy
 Brought back his fatal form, and curst my slumber.

Lyc. First let me try to melt him into love.

Phæd. No ; did his hapless passion equal mine,
 I would refuse the bliss I most desir'd,
 Consult my fame, and sacrifice my life.

Yes,

Yes, I would die, Heaven knows, this very moment,
Rather than wrong my lord, my husband Theseus.

Lyc. Perhaps that lord, that husband is no more ;
He went from Crete in haste, his army thin,
To meet the numerous troops of fierce Molossians ;
Yet tho' he lives, while ebbing life decays,
Think on your son.

Phad. Alas ! that shocks me.
O let me see my young one, let me snatch
A hasty farewell, a last dying kiss.
Yet stay ; his sight will melt my just resolves :
But oh ! I beg with my last falling breath,
Cherish my babe.

Enter Messenger.

Mess. Madam, I grieve to tell you
What you must know : Your royal husband's dead.

Phad. Dead ! O ye pow'rs !

Lyc. O fortunate event !
Then earth-born Lycon may ascend the throne,
Leave to his happy son the crown of Jove,
And be ador'd like him. [*Aside.*] Mourn, mourn, ye
Cretans ;

Since he is dead whose valour sav'd your isle,
Whose prudent care with flowing plenty crown'd
His peaceful subjects ; as your tow'ring Ida,
With spreading oaks, and with descending streams,
Shades and enriches all the plains below.
Say how he dy'd.

Mess. He dy'd as Theseus ought,
In battle dy'd : Philotas, now a prisoner,
That rushing on fought next his royal person,
That saw his thund'ring arm beat squadrons down,
Saw the great rival of Alcides fall.
These eyes beheld his well-known steed, beheld
A proud Barbarian glitt'ring in his arms,
Encumber'd with the spoil.

Phad. Is he then dead ?
Is my much-injur'd lord, my Theseus, dead ?
And don't I shed one tear upon his urn ?

What !

10 PHÆDRA and HIPPOLITUS.

What! not a sigh, a groan, a soft complaint?
 Ah! these are tributes due from pious brides,
 From a chaste matron, and a virtuous wife:
 But savage love, the tyrant of my heart,
 Claims all my sorrows, and usurps my grief.

Lyc. Dismiss that grief, and give a loose to joy:
 He's dead, the bar of all your bliss is dead;
 Live then, my queen, forget the wrinkled Theseus,
 And take the youthful hero to your arms.

Phæd. I dare not now admit of such a thought,
 And bless'd be Heav'n that steel'd my stubborn heart;
 That made me shun the bridal bed of Theseus,
 And give him empire, but refuse him love.

Lyc. Then may his happier son be blest with both;
 Then rouse your soul, and muster all your charms,
 Soothe his ambitious mind with thirst of empire,
 And all his tender thoughts with soft allurements.

Phæd. But should the youth refuse my proffer'd love!
 O should he throw me from his loathing arms!
 I fear the trial; for I know Hippolitus
 Fierce in the right, and obstinately good:
 When round beset, his virtue, like a flood,
 Breaks with resistless force th' opposing dams,
 And bears the mounds along; they're hurry'd on,
 And swell the torrent they were rais'd to stop.
 I dare not yet resolve; I'll try to live,
 And to the awful gods I'll leave the rest.

Lyc. Madam, your signet, that your slave may order
 What's most expedient for your royal service.

Phæd. Take it, and with it take the fate of Phædra.
 And thou, O Venus, aid a suppliant queen,
 That owns thy triumphs, and adores thy pow'r:
 O spare thy captives, and subdue thy foes.
 On this cold Scythian let thy pow'r be known,
 And in a lover's cause assert thy own:
 Then Crete as Paphos shall adore thy shrine;
 This nurse of Jove with grateful fires shall shine,
 And with thy father's flames shall worship thine.

[Exit Phæd. &c.]

Lycon

Lycon solus.

If she proposes love, why then as surely
His haughty soul refuses it with scorn.----
Say I confine him!--If she dies he's safe;
And if she lives, I'll work her raging mind.
A woman scorn'd with ease I'll work to vengeance:
With humble, fawning, wise, obsequious arts
I'll rule the whirl and transport of her soul;
That when her reason hates, her rage may act.

When barks glide slowly thro' the lazy main,
The baffled pilots turn the helms in vain;
When driv'n by winds they cut the foamy way,
The rudders govern, and the ships obey. [Exit.

The End of the FIRST ACT.



A C T II.

Enter Phædra, Lycon, and Ismena. [Enter Mess.

Mess. **M**ADAM, the prince Hippolitus attends.
Phæd. Admit him. Where, where, Phædra's
now thy soul?

What ---Shall I speak? And shall my guilty tongue
Let this insulting victor know his pow'r?
Or shall I still confine within my breast
My restless passions and devouring flames?
But see he comes, the lovely tyrant comes.---
He rushes on me like a blaze of light;
I cannot bear the transport of his presence,
But sink oppress'd with woe.

[Swoons.

Enter

Enter Hippolitus.

Hip. Immortal Gods!

What have I done to raise such strange abhorrence?
What have I done to shake her shrinking nature
With my approach, and kill her with my sight?

Lyc. Alas! another grief devours her soul,
And only your assistance can relieve her.

Hip. Ha! make it known, that I may fly and aid her.

Lyc. But promise first, my lord, to keep it secret.

Hip. Promise! I swear, on this good sword I swear,
This sword, which first gain'd youthful Theseus honour!
Which oft has punish'd perjury and falsehood;
By thund'ring Jove, by Grecian Hercules,
By the majestic form of godlike heroes,
That shine around, and consecrate the steel;
No racks, no shame, shall ever force it from me.

Phæd. Hippolitus.

Hip. Yes, 'tis that wretch, who begs you to dismiss
This hated object from your eyes for ever.
Begs leave to march against the foes of Theseus,
And to revenge or share his father's fate.

Phæd. Oh, Hippolitus!

I own I've wrong'd you, most unjustly wrong'd you;
Drove you from court, from Crete, and from your father;
The court, all Crete, deplor'd their suffering hero,
And I (the sad occasion) most of all.
Yet could you know relenting Phædra's soul!
Oh, could you think with what reluctant grief
I wrong'd the hero whom I wish'd to cherish!
Oh! you'd confess me wretched, not unkind,
And own those ills did most deserve your pity,
Which most procur'd your hate.

Hip. My hate to Phædra!

Ha! could I hate the royal spouse of Theseus,
My queen, my mother?

Phæd. Why your queen and mother?

More humble ties would suit my lost condition.
Alas! the iron hand of death is on me,
And I have only time t' implore your pardon.
Ah! would my lord forget injurious Phædra,

And

And with compassion view her helpless orphan !
Would he receive him to his dear protection,
Defend his youth from all encroaching foes !

Hip. Oh, I'll defend him ! with my life defend him !
Heav'ns dart your judgment on this faithless head,
If I don't pay him all a slave's obedience,
And all a father's love.

Phaed. A father's love !
Oh, doubtful sounds ! oh, vain deceitful hopes !
My grief's much eas'd by this transcending goodness,
And Theseus' death sits lighter on my soul.
Death ! he's not dead : he lives, he breathes, he speaks ;
He lives in you, he's present to my eyes ;
I see him, speak to him. — My heart ! I rave,
And all my folly's known.

Hip. Oh, glorious folly !
See, Theseus, see, how much your Phædra lov'd you.

Phaed. Love him, indeed ! dote, languish, die for him,
For sake my food, my sleep, all joys for Theseus ;
(But not that hoary venerable Theseus)
But Theseus, as he was when mantling blood
Glow'd in his lovely cheeks ; when his bright eyes
Sparkled with youthful fires ; when ev'ry grace
Shone in the father, which now crowns the son ;
When Theseus was Hippolitus.

Hip. Ha ! amazement strikes me :
Where will this end ?

Lyc. Is't difficult to guess ?
Does not her flying paleness, that but now
Sat cold and languid in her fading cheek,
(Where now succeeds a momentary lustre)
Does not her beating heart, her trembling limbs,
Her withing looks, her speech, her present silence,
All, all proclaim imperial Phædra loves you ?

Hip. What do I hear ? what, does no lightning flash,
No thunder bellow, when such monstrous crimes
Are own'd, avow'd, confess'd ? All-seeing fun !
Hide, hide in shameful night thy beamy head,
And cease to view the horrors of thy race.
Alas ! I share th' amazing guilt ; these eyes,
That first inspir'd the black incestuous flame,
'These ears, that heard the tale of impious love,

14 PHÆDRA and HIPPOLITUS.

Are all accurs'd, and all deserve your thunder.

Phæd. Alas, my lord! believe me not so vile.
No; by thy goddess, by the chaste Diana,
None but my first, my much-lov'd lord Ariamnes,
Was e'er receiv'd in these unhappy arms.
No; for the love of thee, of those dear charms,
Which now I see are doom'd to be my ruin,
I still deny'd my lord, my husband Theseus,
The chaste, the modest joys of spotless marriage;
That drove him hence to war, to stormy seas,
To rocks and waves, less cruel than his Phædra.

Hip. If that drove Theseus hence, then that kill'd
Theseus,
And cruel Phædra kill'd her husband Theseus.

Phæd. Forbear, rash youth, nor dare to rouse my ven-
geance;
You need not urge, nor tempt my swelling rage
With black reproaches, scorn, and provocation,
To do a deed my reason would abhor.
Long has the secret struggled in my breast,
Long has it rack'd and rent my tortur'd bosom;
But now 'tis out. Shame, rage, confusion tear
And drive me on to act unheard-of crimes;
To murder thee, myself, and all that know it.
As when convulsions cleave the lab'ring earth,
Before the dismal yawn appears, the ground
Trembles and heaves, the nodding houses crash;
He's safe, who from the dreadful warning flies,
But he that sees its opening bosom dies. [Exit

Hip. Then let me take the warning and retire;
I'd rather trust the rough Ionian waves,
Than woman's fiercer rage.

[Ismena shows herself, listening.

Lyc. Alas, my lord!

You must not leave the queen to her despair.

Hip. Must not! from thee? from that vile upstart Lycon!

Lyc. Yes; from that Lycon who derives his greatness
From Phædra's race, and now would guard her life.
'Then, Sir, forbear, and view this royal signet,
And in her faithful slave obey the queen.

[Enter guards.

Guards, watch the prince, but at that awful distance,
With

With that respect, it may not seem confinement,
But only meant for honour.

Hip. So, confinement is
The honour Crete bestows on Theseus' son.
Am I confin'd? and is't so soon forgot,
When fierce Procrustes' arms o'er-ran your kingdom?
When your streets echo'd with the cries of orphans,
Your shrieking maids clung round the hallow'd shrines,
When all your palaces and lofty towers
Smoak'd on the earth, when the red sky around
Glow'd with your city's flames (a dreadful lustre):
'Then, then my father flew to your assistance;
Then Theseus sav'd your lives, estates, and honours.
And do you thus reward the hero's toil?
And do you now confine the hero's son?

Lyc. Take not an easy short confinement ill,
Which your own safety and the queen's requires.
But fear not ought from one that joys to serve you.

Hip. Oh, I disdain thee, traitor, but not fear thee;
Nor will I hear of services from Lycon.
'Thy very looks are lies, eternal falshood
Smiles in thy looks, and flatters in thy eyes;
Ev'n in thy humble face I read my ruin,
In ev'ry cringing bow and fawning smile.
Why else d'ye whisper out your dark suspicions?
Why with malignant eulogies encrease
The people's fears, and praise me to my ruin?
Why thro' the troubled streets of frighted Gnoſſus
Do bucklers, helms, and polish'd armour blaze?
Why sounds the dreadful din of instant war,
Whilst still the foe's unknown?

Lyc. Then quit thy arts;
Put off the statesman, and resume the judge. [*Aside.*
Thou, Proteus, shift thy various forms no more,
But boldly own the god.—That foe's too near.

[*To Hip.*

The queen's disease, and your aspiring mind,
Disturb all Crete, and give a loose to war.

Hip. Gods! dares he speak thus to a monarch's son?
And must this earth-born slave command in Crete?
Was it for this my godlike father fought?
Did Theseus bleed for Lycon? O ye Cretans,

16 PHÆDRA and HIPPOLITUS.

See there your king, the successor of Minos,
And heir of Jove.

Lyc. You may as well provoke
That Jove you worship, as this slave you scorn.
Go seize Almazon, Nicias, and all
The black abettors of his impious treason.
Now o'er thy head th' avenging thunder rolls;
For know on me depends thy instant doom.
Then learn, proud prince, to bend thy haughty soul,
And, if thou think'st of life, obey the queen.

Hip. Then free from fear or guilt I'll wait my doom.
Whate'er's my fault, no stain shall blot my glory.
I'll guard my honour, you dispose my life.

[*Ex. Lyc. and Crat.*

Since he dares brave my rage, the danger's near.
The timorous hounds that hunt the generous Lyon
Bay afar off, and tremble in pursuit;
But when he struggles in th' entangling toils,
Insult the dying prey.-----'Tis kindly done, Ismena,

[*Ism. enters.*

With all your charms to visit my distress;
Soften my chains, and make confinement easy.
Is it then giv'n me to behold thy beauties!
Those blushing sweets, those lovely loving eyes!
To press, to strain thee to my beating heart,
And grow thus to my love! What's liberty to this?
What's fame or greatness? take 'em, take 'em, Phædra,
Freedom and fame, and in the dear confinement
Enclose me thus for ever.

Ism. O Hippolitus!

Oh, I could ever dwell in this confinement!
Nor wish for aught while I behold my lord:
But yet that wish, that only wish is vain,
When my hard fate thus forces me to beg you,
Drive from your godlike soul a wretched maid:
Take to your arms (assist me, Heav'n! to speak it)
Take to your arms imperial Phædra,
And think of me no more.

Hip. Not think of thee?
What! part, for ever part? unkind Ismena!
Oh! can you think that death is half so dreadful,
As it would be to live, and live without thee?

Say,

Say, should I quit thee, should I turn to Phædra,
Say, couldst thou bear it? could thy tender soul
Endure the torment of despairing love,
And see me settled in a rival's arms?

Ism. Think not of me: Perhaps my equal mind
May learn to bear the fate the gods allot me.
Yet would you hear me; could your lov'd Ismena
With all her charms o'er-rule your fallen honour,
You yet might live, nor leave the poor Ismena.

Hip. Speak: if I can, I'm ready to obey:

Ism. Give the queen hopes.

Hip. No more---my soul disdains it:
No; should I try, my haughty soul would swell,
Sharpen each word, and threaten in my eyes.
Oh, should I stoop to cringe, to lie, forswear?
Deserve the ruin which I strive to shun?

Ism. Oh, I can't bear this cold contempt of death!
This rigid virtue, that prefers your glory
To liberty or life. O cruel man!
By these sad sighs, by these poor streaming eyes,
By that dear love that makes us now unhappy,
By the near danger of that precious life,
Heav'n knows I value much above my own.
What! not yet mov'd? are you resolv'd on death?
Then, ere 'tis night, I swear by all the pow'rs
This steel shall end my fears and life together.

Hip. You shan't be trusted with a life so precious.
No; to the court I'll publish your design:
Ev'n bloody Lycon will prevent your fate;
Lycon shall wrench the dagger from your bosom,
And raving Phædra will preserve Ismena.

Ism. Phædra! come on, I'll lead you on to Phædra:
I'll tell her all the secrets of our love;
Give to her rage her close destructive rival:
Her rival sure will fall; her love may save you.
Come, see me labour in the pangs of death,
My agonizing limbs, my dying eyes,
Dying, yet fixt in death on my Hippolitus.

Hip. What's your design? ye pow'rs! what means my
love?

Ism. She means to lead you in the road of fate;
She means to die with one she can't preserve.

18 PHÆDRA and HIPPOLITUS.

Yet when you see me pale upon the earth,
This once-lov'd form grown horrible in death,
Sure your relenting soul would with you'd sav'd me.

Hip. Oh! I'll do all, do any thing to save you;
Give up my fame, and all my darling honour:
I'll run, I'll fly; what you'll command I'll say.

Ism. Say what occasion, chance, or Heav'n inspires;
Say that you love her, that you lov'd her long;
Say that you'll wed her, say that you'll comply;
Say, to preserve your life, say any thing.
Bless him, ye pow'rs! and if it be a crime, [*Exit Hip.*
Oh! if the pious fraud offend your justice,
Aim all your vengeance on Ismena's head;
Punish Ismena, but forgive Hippolitus.

He's gone, and now my brave resolves are stagger'd,
Now I repent, like some despairing wretch
That boldly plunges in the frightful deep,
That pants, and struggles with the whirling waves,
And catches ev'ry slender reed to save him.

Cho. But should he do what your commands enjoin'd him,
Say, should he wed her?

Ism. Should he wed the queen?
Oh! I'd remember that 'twas my request,
And die well pleas'd I made the hero happy.

Cho. Die! does Ismena then resolve to die?

Ism. Can I then live? can I, who lov'd so well
To part with all my blifs to save my lover?
Oh! can I drag a wretched life without him,
And see another revel in his arms?
Oh, 'tis in death alone I can have comfort!

Enter Lycon.

Lyc. What a reverse is this! perfidious boy,
Is this thy truth? is this thy boasted honour?
Then all are rogues alike: I never thought
But one man honest, and that one deceives me. [*Aside.*
Ismena here! —

'Tis all agreed, and now the prince is safe
From the sure vengeance of despairing love;
Now Phædra's rage is chang'd to soft endearments:

She

She doats, she dies ; and few, but tedious days,
With endless joys will crown the happy pair.

Ism. Does he then wed the queen ?

Lyc. At least I think so.

I, when the prince approach'd, not far retir'd,
Pale with my doubts : he spoke ; th' attentive queen
Dwelt on his accents, and her gloomy eyes
Sparkled with gentler fires ; he blushing bow'd,
She, trembling, lost in love, with soft confusion
Receiv'd his passion, and return'd her own.
Then smiling turn'd to me, and bad me order
The pompous rites of her ensuing nuptials,
Which I must now pursue. Farewel, Ismena. [Exit.

Ism. Then I'll retire, and not disturb their joys.

Cho. Stay and learn more.

Ism. Ah ! wherefore should I stay ?
What ! shall I stay to rave, t' upbraid, to hold him ?
To snatch the struggling charmer from her arms ?
For could you think that open gen'rous youth
Could with feign'd love deceive a jealous woman ?
Could he so soon grow artful in dissembling ?
Ah ! without doubt his thoughts inspir'd his tongue,
And all his soul receiv'd a real love.

Perhaps new graces darted from her eyes,
Perhaps soft pity charm'd his yielding soul,
Perhaps her love, perhaps her kingdom charm'd him ;
Perhaps----alas ! how many things might charm him !

Cho. Wait the success : it is not yet decided.

Ism. Not yet decided ! did not Lycon tell us
How he protested, sigh'd, and look'd, and vow'd ?
How the soft passion languish'd in his eyes ?
Yes, yes, he loves, he doats on Phædra's charms.
Now, now he clasps her to his panting breast,
Now he devours her with his eager eyes,
Now grasps her hands, and now he looks, and vows
The dear false things that charm'd the poor Ismena.
He comes ; be still, my heart ; the tyrant comes,
Charming tho' false, and lovely in his guilt.

Enter Hippolitus.

Hip. Why hangs that cloudy sorrow on your brow?
Why do you sigh? why flow your swelling eyes?
Those eyes that us'd with joy to view Hippolitus.

Ism. My lord, my soul is charm'd with your success.
You know, my lord, my fears are but for you,
For your dear life; and since my death alone
Can make you safe, that soon shall make you happy.
Yet had you brought less love to Phædra's arms,
My soul had parted with a less regret,
Blest if surviving in your dear remembrance.

Hip. Your death! my love! my marriage! and to
Phædra!

Hear me, Ismena.

Ism. No, I dare not hear you.
But tho' you've been thus cruelly unkind,
Tho' you have left me for the royal Phædra,
Yet still my soul o'er-runs with fondness tow'rd's you;
Yet still I die with joy to save Hippolitus.

Hip. Die to save me! could I outlive Ismena?

Ism. Yes, you'd outlive her in your Phædra's arms,
And may you there find ev'ry blooming pleasure!
Oh, may the gods show'r blessings on thy head!
May the gods crown thy glorious arms with conquest,
And all thy peaceful days with sure repose!
Mayst thou be blest with lovely Phædra's charms,
And for thy ease forget the lost Ismena!
Farewel, Hippolitus.

Hip. Ismena, stay,
Stay, hear me speak; or by th' infernal powers
I'll not survive the minute you depart.

Ism. What would you say? ah! don't deceive my
weakness.

Hip. Deceive thee! why, Ismena, do you wrong me?
Why doubt my faith? O lovely, cruel maid!
Why wound my tender soul with harsh suspicion?
Oh, by those charming eyes, by thy dear love,
I neither thought nor spoke, design'd nor promis'd
To love, or wed the queen.

Ism.

Ism. Speak on, my lord,
My honest soul inclines me to believe thee;
And much I fear, and much I hope I've wrong'd thee.

Hip. Then thus. I came and spake, but scarce of
love;

The easy queen receiv'd my faint address
With eager hope and unsuspicious faith.
Lycon with seeming joy dismiss'd my guards;
My gen'rous soul disdain'd the mean deceit,
But still deceiv'd her to obey Ismena.

Ism. Art thou then true? thou art. Oh, pardon me!
Pardon the errors of a silly maid,
Wild with her fears, and mad with jealousy;
For still that fear, that jealousy was love.
Haste then, my lord, and save yourself by flight:
And when you're absent, when your godlike form
Shall cease to cheer forlorn Ismena's eyes,
Then let each day, each hour, each minute bring
Some kind remembrance of your constant love;
Speak of your health, your fortune, and your friends,
(For sure those friends shall have my tender'st wishes)
Speak much of all; but of thy dear, dear love,
Speak much, speak very much, but still speak on.

Hip. Oh! thy dear love shall ever be my theme;
Of that alone I'll talk the live-long day;
But thus I'll talk, thus dwelling in thy eyes,
Tasting the odors of thy fragrant bosom.
Come then, to crown me with immortal joys,
Come, be the kind companion of my flight,
Come, haste with me to leave this fatal shore.
The bark before prepar'd for my departure
Expects its freight; an hundred lusty rowers
Have wav'd their sinewy arms, and call Hippolitus;
The loosen'd canvas trembles with the wind,
And the sea whitens with auspicious gales.

Ism. Fly then, my lord, and may the gods protect thee!
Fly, ere insidious Lycon work thy ruin;
Fly, ere my fondness talk thy life away;
Fly from the queen.

Hip. But not from my Ismena.
Why do you force me from your heav'nly sight,
With those dear arms that ought to clasp me to thee?

Ism. Oh, I could rave for ever at my fate!
 And with alternate love and fear possess'd,
 Now force thee from my arms, now snatch thee to my breast,
 And tremble till you go, but die till you return.
 Nay, I could go. Ye gods, if I should go,
 What would fame say? if I should fly alone
 With a young lovely prince that charm'd my soul?

Hip. Say you did well to fly a certain ruin,
 To fly the fury of a queen incens'd,
 To crown with endless joys the youth that lov'd you.
 Oh! by the joys our mutual loves have brought,
 By the blest hours I've languish'd at your feet,
 By all the love you ever bore Hippolitus,
 Come fly from hence, and make him ever happy.

Ism. Hide me, ye pow'rs! I never shall resist.

Hip. Will you refuse me? can I leave behind me
 All that inspires my soul, and cheers my eyes?
 Will you not go? then here I'll wait my doom.
 Come, raving Phædra; bloody Lycon, come!
 I offer to your rage this worthless life,
 Since 'tis no longer my Ismena's care.

Ism. Oh! haste away, my lord, I go, I fly
 Thro' all the dangers of the boist'rous deep.
 When the wind whistles thro' the crackling masts,
 When thro' the yawning ship the foaming sea
 Rows bubbling in; then, then I'll clasp thee fast,
 And in transporting love forget my fear.
 Oh! I will wander thro' the Scythian gloom,
 O'er ice, and hills of everlasting snow;
 There when the horrid darkness shall enclose us,
 When the bleak wind shall chill my shiv'ring limbs,
 Thou shalt alone supply the distant sun,
 And cheer my gazing eyes, and warm my heart.

Hip. Come, let's away, and like another Jason
 I'll bear my beauteous conquest thro' the seas:
 A greater treasure, and a nobler prize
 Than he from Colchos bore. Sleep, sleep in peace,
 Ye monsters of the woods, on Ida's top
 Securely roam; no more my early horn
 Shall wake the lazy day. Transporting love
 Reigns in my heart, and makes me all its own.

So when bright Venus yielded up her charms,
The blest Adonis languish'd in her arms ;
His idle horn on fragrant myrtles hung,
His arrows scatter'd, and his bow unstrung :
Obscure in coverts lie his dreaming hounds,
And bay the fancy'd boar with feeble sounds ;
For nobler sports he quits the savage fields,
And all the hero to the lover yields.

The End of the SECOND ACT.



A C T III.

Enter Lycon.

Lyc. **H**Eav'n is at last appeas'd : the pitying gods
Have heard our wishes, and auspicious Jove
Smiles on his native isle ; for Phædra lives,
Restor'd to Crete, and to herself, she lives :
Joy with fresh strength inspires her drooping limbs,
Revives her charms, and o'er her faded cheeks
Spreads a fresh rosy bloom, as kindly springs
With genial heat renew the frozen earth,
And paint its smiling face with gaudy flow'rs.
But see she comes, the beauteous Phædra comes.

Enter Phædra.

How her eyes sparkle ! how their radiant beams
Confess their shining ancestor the sun !
Your charms to-day will wound despairing crowds,
And give the pains you suffer'd : nay, Hippolitus,
The fierce, the brave, th' insensible Hippolitus,
Shall pay a willing homage to your beauty,
And in his turn adore.——

Phæd. 'Tis flatt'ry all.

Yet when you name the prince, that flatt'ry's pleasing ;

You wish it so, poor good old man, you wish it.
 The fertile province of Cydonia's thine:
 Is there aught else? has happy Phædra aught
 In the wide circle of her far-stretch'd empire?
 Ask, take, my friend, secure of no repulse.
 Let spacious Crete thro' all her hundred cities
 Resound her Phædra's joy. Let altars smoak,
 And richest gums, and spice, and incense roll
 Their fragrant wreaths to Heav'n, to pitying Heav'n,
 Which gives Hippolitus to Phædra's arms.
 Set all at large, and bid the loathsome dungeons
 Give up the meagre slaves that pine in darkness
 And waste in grief, as did despairing Phædra:
 Let them be cheer'd, let the starv'd prisoners riot,
 And glow with gen'rous wine.----Let sorrow cease.
 Let none be wretched, none, since Phædra's happy.
 But now he comes, and with an equal passion
 Rewards my flame, and springs into my arms!

Enter Messenger.

Say, where's the prince?

Mess. He's no where to be found.

Phæd. Perhaps he hunts.

Mess. He hunted not to-day.

Phæd. Ha! have you search'd the walks, the courts,
 the temples?

Mess. Search'd all in vain.

Phæd. Did he not hunt to-day?

Alas! you told me once before he did not:

My heart misgives me.

Lyc. So indeed doth mine.

Phæd. Could he deceive me? could that godlike
 youth

Design the ruin of a queen that loves him?

Oh! he's all truth, his words, his looks, his eyes,

Open to view his inmost thoughts.----He comes.

Ha! who art thou? whence com'st thou? where's Hip-
 politus?

Mess. Madam, Hippolitus with fair Ismena
 Drove tow'rd the port.-----

Phæd.

Phæd. With fair Ismena !

Curst be her cruel beauty, curst her charms,
Curst all her soothing, fatal, false endearments,
That heav'nly virgin, that exalted goodness,
Could see me tortur'd with despairing love,
With artful tears could mourn my monstrous sufferings,
While her base malice plotted my destruction.

Lyc. A thousand reasons crowd upon my soul,
'That evidence their love.

Phæd. Yes, yes, they love ;
Why else should he refuse my proffer'd bed ?
Why should one warm'd with youth, and thirst of glory,
Disdain a soul, a form, a crown like mine ?

Lyc. Where, Lycon, where was then thy boasted cunning ?
Dull, thoughtless wretch !

Phæd. O pains unselt before !
The grief, despair, the agonies, and pangs,
All the wild fury of distracted love,
Are nought to this -----Say, famous politician,
Where, when, and how did their first passion rise ?
Where did they breathe their sighs ? what shady groves,
What gloomy woods, conceal'd their hidden loves ?
Alas ! they hid it not ; the well-pleas'd sun
With all his beams survey'd their guiltless flame ;
Glad zephyrs wafted their untainted sighs,
And Ida echo'd their endearing accents.
While I, the shame of nature, hid in darkness,
Far from the balmy air and cheering light,
Press'd down my sighs, and dry'd my falling tears,
Search'd a retreat to mourn, and watch'd to grieve.

Lyc. Now cease that grief, and let your injur'd love
Contrive due vengeance ; let majestic Phædra,
'That lov'd the hero, sacrifice the villain.
Then haste, send forth your ministers of vengeance,
To snatch the traitor from your rival's arms,
And force him trembling to your awful presence.

Phæd. O rightly thought——Dispatch th' attending
guards ;
Bid them bring forth their instruments of death ;
Darts, engines, flames, and launch into the deep,

And

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And hurl swift vengeance on the perjurd slave.
Where am I, Gods? what is't my rage commands?
Ev'n now he's gone; ev'n now the well-tim'd oars
With sounding strokes divide the sparkling waves,
And happy gales assist their speedy flight.
Now they embrace, and ardent love enflames
'Their flushing cheeks, and trembles in their eyes.
Now they expose my weakness and my crimes;
Now to the sporting croud they tell my follies.

Enter Cratander.

Crat. Sir, as I went to seize the persons order'd,
I met the prince, and with him fair Ismena;
I seiz'd the prince, who now attends without.

Phad. Halte, bring him in.

Lyc. Be quick and seize Ismena.

Enter Hippolitus.

Phad. Couldst thou deceive me? could a son of Theseus

Stoop to so mean, so base a vice as fraud?
Nay, act such monstrous perfidy, yet start
From promis'd love?

Hip. My soul disdain'd a promise.

Phad. But yet your false equivocating tongue,
Your looks, your eyes, your ev'ry motion promis'd.
But you are ripe in frauds, and learn'd in falsehoods.
Look down, O Theseus, and behold thy son,
As Sciron faithless, as Procrustes cruel.
Behold the crimes, the tyrants, all the monsters,
From which thy valour purg'd the groaning earth;
Behold them all in thy own son reviv'd.

Hip. Touch not my glory, lest you stain your own:
I still have strove to make my glorious father
Blush, yet rejoice to see himself outdone;
'To mix my parents in my lineal virtues,
As Theseus just, and as Camilla chaste.

Phad. The godlike Theseus never was thy parent.
No, 'twas some monthly Cappadocian drudge,
Obedient to the scourge, and beaten to her arms,

Begot

Begot thee, traitor, on the chaste Camilla.
Camilla chaste! an Amazon and chaste!
That quits her sex, and yet retains her virtue.
See the chaste matron mount the neighing steed;
In strict embraces lock the struggling warrior,
And choose the lover in the sturdy foe.

Enter Messenger, and seems to talk earnestly with Lycon.

Hip. No; she refus'd the vows of godlike Theseus,
And chose to stand his arms, not meet his love;
And doubtful was the fight. The wide Thermoodon
Heard the huge strokes resound; its frighted waves
Convey'd the rattling din to distant shores,
While she alone supported all his war;
Nor till she sunk beneath his thund'ring arm,
Beneath which warlike nations bow'd, would yield
'To honest wish'd-for love.

Phæd. Not so her son;
Who boldly ventures on forbidden flames,
On one descended from the cruel Pallas,
Foe to thy father's person and his blood;
Hated by him, of kindred yet more hated,
'The last of all the wicked race he ruin'd.
In vain a fierce successive hatred reign'd
Between your fires; in vain, like Cadmus' race,
With mingled blood they dy'd the blushing earth.

Hip. In vain indeed, since now the war is o'er:
We, like the Theban race, agree to love,
And by our mutual flames and future off-spring,
Atone for slaughter past.

Phæd. Your future off-spring!
Heav'ns! what a medly's this? what dark confusion,
Of blood and death, of murder and relation!
What joy 't had been to old disabled Theseus,
When he should take the off-spring in his arms?
Ev'n in his arms to hold an infant Pallas,
And be upbraided with his grandfire's fate.
Oh, barb'rous youth!

Lyc. Too barbarous I fear.
Perhaps e'en now his faction's up in arms,
Since waving crowds roll onwards tow'rd the palace,
And

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And rend the city with tumultuous clamours !
 Perhaps to murder Phædra and her son,
 And give the crown to him and his Ismena :
 But I'll prevent it.

[Exit.

Ismena brought in.

Phæd. What ! the kind Ismena,
 That nurs'd me, watch'd my sickness ! oh, she watch'd me,
 As rav'nous vultures watch the dying lion,
 To tear his heart, and riot in his blood.
 Hark, hark, my little infant cries for justice !
 Oh ! be pleas'd, my babe, thou shalt have justice.
 Now all the spirits of my godlike race
 Enflame my soul, and urge me on to vengeance.
 Arsamnes, Minos, Jove, h' avenging Sun,
 Inspire my fury, and demand my justice.
 Oh ! you shall have it ; thou, Minos, shalt applaud it ;
 Yes, thou shalt copy it in their pains below.
 Gods of revenge, arise.——He comes, he comes ;
 And shoots himself thro' all my kindling blood.
 I have it here.——Now, base pernicious wretch,
 Now sigh, and weep, and tremble in thy turn.
 Yes, your Ismena shall appease my vengeance.
 Ismena dies ; and thou her pitying lover
 Doom'd her to death.——Thou too shalt see her bleed,
 See her convulsive pangs, and hear her dying groans :
 Go, glut thy eyes with thy ador'd Ismena,
 And laugh at dying Phædra.

Hip. Oh, Ismena !

Ism. Alas ! my tender soul would shrink at death,
 Shake with its fears, and sink beneath its pains,
 In any cause but this.——But now I'm steel'd,
 And the near danger lessens to my sight.
 Now, if I live, 'tis only for Hippolitus,
 And with an equal joy I'll die to save him.
 Yes, for his sake I'll go a willing shade,
 And wait his coming in th' Elysian fields ;
 And there enquire of each descending ghost
 Of my lov'd hero's welfare, life, and honour :
 That dear remembrance will improve the bliss,
 Add to th' Elysian joys, and make that Heav'n more happy.

Hip.

Hip. O heav'nly virgin! [*Aside.*] O imperial Phædra,
Let your rage fall on this devoted head;
But spare, oh! spare a guiltless virgin's life:
Think of her youth, her innocence, her virtue;
Think with what warm compassion she bemoan'd you;
Think how she serv'd and watch'd you in your sickness!
How ev'ry rising and descending sun
Saw kind Ismena watching o'er the queen.
I only promis'd, I alone deceiv'd you;
And I, and only I, should feel your justice.

Ism. Oh! by those pow'rs to whom I soon must answer
For all my faults; by that bright arch of Heav'n
I now last see, I wrought him by my wiles,
By tears, by threats, by ev'ry female art,
Wrought his disdainful soul to false compliance.
The son of Theseus could not think of fraud;
'Twas woman all.

Phæd. I see 'twas woman all:
And woman's fraud should meet with woman's vengeance.
But yet thy courage, truth, and virtue shock me:
A love so warm, so firm, so like my own.
Oh! had the gods so pleas'd, had bounteous Heav'n
Bestow'd Hippolitus on Phædra's arms,
So had I stood the shock of angry fate;
So had I giv'n my life with joy to save him.

Hip. And can you doom her death? can Minos'
daughter
Condemn the virtue which her soul admires?
Are not you Phædra? once the boast of fame,
Shame of our sex, and pattern of your own.

Phæd. Am I that Phædra? no; another soul
Informs my alter'd frame. Could else Ismena
Provoke my hatred, yet deserve my love?
Aid me, ye gods, support my sinking glory,
Restore my reason, and confirm my virtue.
Yet, is my rage unjust? then, why was Phædra
Rescu'd for torment, and preserv'd for pain?
Why did you raise me to the height of joy,
Above the wreck of clouds and storms below,
To dash and break me on the ground for ever?

Ism. Was it not time to urge him to compliance,
At least to feign it, when perfidious Lycon

Confin'd

Confin'd his person, and conspir'd his death?

Phæd. Confin'd and doom'd to death!——O cruel
Lycon!

Could I have doom'd thy death? could these sad eyes,

'That lov'd thee living, e'er behold thee dead?

Yet thou couldst see me die without concern,

Rather than save a wretched queen from ruin.

Else could you choose to trust the warring winds,

'The swelling waves, the rocks, the faithless sands,

And all the raging monsters of the deep?

Oh! think you see me on the naked shore;

'Think how I scream and tear my scatt'rd hair;

Break from th' embraces of my shrieking maids,

And harrow on the sand my bleeding bosom;

Then catch with wide-stretch'd arms the empty billows,

And headlong plunge into the gaping deep.

Hip. O dismal state! my bleeding heart relents,

And all my thoughts dissolve in tenderest pity.

Phæd. If you can pity, oh! refuse not love;

But stoop to rule in Crete, the seat of heroes,

And nursery of gods. A hundred cities

Court thee for lord, where the rich busy crouds

Struggle for passage thro' the spacious streets;

Where thousand ships o'ershade the leff'ning main,

And tire the lab'ring wind. The suppliant nations

Bow to its ensigns, and with lower'd sails

Confess the ocean's queen. For thee alone

The winds shall blow, and the vast ocean roll.

For thee alone the fam'd Cydonian warriors

From twanging yews shall send their fatal shafts.

Hip. Then let me march their leader, not their prince;

And at the head of your renown'd Cydonians

Brandish this far-fam'd sword of conqu'ring Theseus;

That I may shake th' Egyptian tyrant's yoke

From Asia's neck, and fix it on his own;

That willing nations may obey your laws,

And your bright ancestor, the sun, may shine

On nought but Phædra's empire.

Phæd. Why not thine?

Dost thou so far detest my proffer'd bed,

As to refuse my crown?——O cruel youth!

By all the pain that wrings my tortur'd soul,

By

By all the dear deceitful hopes you gave me,
O ease, at least once more delude, my sorrows.
For your dear sake I've lost my darling honour;
For you but now I gave my soul to death;
For you I'd quit my crown, and stoop beneath
The happy bondage of an humble wife;
With thee I'd climb the steepy Ida's summit,
And in the scorching heat and chilling dews,
O'er hills, o'er vales, pursue the shaggy lion.
Careless of danger, and of wasting toil,
Of pinching hunger, and impatient thirst,
I'll find all joys in thee.

Hip. Why stoops the queen
To ask, intreat, to supplicate, and pray,
To prostitute her crown and sex's honour,
To one whose humble thoughts can only rise
To be your slave, not lord?

Phæd. And is that all?
Gods! does he deign to force an artful groan?
Or call a tear from his unwilling eyes,
Hard as his native rocks, cold as his sword,
Fierce as the wolves that howl'd around his birth?
He hates the tyrant, and the suppliant scorns.
O Heav'n! O Minos! O imperial Jove!
Do ye not blush at my degenerate weakness?
Hence, lazy, mean, ignoble passions fly;
Hence from my soul——'Tis gone, 'tis fled for ever,
And Heav'n inspires my thoughts with righteous ven-
geance.

'Thou shalt no more despise my offer'd love;
No more Ismena shall upbraid my weakness.

[*Catches Hip. sword to stab herself.*]

Now, all ye kindred gods, look down and see
How I'll revenge you, and myself, on Phædra.

Enter Lycon, and snatches away the sword.

Lyc. Horror on horror! Theseus is return'd.

Phæd. Theseus! then what have I to do with life?
May I be snatch'd with winds, by earth o'erwhelm'd,
Rather than view the face of injur'd Theseus.

Now

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Now wider still my growing horrors spread,
My fame, my virtue, nay, my phrenzy's fled :
Then view thy wretched blood, imperial Jove,
If crimes enrage you, or misfortunes move ;
On me your flames, on me your bolts employ,
Me if your anger spares, your pity should destroy.

Runs off.

Lyc. This may do service yet.

[Exit Lycon, carries off the sword.]

Hip. Is he return'd ? thanks to the pitying gods !
Shall I again behold his awful eyes ?
Again be folded in his loving arms ?
Yet in the midst of joy I fear for Phædra ;
I fear his warmth and unrelenting justice.
Oh ! should her raging passion reach his ears,
His tender love, by anger fir'd, would turn
To burning rage ; as soft Cydonian oil,
Whose balmy juice glides o'er th' untasting tongue,
Yet touch'd with fire, with hottest flames will blaze.
But oh, ye pow'rs ! I see his godlike form.
O extasy of joy ! he comes, he comes.
Is it my lord ? my father ? oh ! 'tis he :
I see him, touch him, feel his known embraces ;
See all the father in his joyful eyes.

Enter Theseus, with others.

Where have you been, my lord ? what angry demon
Hid you from Crete ? from me ? what god has sav'd you ?
Did not Philotas see you fall ? oh, answer me ;
And then I'll ask a thousand questions more.

Thes. No ; but to save my life I feign'd my death ;
My horse and well-known arms confirm'd the tale,
And hinder'd farther search. This honest Greek
Conceal'd me in his house, and cur'd my wounds ;
Procur'd a vessel, and, to bless me more,
Accompanied my flight——

But this at leisure. Let me now indulge.

A father's fondness ; let me snatch thee thus,

'Thus fold thee in my arms. Such, such, was I

[Embraces Hippolitus.]

When

When first I saw thy mother, chaste Camilla;
And much she lov'd me. Oh, did Phædra view me
With half that fondness!—But she's still unkind,
Else hasty joy had brought her to these arms,
'To welcome me to liberty, to life,
And make that life a blessing. Come, my son,
Let us to Phædra.

Hip. Pardon me, my lord.

Thes. Forget her former treatment; she's too good
Still to persist in hatred to my son.

Hip. Oh! let me fly from Crete,—from you, [*Aside.*]
and Phædra.

Thes. My son, what means this turn? this sudden start?
Why would you fly from Crete, and from your father?

Hip. Not from my father, but from lazy Crete;
To follow danger, and acquire renown;
'To quell the monsters that escap'd your sword,
And make the world confess me Theseus' son.

Thes. What can this coldness mean?—Retire, my son,
[*Exit Hippolitus.*]

While I attend the queen.—What shock is this?
Why tremble thus my limbs? why faints my heart?
Why am I thrill'd with fear, 'till now unknown?
Where's now the joy, the extasy, and transport,
That warm'd my soul, and urg'd me on to Phædra?
Oh, had I never lov'd her, I'd been blest.

Sorrow and joy in love alternate reign;
Sweet is the bliss, distracting is the pain.
So when the Nile its fruitful deluge spreads,
And genial heat informs its slimy beds;
Here yellow harvests crown the fertile plain,
There monstrous serpents fright the lab'ring swain:
A various product fills the fatten'd sand,
And the same floods enrich and curse the land.

The End of the THIRD ACT.

ACT

A C T IV.

Enter Lycon solus.

Lyc. **T**HIS may gain time'till all my wealth's embark'd,
 To ward my foes revenge, and finish mine,
 And shake that empire which I can't possess.
 But then the queen---she dies---why let her die;
 Let wide destruction seize on all together,
 So Lycon live——A safe triumphant exile,
 Great in disgrace, and envied in his fall.
 The queen! then try thy art and work her passions.

Enter Phædra and Attendants.

Draw her to act what most her soul abhors,
 Possess her whole, and speak thyself in Phædra.

Phæd. Off, let me loose; why, cruel barb'rous maids,
 Why am I barr'd from death, the common refuge,
 That spreads its hospitable arms for all?
 Why must I drag th' insufferable load
 Of foul dishonour, and despairing love?
 O length of pain! am I so often dying,
 And yet not dead? feel I so oft death's pangs,
 Nor once can find its ease?

Lyc. Would you now die?
 Now quit the field to your insulting foe?
 Then shall he triumph o'er your blasted name;
 Ages to come, the universe shall learn
 The wide immortal infamy of Phædra:
 And the poor babe, the idol of your soul,
 The lovely image of your dear dead lord,
 Shall be upbraided with his mother's crimes;
 Shall bear your shame, shall sink beneath your faults,
 Inherit your disgrace, but not your crown.

Phæd. Must he too fall, involv'd in my destruction,
 And only live to curse the name of Phædra?
 O dear, unhappy babe! must I bequeath thee
 Only a sad inheritance of woe?

Gods!

Gods! cruel gods! can't all my pains atone,
Unless they reach my infant's guiltless head?
O lost estate! when life's so sharp a torment,
And death itself can't ease?—Assist me, Lycon;
Advise, speak comfort to my troubled soul.

Lyc. 'Tis you must drive that trouble from your soul;
As streams when damm'd forget their ancient current,
And wand'ring o'er their banks in other channels flow;
So must you bend your thoughts from hopeless love,
So turn their course to Theseus' happy bosom,
And crown his eager hopes with wish'd enjoyment:
'Then with fresh charms adorn your troubled looks,
Display the beauties first inspir'd his soul,
Soothe with your voice, and woo him with your eyes.

Phæd. Impossible! what, woo him with these eyes,
Still wet with tears that flow'd---but not for Theseus?
'This tongue, so us'd to sound another name?
What, take him to my arms? O awful Juno!
Touch, love, caress him, while my wand'ring fancy
On other objects strays? a lewd adulteress
In the chaste bed? and in the father's arms,
(O horrid thought! O execrable incest!)
Ev'n in the father's arms, embrace the son?

Lyc. Yet you must see him, lest impatient love
Should urge his temper to too nice a search,
And ill-tim'd absence should disclose your crime.

Phæd. Could I, when present to his awful eyes,
Conceal the wild disorders of my soul?
Would not my groans, my looks, my speech betray me?
Betray thee, Phædra! then thou'rt not betray'd.
Live, live secure, adoring Crete conceals thee;
Thy pious love and most endearing goodness
Will charm the kind Hippolitus to silence.
O wretched Phædra! O ill-guarded secret!
To foes alone disclos'd!

Lyc. I needs must fear them,
Spite of their vows, their oaths, their imprecations.

Phæd. Do imprecations, oaths, or vows avail?
I too have sworn, ev'n at the altar sworn,
Eternal love and endless faith to Theseus;
And yet am false, forsworn: The hallow'd shrine

That

That heard me swear, is witness to my falshood.
 The youth, the very author of my crimes,
 Ev'n he shall tell the fault himself inspir'd;
 The fatal eloquence that charm'd my soul
 Shall lavish all its art to my destruction.

Lyc. Oh, he will tell it all——Destruction seize him.
 With seeming grief, and aggravating pity,
 And more to blacken, will excuse your folly;
 False tears shall wet his unrelenting eyes,
 And his glad heart with artful sighs shall heave;
 'Then Theseus——How will indignation swell
 His mighty heart? how his majestic frame
 Will shake with rage too fierce, too swift for vent?
 How he'll expose you to the public scorn,
 And loathing crowds shall murmur out their horror?
 'Then the fierce Scythian——now methinks I see
 His fiery eyes with sullen pleasures glow,
 Survey your tortures, and insult your pangs;
 I see him, smiling on the pleas'd Ismena,
 Point out with scorn the once-proud tyrant Phædra.

Phæd. Curst be his name! may infamy attend him!
 May swift destruction fall upon his head,
 Hurl'd by the hand of those he most adores.

Lyc. By Heav'n, prophetic truth inspires your tongue:
 He shall endure the shame he means to give;
 And all the torments which he heaps on you,
 With just revenge, shall Theseus turn on him.

Phæd. Is't possible? O Lycon! O my refuge!
 O good old man! thou oracle of wisdom!
 Declare the means, that Phædra may adore thee.

Lyc. Accuse him first.

Phæd. O Heav'ns! accuse the guiltless?

Lyc. Then be accus'd; let Theseus know your crime;
 Let lasting infamy o'erwhelm your glory;
 Let your foe triumph, and your infant fall——
 Shake off this idle lethargy of pity;
 With ready war prevent th' invading foe,
 Preserve your glory, and secure your vengeance;
 Be yours the fruit, security, and ease,
 'The guilt, the danger, and the labour mine.

Phæd. Heav'ns! Theseus comes.

Enter

Enter Theseus.

Lyc. Declare your last resolves.

Phæd. Do you resolve, for Phædra can do nothing.

[Exit Phæd.]

Lyc. Now, Lycon, heighten his impatient love,
Now raise his pity, now enflame his rage,
Quicken his hopes, then quash 'em with despair;
Work his tumultuous passions into phrenzy;
Unite them all, then turn them on the foe.

Thes. Was that my queen, my wife, my idol Phædra?
Does she still shun me? Oh, injurious Heav'n!
Why did you give me back again to life?
Why did you save me from the rage of battle,
To let me fall by her more fatal hatred?

Lyc. Her hatred! no; she loves you with such fondness
As none but that of Theseus e'er could equal:
Yet so the gods have doom'd, so Heav'n will have it,
She ne'er must view her much-lov'd Theseus more.

Thes. Not see her! By my suff'rings but I will,
Tho' troops embattled should oppose my passage,
And ready death should guard the fatal way.
Not see her! oh! I'll clasp her in these arms,
Break thro' the idle bands that yet have held me,
And seize the joys my honest love may claim.

Lyc. Is this a time for joy, when Phædra's grief—

Thes. Is this a time for grief? is this my welcome
To air, to life, to liberty, and Crete?
Not this I hop'd, when urg'd by ardent love,
I wing'd my eager way to Phædra's arms;
Then, to my thoughts, relenting Phædra flew,
With open arms to welcome my return;
With kind endearing blame condemn'd my rashness,
And made me swear to venture out no more.
Oh! my warm soul, my boiling fancy glow'd
With charming hopes of yet-untasted joys;
New pleasures fill'd my mind; all dangers, pains.
Wars, wounds, defeats, in that dear hope were lost.
And does she now avoid my eager love?
Pursue me still with unrelenting hatred?

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Invent new pains? detest, loath, shun my sight?
Fly my return, and sorrow for my safety?

Lyc. Oh, think not so! for, by th' unerring gods,
When first I told her of your wish'd return,
When the lov'd name of Theseus reach'd her ears,
At that dear name she rear'd her drooping head,
Her feeble hands, and wat'ry eyes to Heav'n,
To bless the bounteous gods: at that dear name
The raging tempest of her grief was calm'd;
Her sighs were hush'd, and tears forgot to flow.

Thes. Did my return bring comfort to her sorrow?
Then haste, conduct me to the lovely mourner.
Oh, I will kiss the pearly drops away;
Suck from her rosy lips the fragrant sighs;
With other sighs her panting breast shall heave,
With other dews her swimming eyes shall melt,
With other pangs her throbbing heart shall beat,
And all her sorrows shall be lost in love.

Lyc. Does Theseus burn with such unheard-of passion?
And must not she with out-stretch'd arms receive him?
And with an equal ardor meet his vows?
The vows of one so dear! O righteous gods!
Why must the bleeding heart of Theseus bear
Such tort'ring pangs? while Phædra, dead to love,
Now with accusing eyes on angry Heav'n
Steadfastly gazes, and upbraids the gods;
Now with dumb piercing grief and humble shame,
Fixes her gloomy watry orbs to earth;
Now burst with swelling anguish, rends the skies
With loud complaints of her outrageous wrongs.

Thes. Wrongs! is she wrong'd? and lives he yet who
wrong'd her?

Lyc. He lives, so great, so happy, so below'd,
That Phædra scarce can hope, scarce wish revenge.

Thes. Shall Theseus live, and not revenge his Phædra?
Gods! shall this arm, renown'd for righteous vengeance,
For quelling tyrants, and redressing wrongs,
Now fail? now first, when Phædra's injur'd, fail?
Speak, Lycen, haste, declare the secret villain,
The wretch so meanly base to injure Phædra,
So rashly brave to dare the sword of Theseus.

Lyc.

Lyc. I dare not speak, but sure her wrongs are mighty.
The pale cold hue that deadens all her charms,
Her sighs, her hollow groans, her flowing tears
Make me suspect her monstrous grief will end her.

Thes. End her! end Theseus first, and all mankind;
But most that villain, that detested slave,
That brutal coward, that dark lurking wretch.

Lyc. Oh, noble heat of unexampled love!
This Phædra hop'd, when, in the midst of grief,
In the wild torrent of o'erwhelming sorrows,
She groaning still invok'd, still call'd on Theseus.

Thes. Did she then name me? did the weeping charmer
Invoke my name, and call for aid on Theseus?
Oh! that lov'd voice upbraided my delay.
Why then this stay? I come, I fly, O Phædra!
Lead on.——Now, dark disturber of my peace,
If now thou'rt known, what luxury of vengeance——
Haste, lead, conduct me.

Lyc. Oh! I beg you stay.

Thes. What, stay when Phædra calls?

Lyc. Oh! on my knees,
By all the gods, my lord, I beg you stay;
As you respect your peace, your life, your glory;
As Phædra's days are precious to your soul;
By all your love, by all her sorrows, stay.

Thes. Where lies the danger? wherefore should I stay?

Lyc. Your sudden presence would surprize her soul,
Renew the galling image of her wrongs,
Revive her sorrow, indignation, shame;
And all your son would strike her from your eyes.

Thes. My son!-----But he's too good, too brave to
wrong her.-----

Whence then that shocking change, that strong surprize,
That fright that seiz'd him at the name of Phædra?

Lyc. Was he surpriz'd? that shew'd at least remorse.

Thes. Remorse! for what? by Heav'n's, my troubled
thoughts

Prefage some dire attempts.----Say, what remorse?

Lyc. I would not--yet I must: This you command;
This Phædra orders; thrice her fault'ring tongue
Bad me unfold the guilty scene to Theseus;

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Thrice with loud cries recall'd me on my way,
And blam'd my speed, and chid my rash obedience,
Lest the unwelcome tale should wound your peace.
At last, with looks severely sad, she cried,
Go tell it all; but in such artful words,
Such tender accents, and such melting sounds,
As may appease his rage, and move his pity;
As may incline him to forgive his son
A grievous fault, but still a fault of love.

Thes. Of love! what strange suspicions rack my soul!
As you regard my peace, declare what love?

Lyc. So urg'd, I must declare. Yet, pitying Heav'n!
Why must I speak? why must unwilling Lycon
Accuse the prince of impious love to Phædra?

Thes. Love to his mother! to the wife of Theseus!

Lyc. Yes; at the moment first he view'd her eyes,
Ev'n at the altar, when you join'd your hands,
His easy heart receiv'd the guilty flame,
And from that time he press'd her with his passion.

Thes. Then 'twas for this she banish'd him from Crete;
I thought it hatred all. O righteous hatred!
Forgive me, Heav'n, forgive me, injur'd Phædra,
That I in secret have condemn'd thy justice.
Oh! 'twas all just, and Theseus shall revenge,
Ev'n on his son, revenge his Phædra's wrongs.

Lyc. What easy tools are these blunt honest heroes,
Who with keen hunger gorge the naked hook,
Prevent the bait the statesman's art prepares,
And go to ruin.—Go, believing fool,
Go act thy far-fam'd justice on thy son,

Next on thyself, and both make way for Lycon. [*Aside.*]

Thes. Ha! am I sure she's wrong'd? perhaps 'tis malice.
Slave, make it clear, make good your accusation,
Or treble fury shall revenge my son.

Lyc. Am I then doubted? and can faithful Lycon
Be thought to forge such execrable falsehoods?
Gods! when the queen unwillingly complains,
Can you suspect her truth? O godlike Theseus!
Is this the love you bear unhappy Phædra?
Is this her hop'd-for aid? Go, wretched matron,
Sigh to the winds, and rend th' un pitying Heav'n's

With

With thy vain sorrows ; since relentless Theseus,
Thy hope, thy refuge, Theseus, will not hear thee.

Thes. Not hear my Phædra ! not revenge her wrongs !
Speak, make thy proofs, and then his doom's as fixt,
As when Jove speaks, and high Olympus shakes,
And fate his voice obeys.

Lyc. Bear witness, Heav'n !
With what reluctance I produce this sword,
'This fatal proof against th' unhappy prince,
Lest it should work your justice to his ruin,
And prove he aim'd at force as well as incest.

Thes. Gods ; 'tis illusion all ! Is this the sword
By which Procrustes, Scyron, Pallas fell ?
Is this the weapon which my darling son
Swore to employ in nought but acts of honour ?
Now, faithful youth, thou nobly hast fulfill'd
'Thy gen'rous promise. Oh, most injur'd Phædra !
Why did I trust to his deceitful form ?
Why blame thy justice, or suspect thy truth ?

Lyc. Had you this morn beheld his ardent eyes,
Seen his arm lock'd in her dishevell'd hair,
That weapon glitt'ring o'er her trembling bosom,
Whilst she with screams refus'd his impious love,
Entreating death, and rising to the wound !
Oh ! had you seen her, when th' affrighted youth
Retir'd at your approach ; had you then seen her,
In the chaste transports of becoming fury,
Seize on the sword to pierce her guiltless bosom ;
Had you seen this, you could not doubt her truth.

Thes. Oh, impious monster ! oh, forgive me, Phædra !
And may the gods inspire my injur'd soul
With equal vengeance that may suit his crimes.

Lyc. For Phædra's sake forbear to talk of vengeance ;
That with new pains would wound her tender breast.
Send him away from Crete, and by his absence
Give Phædra quiet, and afford him mercy.

Thes. Mercy ! for what ? oh ! well has he rewarded
Poor Phædra's mercy.—O most barb'rous traitor !
To wrong such beauty, and insult such goodness.
Mercy ! what's that ? a virtue coin'd by villains,
Who praise the weakness which supports their crimes.

Be mute, and fly, lest when my rage is rous'd,
Thou for thyself in vain implore my mercy.

Lyc. Dull fool, I laugh at mercy more than thou dost,
More than I do the justice thou'rt so fond of.
Now come, young hero, to thy father's arms,
Receive the due reward of haughty virtue ;
Now boast thy race, and laugh at earth-born Lycon. [*Ex.*]

Enter Hippolitus.

Thes. Yet can it be?—Is this th'incestuous villain?
How great his presence, how erect his look,
How ev'ry grace, how all his virtuous mother
Shines in his face, and charms me from his eyes!
O Neptune! O great founder of our race!
Why was he fram'd with such a godlike look?
Why wears he not some most detested form,
Baleful to sight, as horrible to thought;
'That I might act my justice without grief,
Punish the villain, nor regret the son?

Hip. May I presume to ask, what secret care
Broods in your breast, and clouds your royal brow?
Why dart your awful eyes those angry beams,
And sight Hippolitus they us'd to cheer?

Thes. Answer me first. When call'd to wait on Phædra,
What sudden fear surpriz'd your troubled soul?
Why did your ebbing blood forsake your cheeks?
Why did you hasten from your father's arms,
To shun the queen your duty bids you please?

Hip. My lord, to please the queen I'm forc'd to shun her,
And keep this hated object from her sight.

Thes. Say, what's the cause of her invet'rate hatred?

Hip. My lord, as yet I never gave her cause.

Thes. O were it so! [*Aside.*] When last did you attend
her?

Hip. When last attend her!--O unhappy queen!
Your error's known, yet I disdain to wrong you,
Or to betray a fault myself have caus'd. [*Aside.*]
When last attend her?

Thes. Answer me directly;
Nor dare to trifle with your father's rage.

Hip.

Hip. My lord, this very morn I saw the queen.

Thef. What past?

Hip. I ask'd permission to retire.

Thef. And was that all?

Hip. My lord, I humbly beg,
With the most low submissions, ask no more.

Thef. Yet you don't answer with your low submissions.
Answer, or never hope to see me more.

Hip. Too much he knows, I fear, without my telling;
And the poor queen's betray'd, and lost for ever. [*Aside.*]

Thef. He changes, gods! and falters at the question.
His fears, his words, his looks, declare him guilty. [*Aside.*]

Hip. Why do you frown, my lord? why turn away?
As from some loathsome monster, not your son?

Thef. Thou art that monster, and no more my son.
Not one of those of the most horrid form,
Of which my hand has eas'd the burthen'd earth,
Was half so shocking to my sight as thou.

Hip. Where am I, gods? is that my father Theseus?
Am I awake? am I Hippolitus?

Thef. Thou art that fiend.---Thou art Hippolitus.
Thou art.---O fall! O fatal stain to honour!
How had my vain imagination form'd thee?
Brave as Alcides, and as Minos just.
Sometimes it led me thro' the maze of war;
There it survey'd thee ranging thro' the field,
Mowing down troops, and dealing out destruction.
Sometimes with wholesome laws reforming states,
Crowning their happy joys with peace and plenty;
While you-----

Hip. With all my father's soul inspir'd,
Burnt with impatient thirst of early honour,
To hunt thro' bloody fields the chace of glory,
And bless your age with trophies like your own.
Gods, how that warm'd me! how my throbbing heart
Leapt to the image of my father's joy,
When you should strain me in your folding arms,
And with kind raptures, and with sobbing joys,
Commend my valour, and confess your son!
How did I think my glorious toil o'erpaid?
Then great indeed, and in my father's love,

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With more than conquest crown'd? Go on, Hippolitus.
Go tread the rugged paths of daring honour;
Practice the strictest and austereſt virtue,
And all the rigid laws of righteous Minos;
'Theſeus, thy father Theſeus will reward thee.

Theſ. Reward thee!-----Yes; as Minos would reward thee.

Was Minos then thy pattern? and did Minos,
The great, the good, the juſt, the righteous Minos,
The judge of Hell, and oracle of earth,
Did he inſpire adultery, force, and inceſt?

Imena appears.

Iſm. Ha! what's this?

[*Aſide.*

Hip. Amazement! inceſt!

Theſ. Inceſt with Phædra, with thy mother Phædra.

Hip. This charge ſo unexpected, ſo amazing,
So new, ſo ſtrange, impoſſible to thought,
Stuns my aſtoniſh'd ſoul, and ties my voice.

Theſ. Then let this wake thee, this once-glorious ſword,
With which thy father arm'd thy infant hand,
Not for this purpoſe. O abandon'd ſlave!
O early villain! moſt deteſted coward!
With this my inſtrument of youthful glory!
With this!-----O noble entrance into arms!
With this t' invade the ſpot'leſs Phædra's honour!
Phædra, my life, my better half, my queen!
'That very Phædra, for whoſe juſt defence
'The gods would claim thy ſword.

Hip. Amazement! death!

Heav'ns! durſt I raiſe the far-fam'd ſword of Theſeus
Againſt his queen, againſt my mother's boſom?

Theſ. If not, declare when, where, and how you loſt it?
How Phædra gain'd it?---O all ye gods! he's ſilent.
Why was it bar'd? whoſe boſom was it aim'd at?
What meant thy arm advanc'd, thy glowing cheeks,
Thy hand, heart, eyes? O villain! monſtrous villain!

Hip. Is there no way, no thought, no beam of light?
No clue to guide me thro' this gloomy maze,
To clear my honour, yet preſerve my faith?

None

None, none, ye pow'rs! and must I groan beneath
 This execrable load of foul dishonour?
 Must Theseus suffer such unheard-of torture?
 Theseus, my father. No, I'll break thro' all;
 All oaths, all vows, all idle imprecations,
 I give 'em to the winds. Hear me, my lord;
 Hear your wrong'd son. 'The sword—O fatal vow!
 Ensnaring oaths, and thou, rash thoughtless fool,
 To bind thyself in voluntary chains;
 Yet to thy fatal trust continue firm!
 Beneath disgrace tho' infamous, yet honest.
 Yet hear me, father: May the righteous gods
 Show'r all their curses on this wretched head;
 Oh, may they doom me——

Thes. Yes, the gods will doom thee.
 The sword, the sword!—Now swear, and call to witness
 Heav'n, Hell, and earth, I mark it not from one
 That breathes beneath such complicated guilt.

Hip. Was that like guilt, when with expanded arms
 I sprang to meet you at your wish'd return?
 Does this appear like guilt, when thus serene,
 With eyes erect, and visage unappall'd,
 Fixt on that awful face, I stand the charge,
 Amaz'd, not fearing? Say, if I am guilty;
 Where are the conscious looks, the face now pale,
 Now flushing red, the down-cast haggard eyes,
 Or fixt on earth, or slowly rais'd to catch
 A fearful view, then sunk again with horror?

Thes. This is for raw, untaught, unfinish'd villains.
 Thou in thy bloom hast reach'd th' abhorr'd perfection:
 Thy even looks could wear a peaceful calm,
 The beauteous stamp (O Heav'ns!) of faultless virtue,
 While thy foul heart contriv'd this horrid deed.
 O harden'd fiend! can't such transcending crimes
 Disturb thy soul, or ruffle thy smooth brow?
 What, no remorse! no qualms! no pricking pangs!
 No feeble struggle of rebelling honour!
 Oh! 'twas thy joy, thy secret hoard of bliss,
 To dream, to ponder, act it o'er in thought;
 To doat, to dwell on; as rejoicing misers
 Brood o'er their precious stores of secret gold.

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Hip. Must I not speak? Then say, unerring Heav'n,
Why was I born with such a thirst of glory?
Why did this morning dawn to my dishonour?
Why did not pitying fate with ready death
Prevent the guilty day?

Thef. Guilty indeed.

Ev'n at the time you heard your father's death,
And such a father (O immortal gods!)
As held thee dearer than his life and glory!
When thou shouldst rend the skies with clam'rous grief,
Beat thy sad breast, and tear thy starting hair;
'Then to my bed to force your impious way;
With horrid lust t'insult my yet-warm urn;
Make me the scorn of Hell, and sport for fiends!
'These are the fun'ral honours paid to Theseus,
'These are the sorrows, these the hallow'd rites,
'To which you'd call your father's hov'ring spirit.

Enter Ismena.

Ism. Hear me, my lord, ere yet you fix his doom:

[*Turning to Theseus.*]

Hear one that comes to shield his injur'd honour,
And guard his life with hazard of her own.

Thef. Tho' thou'rt the daughter of my hated foe,
'Tho' ev'n thy beauty's loathsome to my eyes,
Yet justice bids me hear thee.

Ism. Thus I thank you.

[*Kneels.*]

'Then know, mistaken prince, his honest soul
Could ne'er be sway'd by impious love to Phædra,
Since I before engag'd his early vows;
With all my wiles subdu'd his struggling heart;
For long his duty struggled with his love.

Thef. Speak, is this true? on thy obedience, speak.

Hip. So charg'd, I own the dang'rous truth; I own,
Against her will, I lov'd the fair Ismena.

Thef. Canst thou be only clear'd by disobedience,
And justified by crimes? What, love my foe!
Love one descended from a race of tyrants,
Whose blood yet reeks on my avenging sword!
I'm curst each moment I delay thy fate.

Haste

Haste to the shades, and tell the happy Pallas
Ismena's flames, and let him taste such joys
As thou giv'st me; go tell applauding Minos
The pious love you bore his daughter Phædra;
Tell it the chatt'ring ghosts, and hissing furies,
Tell it the grinning fiends, till Hell found nothing
To thy pleas'd ears but Phædra and Ismena.

Enter Cratander.

Seize him, Cratander; take this guilty sword,
Let his own hand avenge the crimes it acted,
And bid him die, at least, like Theseus' son.
Take him away, and execute my orders.

Hip. Heav'ns! how that strikes me! how it wounds my
soul

To think of your unutterable sorrows
When you shall find Hippolitus was guiltless!
Yet when you know the innocence you doom'd,
When you shall mourn your son's unhappy fate,
Oh, I beseech you by the love you bore me,
With my last words (my words will then prevail)
Oh, for my sake forbear to touch your life,
Nor wound again Hippolitus in Theseus.
Let all my virtues, all my joys survive
Fresh in your breast, but be my woes forgot;
'The woes which fate, and not my father, wrought.
Oh, let me dwell for ever in your thoughts,
Let me be honour'd still, but not deplor'd.

Thes. Then thy chief care is for thy father's life.
O blooming hypocrite! O young dissembler!
Well hast thou shewn the care thou tak'st of Theseus.
O all ye gods! how this enflames my fury.
I scarce can hold my rage; my eager hands
Tremble to reach thee. No, dishonour'd Theseus,
Blot not thy fame with such a monster's blood.
Snatch him away.

Hip. Lead on. Farewel, Ismena.

Ism. Oh! take me with him, let me share his fate.
O awful Theseus! yet revoke his doom.
See, see the very ministers of death,
'Tho' bred to blood, yet shrink, and wish to save him.

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Thes. Slaves, villains, tear her from him, cut her arms off.

Iim. Oh, tear me, cut me, till my fever'd limbs Grow to my lord, and share the pains he suffers.

Thes. Villains, away.

Iim. O Theseus! hear me, hear me.

Thes. Away, nor taint me with thy loathsome touch. Off, woman.

Iim. Stay, oh, stay! I'll tell you all.

[*Exit Theseus.*]

Already gone.—Tell it, ye conscious walls;
Bear it, ye winds, upon your pitying wings;
Resound it, Fame, with all your hundred tongues.
O hapless youth! all Heav'n conspires against you.
The conscious walls conceal the fatal secret;
Th' untainted winds refuse th' infecting load;
And Fame itself is mute. Nay, ev'n Ismena,
Thy own Ismena's sworn to thy destruction.

But still, whate'er the cruel gods design,
In the same fate our equal stars combine,
And he who dooms thy death pronounces mine.

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The End of the FOURTH ACT.



A C T V.

Enter Phædra and Lycon.

Lyc. ACCUSE yourself! On my knees I beg you,
By all the gods, recal the fatal message.
Heav'ns! will you stand the dreaded rage of Theseus?
And brand your fame, and work your own destruction?

Phæd. By thee I'm branded, and by thee destroy'd;
Thou bosom serpent, thou alluring fiend!
Yet shan't you boast the miseries you cause,
Nor scape the ruin you have brought on all.

Lyc.

Lyc. Was it not your command ? has faithful Lycon
E'er spoke, e'er thought, design'd, contriv'd, or acted ?
Has he done aught without the queen's consent ?

Phæd. Plead'st thou consent to what thou first inspir'dst ?
Was that consent ? O senseless politician !
When adverse passions struggled in my breast,
When anger, fear, love, sorrow, guilt, despair,
Drove out my reason, and usurp'd my soul.
Yet this consent you plead, O faithless Lycon !
Oh, only zealous for the fame of Phædra !
With this you blot my name, and clear your own ;
And what's my phrenzy shall be call'd my crime.
What then is thine ? thou cool deliberate villain,
Thou wise fore-thinking, weighing politician !

Lyc. Oh ! 'twas so black, my frightened tongue recoil'd
At its own sound, and horror shook my soul.
Yet still, tho' pierc'd with such amazing anguish,
Such was my zeal, so much I lov'd my queen,
I broke thro' all, to save the life of Phædra.

Phæd. What's life ? O all ye gods ! can life atone
For all the monstrous crimes by which 'tis bought ?
Or can I live, when thou, O soul of honour !
O early hero ! by my crimes art ruin'd ?
Perhaps ev'n now the great unhappy youth
Falls by the sordid hands of butchering villains ;
Now, now he bleeds, he dies.—O perjur'd traitor !
See, his rich blood in purple torrents flows,
And nature fallies in unbidden groans ;
Now mortal pangs distort his lovely form,
His rosy beauties fade, his starry eyes
Now darkling swim, and fix their closing beams ;
Now in short gasps his lab'ring spirit heaves,
And weakly flutters on his fault'ring tongue,
And struggles into sound. Hear, monster, hear,
With his last breath he curses perjur'd Phædra ;
He summons Phædra to the bar of Minos :
Thou too shalt there appear ; to torture thee
Whole Hell shall be employ'd, and suff'ring Phædra
Shall find some ease, to see thee still more wretch'd.

Lyc. O all ye pow'rs ! O Phædra ! hear me, hear me,
By all my zeal, by all my anxious cares,

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By those unhappy crimes I wrought to serve you,
By these old wither'd limbs, and hoary hairs,
By all my tears—O Heav'ns! she minds me not;
She hears not my complaints. O wretched Lycon!
To what art thou reserv'd?

Phæd. Reserv'd to all
The sharpest, slowest pains that earth can furnish,
To all I wish——O Phædra——Guards, secure him.

Lycon carried off.

Ha, Theseus!—Gods! my freezing blood congeals,
And all my thoughts, designs, and words are lost.

Enter Theseus.

Thes. Dost thou at last repent? O lovely Phædra!
At last with equal ardor meet my vows?
O dear-bought blessing!—Yet I'll not complain,
Since now my sharpest grief is all o'erpaid,
And only heightens joy.—Then haste, my charmer,
Let's feast our famish'd souls with amorous riot,
With fiercest bliss atone for our delay,
And in a moment love the age we've lost.

Phæd. Stand off; approach me, touch me not; fly hence,
Far as the distant skies or deepest centre.

Thes. Amazement! death! Ye gods who guide the world,
What can this mean? So fierce a detestation,
So strong abhorrence!—Speak, exquisite tormentor!
Was it for this your summons fill'd my soul
With eager raptures, and tumultuous transports?
Ev'n painful joys, and agonies of bliss.
Did I for this obey my Phædra's call,
And fly with trembling haste to meet her arms?
And am I thus receiv'd? O cruel Phædra!
Was it for this you rouz'd my drowsy soul
From the dull lethargy of hopeless love?
And dost thou only shew those beauteous eyes
To wake despair, and blast me with their beams?

Phæd. Oh, were that all to which the gods have doom'd
me!

But

But angry Heav'n has laid in store for Theseus
Such perfect mischief, such transcendent woe,
That the black image shocks my frightened soul,
And the words die on my reluctant tongue.

Thes. Fear not to speak it; that harmonious voice
Will make the saddest tale of sorrow pleasing,
And charm the grief it brings. Thus let me hear it,
Thus in thy sight; thus gazing on those eyes
I can support the utmost spite of fate,
And stand the rage of Heav'n.---Approach, my fair.

Phæd. Off, or I fly for ever from thy sight.
Shall I embrace the father of Hippolitus?

Thes. Forget the villain; drive him from your soul.

Phæd. Can I forget, or drive him from my soul?
Oh! he will still be present to my eyes;
His words will ever echo in my ears;
Still will he be the torture of my days,
Bane of my life, and ruin of my glory.

Thes. And mine and all. O most abandon'd villain!
O lasting scandal to our godlike race!
That could contrive a crime so foul as incest.

Phæd. Incest! Oh, name it not!
The very mention shakes my inmost soul;
The gods are startled in their peaceful mansions;
And nature sickens at the shocking sound.
Thou brutal wretch! thou execrable monster!
To break thro' all the laws that early flow
From untaught reason, and distinguish man;
Mix like the senseless herd with bestial lust,
Mother and son preposterously wicked;
To banish from thy soul the reverence due
To honour, nature, and the genial bed,
And injure one so great, so good as Theseus!

Thes. To injure one so great, so good as Phædra.
O Slave! to wrong such purity as thine;
Such dazzling brightness, such exalted virtue.

Phæd. Virtue! all-seeing gods, ye know my virtue.
Must I support all this? O righteous Heav'n!
Can't I yet speak? Reproach I could have born,
Pointed his satire's stings, and edg'd his rage:
But to be prais'd——Now, Minos, I defy thee;
Ev'n all thy dreadful magazines of pains,

Stones, furies, wheels, are slight to what I suffer,
And Hell itself's relief.

Thef. What's Hell to thee?

What crimes couldst thou commit? or what reproaches
Could innocence so pure as Phædra's fear?
Oh! thou'rt the chastest matron of thy sex,
The fairest pattern of excelling virtue.
Our latest annals shall record thy glory,
The maid's example, and the matron's theme.
Each skilful artist shall express thy form
In animated gold. The threat'ning sword
Shall hang for ever o'er thy snowy bosom;
Such heav'nly beauty on thy face shall bloom
As shall almost excuse the villain's crime;
But yet that firmness, that unshaken virtue,
As still shall make the monster more detested.
Where-e'er you pass, the crowded way shall sound
With joyful cries, and endless acclamations.
And when aspiring bards in daring strains
Shall raise some heav'nly matron to the pow'rs,
They'll say, She's great, she's true, she's chaste as Phædra.

Phæd. This might have been.—But now, O cruel stars!
Now, as I pass, the crowded way shall sound
With hissing scorn, and murm'ring detestation.
The latest annals shall record my shame;
And when th' avenging muse with pointed rage
Would sink some impious woman down to Hell,
She'll say, She's false, she's base, she's foul as Phædra.

Thef. Hadst thou been foul, had horrid violation
Cast any stains on purity like thine,
They're wash'd already in the villain's blood:
The very sword, his instrument of horror,
Ere this time drench'd in his incestuous heart,
Has done thee justice, and aveng'd the crimes
He us'd it to perform.

Enter Messenger.

Mess. Alas! my lord,
Ere this the prince is dead. I saw Cratander
Give him a sword; I saw him boldly take it,
Rear it on high, and point it to his breast.

With

With steady hands, and with disdainful looks,
As one that fear'd not death, but scorn'd to die,
And not in battle.—A loud clamor follow'd;
And the surrounding soldiers hid from sight,
But all pronounc'd him dead.

Phæd. Is he then dead?

Thes. Yes, yes, he's dead; and dead by my command.
And in this dreadful act of mournful justice
I'm more renown'd than in my dear-bought laurels.

Phæd. Then thou'rt renown'd indeed.—O happy
Theseus!

Oh, only worthy of the love of Phædra!
Haste then, let's join our well-met hands together,
Unite for ever, and defy the gods
To shew a pair so eminently wretched.

Thes. Wretched! for what? for what the world must
praise me;
For what the nations shall adore my justice,
A villain's death.

Phæd. Hippolitus a villain!
Oh, he was all his godlike fire could wish,
The pride of Theseus, and the hopes of Crete.
Nor did the bravest of his godlike race
Tread with such early hopes the paths of honour.

Thes. What can this mean? declare, ambitious Phædra,
Say, whence these shifting gusts of clashing rage?
Why are thy doubted speeches dark and troubled,
As Cretan seas when vext by warring winds?
Why is a villain, with alternate passion,
Accus'd and prais'd, detested and deplor'd?

Phæd. Canst thou not guess?
Canst thou not read it in my furious passions?
In all the wild disorders of my soul?
Couldst thou not see it in the noble warmth
That urg'd the darling youth to acts of honour?
Couldst thou not find it in the gen'rous truth
Which sparkled in his eyes, and open'd in his face?
Couldst not perceive it in the chaste reserve,
In every word and look, each godlike act,
Couldst thou not see Hippolitus was guiltless?

Thes. Guiltless! O all ye gods! what can this mean?

Phæd.

Phæd. Mean ! that the guilt is mine, that virtuous
Phædra,

The maid's example, and the matron's theme,
With bestial passion woo'd your loathing son.
And when denied, with impious accusation
Sullied the lustre of his shining honour ;
Of my own crimes accus'd the faultless youth,
And with ensnaring wiles destroy'd that virtue
I tried in vain to shake.

Thes. Is he then guiltless ?

Guiltless ! then what art thou ? and oh, just Heav'n !
What a detested parricide is Theseus ?

Phæd. What am I ? what indeed, but one more black
Than earth or Hell e'er bore ! O horrid mixture
Of crimes and woes, of parricide and incest,
Perjury, murder, to arm the erring father
Against the guiltless son. O impious Lycon,
In what a hell of woes thy arts have plung'd me !

Thes. Lycon !----Here, guards.----O most abandon'd
villain !

Secure him, seize him, drag him piece-meal hither.

Enter Guards.

Gua. Who has, my lord, incurr'd your high displeasure ?

Thes. Who can it be, ye gods, but perjur'd Lycon ?
Who can inspire such storms of rage, but Lycon ?
Where has my sword left one so black, but Lycon ?
Where, wretched Theseus ! in thy bed and heart,
The very darling of my soul and eyes.
O beauteous fiend ! But trust not to thy form.
You too, my son, was fair ; your manly beauties
Charm'd ev'ry heart (O Heav'ns !) to your destruction ;
You too were good, your virtuous soul abhorr'd
The crimes for which you died. O impious Phædra !
Incestuous fury ! execrable murd'ress !
Is there revenge on earth, or pain in Hell,
Can art invent, or boiling rage suggest,
Ev'n endless torture, which thou shalt not suffer ?

Phæd. And is there aught on earth I would not suffer ?
Oh, were there vengeance equal to my crimes,

Thou

Thou needst not claim it, most unhappy youth,
From any hands but mine: t' avenge thy fate
I'd court the fiercest pains, and sue for tortures,
And Phædra's suff'rings should atone for thine:
Ev'n now I fall a victim to thy wrongs;
Ev'n now a fatal draught works out my soul;
Ev'n now it curdles in my shrinking veins
The lazy blood, and freezes at my heart.

Lycon brought in.

Thef. Hast thou escap'd my wrath? Yet, impious Lycon,
On thee I'll empty all my hoard of vengeance,
And glut my boundless rage.

Lyc. O mercy, mercy!

Thef. Such thou shalt find as thy best deeds deserve;
Such as thy guilty soul can hope from Theseus;
Such as thou shew'dst to poor Hippolitus.

Lyc. Oh! chain me; whip me; let me be the scorn
Of sordid rabbles, and insulting crowds:
Give me but life, and make that life most wretched.

Phæd. Art thou so base, so spiritless a slave?
Not so the lovely youth thy arts have ruin'd,
Not so he bore the fate to which you doom'd him.

Thef. O abject villain!--Yet it gives me joy
To see the fears that shake thy guilty soul,
Enhance thy crimes, and antedate thy woes.
Oh, how thou'lt howl thy fearful soul away!
While laughing crowds shall echo to thy cries,
And make thy pains their sport. Haste, hence, away
with him,

Drag him to all the torments earth can furnish;
Let him be rack'd and gash'd, impal'd alive;
'Then let the mangled monster, fixt on high,
Grin o'er the shouting crowds, and glut their vengeance.
And is this all? and art thou now appeas'd?
Will this atone for poor Hippolitus?
O ungorg'd appetite! O rav'nous thirst
Of a son's blood! what, not a day, a moment?

Phæd. A day, a moment! oh, thou shouldst have staid
Years, ages, all the round of circling time,
Ere touch the life of that consummate youth.

Thef.

Thef. And yet with joy I flew to his destruction,
Boasted his fate, and triumph'd in his ruin.
Not this I promis'd to his dying mother,
When in her mortal pangs she sighing gave me
'The last cold kisses from her trembling lips,
And reach'd her feeble wand'ring hands to mine;
When her last breath now quiv'ring at her mouth,
Implor'd my goodness to her lovely son,
To her Hippolitus. He, alas! descends
An early victim to the lazy shades,
(O Heav'n and earth!) by Theseus doom'd, descends.

Phæd. He's doom'd by Theseus, but accus'd by Phædra,
By Phædra's madness, and by Lycon's hatred.
Yet with my life I expiate my phrenzy,
And die for thee my headlong rage destroy'd.
Thee I pursue (O great ill-fated youth!)
Pursue thee still, but now with chaste desires;
Thee thro' the dismal waste of gloomy death,
Thee thro' the glimm'ring dawn, and purer day,
Thro' all th' Elysian plains——O righteous Minos!
Elysian plains! There he and his Ismena
Shall sport for ever, shall for ever drink
Immortal love; while I far off shall howl
In lonely plains; while all the blackest ghosts
Shrink from the baleful sight of one more monstrous,
And more accurs'd than they.

Thef. I too must go;
I too must once more see the burning shore
Of livid Acheron and black Cocytus,
Whence no Alcides will release me now.

Phæd. Then why this stay? come on, let's plunge together.

See, Hell sets wide its adamantine gates;
See, thro' the sable gates the black Cocytus
In smoaky circles rows its fiery waves;
Hear, hear the stunning harmonies of woe,
The din of rattling chains, of clashing whips,
Of groans, or loud complaints, of piercing shrieks,
That wide thro' all its gloomy world resound.
How huge Mægara stalks! what streaming fires
Blaze from her glaring eyes! what serpents curl
In horrid wreaths, and hiss around her head!

Now

Now, now she drags me to the bar of Minos :
 See how the awful judges of the dead
 Look stedfast hate, and horrible dismay !
 See, Minos turns away his loathing eyes ;
 Rage choaks his struggling words ; the fatal urn
 Drops from his trembling hand. O all ye gods !
 What, Lycon here ? O execrable villain !
 Then am I still on earth ? By Hell I am,
 A fury now, a scourge preserv'd for Lycon.
 See, the just beings offer to my vengeance
 That impious slave. Now, Lycon, for revenge ;
 Thanks, Heav'n, 'tis here. I'll steal it to his heart.
 [*Mistaking Theseus for Lycon, offers to stab him.*
 Gue. Heav'ns ! 'tis your lord.

Phæd. My lord ! O equal Heav'n !
 Must each portentous moment rise in crimes,
 And fallying life go off in parricide ?
 Then trust not thy slow drugs. Thus sure of death
 [*Stabs herself.*
 Compleat thy horrors---And if this suffice not,
 Thou, Minos, do the rest.

Thei. At length she's quiet ;
 And now earth bears not such a wretch as Theseus.
 Yet I'll obey Hippolitus, and live :
 Then to the wars ; and as the Corybantines,
 With clashing shields and braying trumpets, drown'd
 The cries of infant Jove, I'll stifle conscience,
 And nature's murmurs, in the din of arms.
 But what are arms to me ? is he not dead
 For whom I fought ? for whom my hoary age
 Glow'd with the boiling heat of youth in battle ?
 How then to drag a wretched life beneath
 An endless round of still-returning woes,
 And all the gnawing pangs of vain remorse ?
 What torment's this ?---Therefore, O greatly thought !
 Therefore do justice on thyself, and live ;
 Live above all most infinitely wretched.
 Ismena too-----Nay then, avenging Heav'n

Ismena enters.

Has vented all its rage.——O wretched maid!
Why dost thou come to swell my raging grief?
Why add to sorrows, and embitter woes?
Why do thy mournful eyes upbraid my guilt?
Why thus recal to my afflicted soul
The sad remembrance of my godlike son,
Of that dear youth my cruelty has ruin'd?

Ism. Ruin'd! O all ye powers! O awful Theseus!
Say, where's my lord? say, where has fate dispos'd him?
O speak! the fear distracts me.

Thes. Gods! can I speak?
Can I declare his fate to his Ismena?
O lovely maid! couldst thou admit of comfort,
Thou shouldst for ever be my only care,
Work of my life, and labour of my soul.
For thee alone my sorrows, lull'd, shall cease,
Cease for a while to mourn my murder'd son;
For thee alone my sword once more shall rage,
Restore the crown of which it robb'd your race.
Then let your grief give way to thoughts of empire;
At thy own Athens reign. The happy crowd
Beneath the easy yoke with pleasure bow,
And think in thee their own Minerva reigns.

Ism. Must I then reign, nay, must I live without him?
Not so, O godlike youth! you lov'd Ismena:
You, for her sake, refus'd the Cretan empire,
And yet a nobler gift, the royal Phædra.
Shall I then take a crown, a guilty crown,
From the relentless hand that doom'd thy death?
Oh! 'tis in death alone I can have ease,
And thus I find it. [Offers to stab herself.]

Enter Hippolitus.

Hip. O forbear Ismena!
Forbear, chaste maid, to wound thy tender bosom.
O Heav'n and earth! should she resolve to die,
And snatch all beauty from the widow'd earth?
Was it for me, ye gods! she'd fall a victim?

Was it for me she'd die? O heav'nly virgin!
See, see thy own Hippolitus, who lives,
And hopes to live for thee.

Ism. Hippolitus!

Am I alive or dead? is this Elysium?
'Tis he, 'tis all Hippolitus. Art well?
Art thou not wounded?

Thes. O unhop'd-for joy!

Stand off, and let me fly into his arms.
Speak, say, what god, what miracle preserv'd thee?
Didst thou not strike thy father's cruel present,
My sword, into thy breast?

Hip. I aim'd it there,

But turn'd it from myself, and slew Cratander;
The guards, not trusted with his fatal orders,
Granted my wish, and brought me to the king.
I fear'd not death, but could not bear the thought
Of Theseus' sorrow, and Ismena's loss;
Therefore I hasten'd to your royal presence,
Here to receive my doom.

Thes. Be this thy doom,

To live for ever in Ismena's arms.
Go, heav'nly pair, and with your dazzling virtues,
Your courage, truth, your innocence and love,
Amaze and charm mankind; and rule that empire,
For which in vain your rival fathers fought.

Ism. O killing joy!

Hip. O extasy of bliss!

Am I possess'd at last of my Ismena?
Of that celestial maid, O pitying gods!
How shall I thank your bounties for my sufferings,
For all my pains, and all the pangs I've borne?
Since 'twas to them I owe divine Ismena,
To them I owe the dear consent of Theseus.
Yet there's a pain lies heavy on my heart,
For the disastrous fate of hapless Phædra.

Thes. Deep was her anguish; for the wrongs she did you
She chose to die, and in her death deplor'd
Your fate, and not her own.

Hip. I've heard it all.

Oh! had not passion fully'd her renown,

None

60 PHÆDRA and HIPPOLITUS.

None e'er on earth had shone with equal lustre !
 So glorious liv'd, or so lamented died.
 Her faults were only faults of raging love,
 Her virtues all her own.

Ism. Unhappy Phædra !

Was there no other way, ye pitying pow'rs,
 No other way to crown Ismena's love ?
 Then must I ever mourn her cruel fate,
 And in the midst of my triumphant joy,
 Ev'n in my hero's arms, confess some sorrow.

Thes. O tender maid ! forbear with ill-tim'd grief,
 To damp our blessings, and incense the gods ;
 But let's away, and pay kind Heav'n our thanks
 For all the wonders in our favour wrought ;
 That Heav'n, whose mercy rescu'd erring Theseus
 From execrable crimes, and endless woes.
 Then learn from me, ye kings that rule the world :
 With equal poize let steady justice sway,
 And flagrant crimes with certain vengeance pay,
 But till the proofs are clear, the stroke delay.

Hip. The righteous gods, that innocence require,
 Protect the goodness which themselves inspire ;
 Unguarded virtue human arts defies,
 Th' accus'd is happy, while th' accuser dies.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

F I N I S.





S. macul. sculp.

THE
RIVAL QUEENS;

Or, The DEATH of

ALEXANDER the GREAT:

As it is Acted at the

THEATRES - ROYAL.

By NATHANIEL LEE, Gent.

———*Natura sublimis & acer,
Nam spirat tragicum satis, & feliciter audet.*
HORAT. Epist. ad Aug.



L O N D O N :

Printed for HAWES, CLARKE and COLLINS,
T. LONGMAN, T. LOWNDS, C. CORBET,
and T. CASLON.

M.DCC.LXIV.

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To the Right Honourable

JOHN, Earl of MULGRAVE.

MY LORD,

W HEN I hear by many Persons, not in-
different Judges, how Poets are censur'd
most even where they most intend to
please, and sometimes by those to whom
they address, condemn'd for Flatterers, Sy-
cophants, little fawning Wretches; I con-
fess, of all Undertakings there is none more dreadful to
me than a Dedication. So nicely cruel are our Judges,
that after a Play has been generally applauded on the
Stage, the industrious Malice of some After-observers,
shall damn it for an *Epistle* or a *Preface*. For this Reason,
my Lord, *Alexander* was more to seek for a Patron in my
troubled Thoughts, than for the Temple of *Jupiter*
Ammon in the spreading Wilds and rolling Sands. 'Tis
certain too, he must have been lost, had not Fortune,
whom I must once at least acknowledge kind in my Life,
presented me to your Lordship: You were pleased, my
Lord, to read it over Act by Act; and by particular
Praises, proceeding from the Sweetness rather than the
Justice of your Temper, lifted me up from my natural
Melancholy and Diffidence, to a bold Belief, that what so
great an Understanding warranted, could not fail of Suc-
cess.

AND here I were most ungrateful, if I should not sa-
tisfy the judging World of the Surprize I was in (Pardon
me, my Lord, for calling it a Surprize) when I was first
honour'd by waiting upon your Lordship: So much un-
expected, and indeed unusual Affability, from Persons of
your Birth and Quality, so true an Easiness, such Frank-
ness without Affectation, I never saw.

WHEN I more narrowly contemplate your Person, me-
thinks I see in your Lordship two of the most famous
Characters that ever antient or modern Story could pro-
duce,

duce, the mighty *Scipio*, and the retir'd *Cowley*. You have certainly the Gravity, Temperance and Judgment, as well as the Courage of the first; all which in your early Attempts of War, gave the noblest Dawn of Virtue, and will, when occasion presents, answer our Expectation, and shine forth at full. Then for the latter, you possess all his Sweetness of Humour in Peace, all that *Halcyon* Tranquility of Mind, where your deep Thoughts glide, like silent Waters, without a Wrinkle; your Hours move with softest Wings, and rarely any Larum strikes to discompose you. You have the Philosophy of the first: And, which I confess of all your Qualities I love most, the Poetry of the latter. I was never more mov'd at *Virgil's Dido*, than at a short Poem of your Lordship's, where nothing but the shortness can be dislik'd. As our Churchmen wish there were more Noblemen of their Function, so wish I in the Behalf of depress'd Poetry, that there were more Poets of your Lordship's Excellency and Eminence. Praise is the greatest Encouragement we Camelions can pretend to, or rather the *Manna* that keeps Soul and Body together; we devour it as if it were Angels Food, and vainly think we grow immortal. For my own Part, I acknowledge I never receiv'd a better Satisfaction from the Applause of an Audience, than I have from your single Judgment. You gaze at Beauties, and wink at Blemishes; and do both so gracefully, that the first discovers the Acuteness of your Judgment, the other the Excellency of your Nature. And I can affirm to your Lordship, there is nothing transports a Poet, next to Love, like commending in the right Place: Therefore, my Lord, this Play must be yours; and *Alexander*, whom I have rais'd from the Dead, comes to you with the Assurance answerable to his Character, and your Virtue. You cannot expect him in his Majesty of two thousand Years ago; I have only put his Ashes in an Urn, which are now offer'd with all Observance to your Lordship, by,

MY LORD,

Your Lordship's

Most Humble,

Obliged, and

Dedicated Servant,

NAT. LEE.



T O

Mr. *L E E*, on his *Alexander*.

TH E Blast of common Censure cou'd I fear,
 Before your Play my Name shou'd not appear ;
 For 'twill be thought, and with some Colour too,
 I pay the Bribe I first receiv'd from you :
 That mutual Vouchers for our Fame we stand,
 To play the Game into each other's Hand ;
 And as cheap Pen'orths to ourselves afford,
 As *Bessus*, and the Brothers of the Sword.
 Such Libels private Men may well endure,
 When States and Kings themselves are not secure :
 For ill Men, conscious of their inward Guilt,
 Think the best Actions on By-ends are built.
 And yet my Silence had not 'scap'd their Spite,
 Then Envy had not suffer'd me to write ;
 For, since I cou'd not Ignorance pretend,
 Such Merit I must envy or commend.
 So many Candidates there stand for Wit,
 A Place in Court is scarce so hard to get ;
 In vain they croud each other at the Door,
 For ev'n Reversions are all begg'd before :
 Desert, how known soe'er, is long delay'd ;
 And then too Fools and Knaves are better pay'd.
 Yet, as some Actions bear so great a Name,
 That Courts themselves are just, for Fear of Shame ;
 So has the mighty Merit of your Play
 Extorted Praise, and forc'd itself a Way.
 'Tis here, as 'tis at Sea ; who farthest goes,
 Or dares the most, makes all the rest his Foes ;
 Yet when some Virtue much out-grows the rest,
 It shoots too fast, and high to be exprest ;

As his Heroic Worth struck Envy dumb,
 Who took the *Dutchman*, and who cut the Boom :
 Such Praise is yours, while you the Passions move,
 That 'tis no longer feign'd ; 'tis real Love,
 Where Nature triumphs over wretched Art ;
 We only warm the Head, but you the Heart.
 Always you warm : And if the rising Year,
 As in hot Regions, bring the Sun too near,
 'Tis but to make your fragrant Spices blow,
 Which in our cooler Climates will not grow :
 They only think you animate your Theme
 With too much Fire, who are themselves all Phlegm :
 Prizes wou'd be for Lags of slowest Pace,
 Were Cripples made the Judges of the Race.
 Despise those Drones, who praise while they accuse
 The too much Vigour of your youthful Muse.
 That humble Stile which they their Virtue make
 Is in your Pow'r ; you need but stoop and take.
 Your beauteous Images must be allow'd
 By all, but some vile Poets of the Crowd.
 But how shou'd any Sign-post Dauber know
 The Worth of *Titian*, or of *Angelo* ?
 Hard Features every Bungler can command ;
 To draw true Beauty shews a Master's Hand.

JOHN DRYDEN.

P R O-



PROLOGUE,

Written by Sir Car Scroop, Bart.

HOW hard the Fate is of the scribbling Drudge,
 Who writes to all when yet so few can judge!
 Wit, like Religion, once Divine was thought;
 And the dull Crowd believ'd as they were taught;
 Now each Fanatick Fool presumes t'explain
 The Text, and does the sacred Writ profane:
 For, while your Wits each other's Fall pursue,
 The Fops usurp the Power belongs to you.
 You think y' are challeng'd in each New Play-Bill,
 And here you come for Trial of your Skill;
 Where, Fencer like, you one another hurt,
 While with your Wounds you make the Rabble Sport.
 Others there are that have the brutal Will
 To murder a poor Play, but want the Skill.
 They love to fight, but seldom have the Wit
 To spy the Place where they may thrust and bit;
 And therefore, like some Bully of the Town,
 Ne'er stand to draw, but knock the Poet down.
 With these, like Hogs in Gardens, it succeeds,
 They root up all, and know not Flowers from Weeds.
 As for you, Sparks, that hither come each Day,
 To act your own, and not to mind our Play;
 Rehearse your usual Follies to the Pit,
 And with loud Nonsense, drown the Stage's Wit;
 Talk of your Cloaths, your last Debauches tell,
 And witty Bargains to each other sell;
 Glout on the silly She, who, for your Sake,
 Can Vanity and Noise for Love mistake;

*Till the Coquette sung in the next Lampoon
 Is by her jealous Friends sent out of Town.
 For, in this duelling, intriguing Age,
 The Love you make is like the War you wage,
 Ye're still prevented e'er you come t'ingage.
 But 'tis not to such trifling Foes as you,
 The mighty Alexander deigns to sue;
 Ye Persians of the Pit he does despise,
 But to the Men of Sense for Aid he flies;
 On their experienc'd Arms he now depends,
 Nor fears he Odds, if they but prove his Friends:
 For as he once a little Handful chose,
 The numerous Armies of the World t'oppose,
 So back'd by you, who understand the Rules,
 He hopes to rout the mighty Host of Fools.*



E P I L O G U E.

*WHATE'ER they mean, yet ought they to be curst,
 Who this censorious Age did polish first:
 Who the best Play, for one poor Error blame,
 As Priests against our Ladies Arts declaim,
 And for one Patch both Soul and Body damn.
 But what does more provoke the Actors Rage,
 (For we must show the Grievance of the Stage)
 Is, that our Women which adorn each Play,
 Bred at our Cost, become at length your Prey:
 While green and sour, like Trees we bear them all,
 But when they're mellow, strait to you they fall:
 You watch 'em bare and squab, and let 'em rest,
 But with the first young Down you snatch the Nest.
 Pray leave those poaching Tricks, if you are wise,
 E'er we take out our Letters of Reprize.
 For we have vow'd to find a Sort of Toys
 Known to black Fryars, a Tribe of chopping Boys;
 If once they come, they'll quickly spoil your Sport;
 There's not one Lady will receive your Court;*

But

EPILOGUE.

11

*But for the Youth in Petticoats run wild,
 With Ob the archest Wag, the sweetest Child.
 The panting Breast, white Hands, and Lilly Feet
 No more shall your pall'd Thoughts with Pleasure meet.
 The Woman in Boys Clothes, all Boy shall be,
 And never raise your Thoughts above the Knee.
 Well, if our Women knew how false you are,
 They wou'd stay here, and this new Trouble spare:
 Poor Souls! they think all Gospel you relate,
 Charm'd with the Noise of settling an Estate:
 But when at last your Appetites are full,
 And the tir'd Cupid grows, with Action, dull;
 You'll find some Tricks to cut off the Entail,
 And send 'em back to us all worn and stale.
 Perhaps they'll find our Stage, while they have rang'd
 To some vile canting Conventicle, chang'd:
 Where, for the Sparks who once resorted there,
 With their curl'd Wigs that scented all the Air,
 They'll see grave Blockheads with short greasy Hair.
 Green-Aprons, Steeple-Hats, and Collar-Bands;
 Dull sniv'ling Rogues, that ring, not clap their Hands;
 Where, for gay Punks that drew the shining Crowd,
 And Misses that in Vizards laugh'd aloud,
 They'll hear young Sisters sigh, see Matrons old,
 To their chop'd Cheeks their pickl'd Kirchers hold,
 Whose Zeal too might persuade, in spite to you,
 Our flying Angels to augment their Crew;
 While Farringdon their Hero struts about 'em,
 And ne'er a damning Critick dares to flout 'em.*

}

Dramatis Personæ.

At DRURY - LANE, 1764.

<i>Alexander</i> the Great,		Mr. <i>Powell</i> .
<i>Clytus</i> , Master of the Horse,		Mr. <i>Love</i> .
<i>Lyfimachus</i> , Prince of the Blood,		Mr. <i>Jackson</i> .
<i>Hephestion</i> , <i>Alexander's</i> Favourite,		Mr. <i>Packer</i> .
<i>Cassander</i> , Son of <i>Antipater</i> ,	} Conspirators,	Mr. <i>Harvard</i> .
<i>Polyperchon</i> , Commander of the <i>Phalanx</i> ,		Mr. <i>Burton</i> ,
<i>Philip</i> , Brother to <i>Cassander</i> ,		Mr. <i>Ackman</i> .
<i>Theſſalus</i> the Median,		Mr. <i>Caſtle</i> .
<i>Perdiccas</i> ,		Mr. <i>Lee</i> .
<i>Eumenes</i> ,	} Great Commanders,	Mr. <i>Palmer</i> .
<i>Meleager</i> ,		Mr. <i>Fox</i> .
<i>Ariſtander</i> , a Soothſayer,		Mr. <i>Parſons</i> .
<i>Syſigambis</i> , Mother of the Royal Family,		Mrs. <i>Bennet</i> .
<i>Statira</i> , Daughter of <i>Darius</i> , married to <i>Alexander</i> ,	} Mrs. <i>Palmer</i> .	
<i>Roxana</i> , Daughter of <i>Cobortanus</i> , firſt Wife of <i>Alexander</i> ,		Mrs. <i>Pritchard</i> .
<i>Parifatis</i> , Siſter to <i>Statira</i> , in Love with <i>Lyfimachus</i> ,	} Mrs. <i>Hippiſley</i> .	

At COVENT - GARDEN.

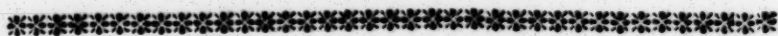
<i>Alexander</i> ,	Mr. <i>Rofs</i> .
<i>Lyfimachus</i> ,	Mr. <i>White</i> .
<i>Clytus</i> ,	Mr. <i>Sparkes</i> .
<i>Hepheſtion</i> ,	Mr. <i>Dyer</i> .
<i>Cassander</i> ,	Mr. <i>Clarke</i> .
<i>Polyperchon</i> ,	Mr. <i>Tindal</i> .
<i>Ariſtander</i> ,	Mr. <i>Perry</i> .
<i>Perdiccas</i> ,	Mr. <i>Gardner</i> .
<i>Theſſalus</i> ,	Mr. <i>Anderſon</i> .
<i>Syſigambis</i> ,	Mrs. <i>Vincent</i> .
<i>Parifatis</i> ,	Miss <i>Vincent</i> .
<i>Statira</i> ,	Mrs. <i>Ward</i> ,
<i>Roxana</i> ,	Mrs. <i>Baker</i> .

Attendants, Slaves, Dancers, Guards.

SCENE, *Babylon*.

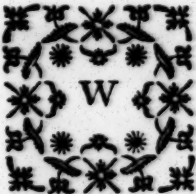


THE
RIVAL QUEENS;
O R,
ALEXANDER the GREAT.



ACT I.

*Enter Hephestion, Lyfimachus, fighting; Clytus
parting them.*

Cly.  H A T, are you Madmen! ha! —
Put up, I say —
 W Then, Mischief's in the Bosom of you
both.
Lyf. I have his Sword.
Cly. But must not have his Life.

Lyf. Must not, old Clytus?

Cly. Mad Lyfimachus, you must not.

Heph. Coward Flesh! O feeble Arm!

He dallied with my Point, and when I thrust,
He frown'd and smil'd, and foil'd me like a Fencer.

O Reverend Clytus; Father of the War;

Most famous Guard of Alexander's Life,

Take Pity on my Youth, and lend a Sword:

Lyfimachus is brave, and will but scorn me;

Kill me, or let me fight with him again.

Lyf. There, take thy Sword, and since thou art resolv'd
For Death, thou hast the noblest from my Hand.

Cly. Stay thee, Lyfimachus; Hephestion, hold;
I bar you both, my Body interpos'd.

Now let me see which of you dares to strike,

By

By *Jove*, ye've stir'd the old Man; that rash Arm
That first advances, moves against the Gods,
Against the Wrath of *Clytus*, and the Will
Of our great King, whose Deputy I stand.

Lyf. Well, I shall take another Time.

Heph. And I.

Cly. 'Tis false.

Another Time! what Time? What foolish Hour?
No Time shall see a brave Man do amiss.
And what's the noble Cause that makes this Madness?
What big Ambition blows this dangerous Fire?
A *Cupid's* Puff, is it not, Woman's Breath?
By all your Triumphs in the Heat of Youth,
When Towns were sack'd, and Beauties prostrate lay,
When my Blood boil'd, and Nature work'd me high,
Clytus ne'er bow'd his Body to such Shame;
The Brave will scorn the Cobweb Arts—The Souls
Of all that whining, smiling, coz'ning Sex,
Weigh not one Thought of any Man of War.

Lyf. I confess our Vengeance was ill-tim'd.

Cly. Death! I had rather this Right-arm were lost,
To which I owe my Glory, than our King
Should know your Fault—what, on this famous Day?

Heph. I was to blame.

Cly. This memorable Day,
When our hot Master, that would tire the World,
Outside the lab'ring Sun, and tread the Stars,
When he inclin'd to rest, comes peaceful on,
Lift'ning to Songs: While all his Trumpets sleep,
And plays with Monarchs whom he us'd to drive;
Shall we begin Disorders, make new Broils?
We, that have Temper learnt, shall we awake
Hush'd *Mars*, the Lion, that had left to roar?

Lyf. 'Tis true, old *Clytus* is an Oracle.

Put up, *Hephestion*—Did not Passion blind
My Reason, I on such Occasion too,
Could thus have urg'd.

Heph. Why is it then we love?

Cly. Because unmann'd.——

Why is not *Alexander* grown Example?
O that a Face shou'd thus bewitch a Soul,
And ruin all that's right and reasonable!

ALEXANDER *the* GREAT. 15

Talk be my Bane, yet the old Man must talk ;
 Not so he lov'd when he at *Issus* fought,
 And join'd in mighty Duel great *Darius* ;
 Whom from his Chariot, flaming all with Gems,
 He hurl'd to Earth, and crush'd th' Imperial Crown ;
 Nor cou'd the Gods defend their Images,
 'Twas not the Shaft of Love that did the Feat ;
Cupid had nothing there to do, but now
 Two Wives he takes, two Rival Queens disturb
 The Court ; and while each Hand does Beauty hold,
 Where is there Room for Glory ?

Heph. In his Heart.

Cly. Well said,

You are his Favourite, and I had forgot
 Who I was talking to. See *Syfigambis* comes
 Reading a Letter to your Princess ; go,
 Now make your Claim, while I attend the King. [*Exit.*

Enter Syfigambis, Parisatis.

Par. Did not you love my Father ? Yes, I see
 You did, his very Name but mention'd, brings
 The Tears, howe'er unwilling, to your Eyes.
 I lov'd him too, he would not thus have forc'd
 My trembling Heart, which your Commands may break,
 But never bend.

Syf. Forbear thy lost Complaints,
 Urge not a Suit which I can never grant.
 Behold the Royal Signet of the King,
 Therefore resolve to be *Hephestion's* Wife.

Par. No, since *Lyfimachus* has won my Heart,
 My Body shall be *Ashes*, ere another's.

Syf. For sixty rolling Years, who ever stood
 The Shock of State so unconcern'd as I ?
 This whom I thought to govern being young,
 Heav'n as a Plague to Powers has render'd strong ;
 Judge my Distresses, and my Temper prize ;
 Who, tho' unfortunate, wou'd still be wise.

Lys. To let you know that Misery doth sway [*Both*
 An humbler Fate than yours, see at your Feet [*kneel.*
 The lost *Lyfimachus* : O mighty Queen,
 I have but this to beg, impartial stand ;
 And since *Hephestion* serves by your Permission,

Disdain

16 *The RIVAL QUEENS; or,*

Disdain not me, who ask your Royal Leave
To cast a throbbing Heart before her Feet.

Heph. A Blessing like Possession of the Princess,
No Services, not Crowns, nor all the Blood
That circles in our Bodies can deserve :

Therefore I take all Helps, much more the King's
And what your Majesty vouchsaf'd to give,
Your Word is past, where all my Hopes must hang.

Lys. There perish too—all Words want Sense in Love ;
But Love and I bring such a perfect Passion,
So nobly pure, 'tis worthy of her Eyes,
Which without blushing she may justly prize.

Heph. Such Arrogance should *Alexander* woo,
Would lose him all the Conquests he has won.

Lys. Let not a Conquest once be nam'd by you,
Who this Dispute must to my Mercy owe.

Sys. Rise brave *Lyfimachus*, *Hephestion* rise :
'Tis true, *Hephestion* first declared his Love ;
And 'tis as true, I promis'd him my Aid.

Your glorious King turn'd mighty Advocate :
How noble therefore were the Victory,
If we cou'd vanquish this disorder'd Love ?

Heph. 'Twill never be.

Lys. No, I will yet love on,
And hear from *Alexander's* Mouth, in what
Hephestion merits more than I.

Sys. I grieve,
And fear the Boldness which your Love inspires ;
But lest her Sight should haste your Enterprize,
'Tis just I take the Object from your Eyes.

[*Exeunt. Sys. Par.*

Lys. She's gone, and see the Day, as if her Look
Had kindled it, is lost, now she is vanish'd.

Heph. A sudden Gloominess and Horror comes
About me.

Lys. Let's away to meet the King :
You know my Suit.

Heph. Yonder *Cassander* comes ;
He may inform us.

Lys. No, I wou'd avoid him ;
There's something in that busy Face of his,
That shocks my Nature.

Heph.

ALEXANDER the GREAT. 17

Heph. Where, and what you please.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Cassander.

Cass. The Morning rises black, the low'ring Sun,
As if the dreadful Bus'ness he foreknew,
Drives heavily his fable Chariot on :
The Face of Day now blushes scarlet deep,
As if it fear'd the Stroke which I intend,
Like that of *Jupiter*——Lightning and Thunder !
The Lords above are angry, and talk big,
Or rather walk the mighty Cirque like Mourners,
Clad in long Clouds, the Robes of thickest Night,
And seem to groan for *Alexander's* Fall ;
'Tis as *Cassander's* Soul could wish it were,
Which whensoever it flies at lofty Mischief,
Wou'd startle Fate, and make all Heav'n concern'd.
A mad *Chaldæan* in the Dead of Night
Came to my Bed-side with a flaming Torch ;
And bellowing o'er me like a Spirit damn'd,
He cry'd, Well had it been for *Babylon*,
If curs'd *Cassander* never had been born.

Enter Theffalus, Philip, with Letters.

Theff. My Lord *Cassander*.

Cass. Ha ! who's there ?

Phil. Your Friends.

Cass. Welcome dear *Theffalus* and Brother *Philip*.
Papers—with what Contents ?

Phil. From *Macedon*.

A trusty Slave arriv'd——great *Antipater*
Writes that your Mother labour'd with you long,
Your Birth was slow, and slow is all your Life.

Cass. He writes, dispatch the King——*Craterus* comes,
Who in my Room must govern *Macedon* ;
Let him not live a Day——he dies To-night ;
And thus my Father but forestals my Purpose :
Why am I slow then ? If I rode on Thunder,
I must a Moment have to fall from Heaven,
E'er I could blast the Growth of this *Colossus*.

Theff. The haughty *Polyperchon* comes this Way,
A Male-content, on whom I lately wrought,
That for a slight Affront, at *Susa* giv'n,
Bears *Alexander* most pernicious Hate.

Cass. So when I mock'd the *Persians* that ador'd him.

He

He struck me in the Face, and by the Hair
 He swung me to his Guards to be chastis'd ;
 For which, and for my Father's weighty Cause,
 When I abandon'd what I have resolv'd,
 May I again be beaten like a Slave.
 But lo, where *Polyperchon* comes ; now fire him
 With such Complaints, that he may shoot to Ruin.

Enter Polyperchon.

Pol. Sure I have found those Friends dare second me :
 I hear fresh Murmurs as I pass along :
 Yet rather than put up, I'll do't alone.
 Did not *Pausanias*, a Youth, a Stripling,
 A beardless Boy, swell'd with inglorious Wrong,
 For a less Cause his Father *Philip* kill ?
 Peace then, full Heart ! move like a Cloud about,
 And when Time ripens thee to break, O shed
 The Stock of all thy Poison on his Head.

Cass. All Nations bow their Heads with Homage down,
 And kiss the Feet of this exalted Man :
 The Name, the Shout, the Blast from every Mouth,
 Is *Alexander* ; *Alexander* bursts
 Your Cheeks, and with a Crack so loud,
 It drowns the Voice of Heaven ; like Dogs ye fawn,
 The Earth's Commanders fawn, and follow him ;
 Mankind starts up to hear his Blasphemy :
 And if this Hunter of this barbarous World
 But wind himself a God, you echo him
 With universal Cry.

Pol. I echo him ?

I fawn, or fall like a far Eastern Slave,
 And lick his Feet ? Boys hoot me from the Palace,
 To haunt some Cloister with my senseless Walk,
 When thus the noble Soul of *Polyperchon*
 Lets go the Aim of all his Actions, Honour.

Theff. The King shall slay me, cut me up alive,
 Ply me with Fire and Scourges, rack me worse
 Than once he did *Philotas*, ere I bow.

Cass. Curse on thy Tongue for mentioning *Philotas* :
 I had rather thou had'st *Aristander* been :
 And to my Soul's Confusion rais'd up Hell,
 With all the Furies brooding upon Horrors,
 Than brought *Philotas*' Murder to Remembrance.

Phil.

ALEXANDER *the* GREAT. 19

Phil. I saw him rack'd ; a Sight so dismal sad
My Eyes did ne'er behold.

Cass. So dismal ! Peace,
It is unutterable ; let me stand,
And think upon the Tragedy you saw ;
By *Mars* it comes, ay, now the Rack's set forth,
Bloody *Craterus*, his inveterate Foe,
With pitiless *Hephestion* standing by :
Philotas, like an Angel seiz'd by Fiends,
Is straight disrob'd, a Napkin ties his Head,
His warlike Arms with shameful Cords are bound,
And every Slave can now the Valiant wound.

Pol. Now, by the Soul of royal *Philip* fled,
I dare pronounce young *Alexander*, who
Wou'd be a God, is cruel as a Devil.

Cass. Oh, *Polyperchon*, *Philip*, *Thessalus*,
Did not your Eyes rain Blood, your Spirits burst,
To see your noble Fellow-Soldier burn,
Yet without trembling, or a Tear, endure
The Torments of the Damn'd ? O *Barbarians*,
Cou'd you stand by, and yet refuse to suffer ?
Ye saw him bruis'd, torn, to the Bones made bare ;
His Veins wide lanc'd, and the poor quivering Flesh
With Pincers from his manly Bosom ript,
Till ye discover'd the great Heart lie panting.

Pol. Why kill'd we not the King, to save *Philotas* ?

Cass. Asses ! Fools ! but Asses will bray, and Fools be
Why stood ye then like Statues ? there's the Case, [angry.
The Horror of the Sight had turn'd ye Marble.
So the pale *Trojans* from their weeping Walls
Saw the dear Body of the godlike *Hector*,
Bloody and soil'd, dragg'd on the famous Ground,
Yet senseless stood, nor with drawn Weapons ran,
To save the great Remains of that prodigious Man.

Phil. Wretched *Philotas* ! bloody *Alexander* !

Thess. Soon after him the great *Parmenio* fell,
Stabb'd in his Orchard by the Tyrant's Doom.
But where's the need to mention publick Loss,
When each receives particular Disgrace ?

Pol. Late I remember to a Banquet call'd,
After *Alcides*' Goblet swift had gone
The giddy Round, and Wine had made me bold,

Stirring

Stirring the Spirits up to talk with Kings,
 I saw *Craterus* with *Hephestion* enter
 In *Persian* Robes; to *Alexander's* Health
 They largely drank; then turning Eastward fell
 Flat on the Pavement, and ador'd the Sun.
 Straight to the King they sacred Reverence gave
 With solemn Words, O Son of thund'ring *Jove*,
 Young *Ammon*, live for ever; then kiss'd the Ground;
 I laugh'd aloud, and scoffing, ask'd 'em why
 They kiss'd no harder?—but the King leapt up,
 And spurn'd me to the Earth, with this Reply:
 Do thou—whilst with his Foot he prest my Neck,
 Till from my Ears, my Nose, and Mouth, the Blood
 Gush'd forth, and I lay foaming on the Earth,
 For which I wish this Dagger in his Heart.

Cass. There spoke the Spirit of *Calisthenes*;
 Remember he's a Man, his Flesh as soft
 And penetrable as a Girl's: We have seen him wounded,
 A Stone has struck him, yet no Thunderbolt:
 A Pebble fell'd this *Jupiter* along:
 A Sword has cut him, a Javelin pierc'd him,
 Water will drown him, Fire burn him,
 A Surfeit, nay, a Fit of common Sickness,
 Brings this Immortal to the Gate of Death.

Pol. Why shou'd we more delay the glorious Business?
 Are your Hearts firm?

Phil. Hell cannot be more bent
 To any Ruin, than I to the King's.

Theff. And I.

Pol. Behold my Hand; and, if you doubt my Truth,
 Tear up my Breast, and lay my Heart upon it.

Cass. Join then, O worthy, hearty noble Hands,
 Fit Instruments for such majestick Souls;
 Remember *Hermolaus*, and be hush'd.

Pol. Still as the Bosom of the desert Night;
 As fatal Planets, or deep plotting Friends.

Cass. To-day he comes from *Babylon* to *Susa*
 With proud *Roxana*.

Ah! who's that?—look here.

Enter the Ghost of King Philip, shaking a Truncheon at
'em, walks over the Stage.

Cass. Now by the Gods, or Furies, which I ne'er
 Believ'd.

Believ'd,—there's one of them arriv'd to shake us.
 What art thou? glaring Thing, speak: What, the Spirit
 Of our King *Philip*, or of *Polyphemus*?
 Nay, hurl thy Truncheon, second it with Thunder;
 We will abide—*Theſſalus*, ſaw you nothing?

Theſſ. Yes, and am more amaz'd than you can be.

Phil. 'Tis ſaid that many prodigies were ſeen
 This Morn, but none ſo horrible as this. [wide,

Pol. What can you fear? tho' the Earth yawn'd ſo
 That all the Labours of the Deep were ſeen,
 And *Alexander* ſtood on th' other Side,
 I'd leap the burning Ditch to give him Death,
 Or ſink myſelf for ever: Pray to the Buſineſs.

Caff. As I was ſaying, this *Roxana*, whom
 To aggravate my Hate to him, I love,
 Meeting him as he came triumphant from
 The *Indies*, kept him revelling at *Suſa*;
 But, as I found, a deep Repentance ſince
 Turns his Affections to the Queen *Statira*,
 To whom he ſwore (before he cou'd eſpouſe her)
 That he wou'd never bed *Roxana* more.

Pol. How did the *Perſian* Queen receive the News
 Of his Revolt?

Theſſ. With Grief incredible!
 Great *Syſigambis* wept, but the young Queen
 Fell dead among her Maids;
 Nor cou'd their Care,
 With richeſt Cordials, for an Hour or more,
 Recover Life.

Caff. Knowing how much ſhe lov'd,
 I hop'd to turn her all into *Medea*;
 For when the firſt Guſt of her Grief was paſt,
 I enter'd, and with Breath prepar'd, did blow
 The dying Sparks into a tow'ring Flame,
 Deſcribing the new Love he bears *Roxana*,
 Conceiving, not unlikely, that the Line
 Of dead *Darius* in her Cauſe might riſe.
 Is any Panther's, Lioness's Rage
 So furious, any Torrent's Fall ſo ſwift,
 As a wrong'd Woman's Hate? Thus far it helps
 To give him Troubles; which perhaps may end him,
 And ſet the Court in univerſal Uproar.

But see, it ripens more than I expected,
 The Scene works up, kill him, or kill thyself;
 So there be Mischief any Way, 'tis well;
 Now change the Vizor, every one disperse,
 And with a Face of Friendship meet the King. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Syfigambis, Statira, Parisatis, Attendants.

Stat. Give me a Knife, a Draught of Poison, Flames;
 Swell Heart, break, break, thou stubborn Thing;
 Now, by the sacred Fire, I'll not be held;
 Why do ye wish me Life, yet stifle me
 For Want of Air? Pray give me Leave to walk.

Syf. Is there no Reverence to my Person due?
Darius wou'd have heard me: Trust not Rumour.

Stat. No, he hates,
 He loathes the Beauties which he has enjoy'd.
 O, he is false, that great, that glorious Man,
 Is Tyrant midst of his triumphant Spoils,
 Is bravely false, to all the Gods forsworn:
 Yet who wou'd think it? No, it cannot be,
 It cannot—What, that dear protesting Man!
 He that has warm'd my Feet with thousand Sighs,
 Then cool'd 'em with his Tears, dy'd on my Knees,
 Outwept the Morning with his dewy Eyes,
 And groan'd, and swore the wand'ring Stars away.

Syf. No, 'tis impossible, believe thy Mother,
 That knows him well.

Stat. Away, and let me die:
 O, 'tis my Fondness, and my easy Nature
 That would excuse him; but I know he's false.
 'Tis now the common Talk, the News of the World;
 False to *Statira*, false to her that lov'd him;
 That lov'd him, cruel Victor as he was,
 And took him, bath'd all o'er in *Persian* Blood;
 Kifs'd the dear cruel Wounds, and wash'd 'em o'er
 And o'er in Tears—then bound 'em with my Hair,
 Laid him all Night upon my panting Bosom,
 Lull'd like a Child, and hush'd him with my Songs.

Par. If this be true, ah, who will ever trust
 A Man again?

Stat. A Man! a Man! my *Parisatis*;
 Thus with thy Hand held up, thus let me swear thee,
 By the eternal Body of the Sun,

Whose Body, O forgive the Blasphemy,
 I lov'd not half so well as the least Part
 Of my dear, precious, faithless *Alexander* :
 For I will tell thee, and to warn thee of him,
 Not the Spring's Mouth, nor Breath of Jessamin,
 Nor Violets Infant Sweetness, nor opening Buds,
 Are half so sweet as *Alexander's* Breast ;
 From every Pore of him a Perfume falls,
 He kisses softer than a Southern Wind,
 Curls like a Vine, and touches like a God. [cease ?

Syf. When will thy Spirits rest, these Transports

Stat. Will you not give me Leave to warn my Sister ?

As I was saying—but I told his Sweetness ;
 Then he will talk, good Gods, how he will talk !
 Even when the Joy he sigh'd for is possess'd,
 He speaks the kindest Words, and looks such Things,
 Vows with so much Passion, swears with so much Grace,
 That 'tis a Kind of Heav'n to be deluded by him.

Par. But what was it that you would have me swear ?

Stat. Alas, I had forgot. Let me walk by,
 And weep a while, and I shall soon remember.

Syf. Have Patience, Child, and give her Liberty !
 Passions, like Seas, will have their Ebbs and Flows :
 Yet while I see her thus, not all the Losses
 We have receiv'd since *Alexander's* Conquest,
 Can touch my harden'd Soul, her Sorrow reigns
 Too fully there.

Par. But what if she should kill herself ?

Stat. *Roxana* then enjoys my perjur'd Love :

Roxana clasps my Monarch in her Arms ;
 Dotes on my Conqueror, my dear Lord, my King ;
 Devours his Lips, eats him with hungry Kisses :
 She grasps him all, she, the curs'd happy she.
 By Heav'n I cannot bear it, 'tis too much ;
 I'll die, or rid me of the burning Torture.
 I will have Remedy, I will, I will,
 Or go distracted ; Madness may throw off
 The mighty Load, and drown the flaming Passion.
 Madam, draw near, with all that are in Presence,
 And listen to the Vow which here I make.

Syf. Take Heed, my dear *Statira*, and consider,
 What desperate Love enforces you to swear.

Stat.

Stat. Pardon me, for I have consider'd well;
 And here I bid adieu to all Mankind.
 Farewel ye Coz'ners of the easy Sex,
 And thou the greatest, falsest *Alexander*;
 Farewel thou most Belov'd, thou faithless Dear;
 If I but mention him, the Tears will fall;
 Sure there is not a Letter in his Name,
 But is a Charm to melt a Woman's Eyes.

Syf. Clear up thy Griefs; thy King, thy *Alexander*,
 Comes on to *Babylon*.

Stat. Why, let him come,
 Joy of all Eyes but the forlorn *Statira's*.

Syf. Wilt thou not see him?

Stat. By Heaven I never will;
 This is my Vow, my sacred Resolution; [Kneels.]
 And when I break it ———

Syf. Ah! do not ruin all.

Stat. May I again be flatter'd and deluded;
 May sudden Death and horrid come, instead
 Of what I wish'd, and take me unprepar'd.

Syf. Still kneel, and with the same Breath call again
 The woful Imprecation thou hast made.

Stat. No, I will publish it thro' all the Court,
 Then in the Bowers of great *Semiramis*
 For ever lock my Woes from human View.

Sy. Yet be persuaded.

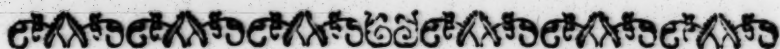
Stat. Never urge me more;
 Left, driv'n to Rage, I should my Life abhor,
 And in your Presence put an End to all
 The fast Calamities that round me fall.

Par. O angry Heav'n, what have the Guiltless done?
 And where shall wretched *Parisatis* run?

Syf. Captives in War, our Bodies we resign'd;
 But now made free, Love does our Spirits bind.

Stat. When to my purpos'd Loneness I retire,
 Your Sight I thro' the Grates shall oft desire,
 And after *Alexander's* Health enquire.
 And if this Passion cannot be remov'd,
 Ask how my Resolution he approv'd,
 How much he loves, how much he is belov'd?
 Then when I hear that all Things please him well,
 Thank the good Gods, and hide me in my Cell.

[Ext.]
 ACT



ACT II. SCENE I.

Noise of Trumpets sounding far off.

The SCENE draws, and discovers a Battle of Crows and Ravens in the Air; an Eagle and a Dragon meet and fight; the Eagle drops down, with all the rest of the Birds, and the Dragon flies away. Soldiers walk off, shaking their Heads. The Conspirators come forward.

Cass.  E comes, the fatal Glory of the
World,
H The headlong Alexander, with a
Guard
Of thronging Crowds, comes on to
Babylon,

Tho' warn'd, in Spite of all the Powers above,
Who by these Prodigies foretel his Ruin.

Pol. Why all this Noise because a King must die?
Or does Heav'n fear because he sway'd the Earth,
His Ghost will war with the high Thunderer?
Curse on the babbling Fates, that cannot see
A great Man tumble, but they must be talking.

Cass. The Spirit of King Philip, in those Arms
We saw him wear, pass'd groaning thro' the Court.
His dreadful Eye-balls roll'd their Horror upwards;
He wav'd his Arms, and shook his wond'rous Head.
I've heard that at the Crowing of the Cock
Lions will roar, and Goblins steal away;
But this majestic Air stalks stedfast on,
Spite of the Morn that calls him from the East,
Nor minds the op'ning of the Iv'ry Door.

Phil. 'Tis certain, there was never Day like this.

Cass. Late as I musing walk'd behind the Palace,
I met a monstrous Child, that with his Hands
Held to his Face, which seem'd all over Eyes,
A Silver Bowl, and wept it full of Blood:

B

But

But having spy'd me, like a Cockatrice,
He glar'd awhile; then with a Shriek so shrill
As all the Winds had whistled from his Mouth,
He dash'd me with the Gore he held, and vanish'd.

Pol. That which beset me, tho' 'twas horrid, yet
When I consider, it appears ridiculous:

For as I pass'd thro' a bye vacant Place,
I met two Women, very old and ugly, [Breasts,
That wrung their Hands, and howl'd, and beat their
And cry'd out, Poison: When I ask'd the Cause,
They took me by the Ears, and with strange Force
Held me to the Earth, then laugh'd and disappear'd.

Cass. O how I love Destruction with a Method
Which none discern, but those that weave the Plot.

Theff. The Face of all the Court is strangely alter'd:
There's not a *Persian* I can meet, but stares
As if he were distracted. *Oxyartes*,
Statira's Uncle, openly declaim'd
Against the Perjury of *Alexander*.

Phil. Others, more fearful, are remov'd to *Susa*,
Dreading *Roxana's* Rage, who comes i'th' Rear
To *Babylon*.

Cass. It glads my rising Soul
That we shall see him rack'd before he dies:
I know he loves *Statira* more than Life,
But when he hears the Oaths which she has ta'en,
Her last adieu made publick to the World,
Her vow'd Divorce, how will Remorse consume him;
Prey, like the Bird of Hell, upon his Liver?

Pol. To balk his Longing, and delude his Lust,
Is more than Death; 'tis Earnest for Damnation.

Cass. Then comes *Roxana*, who must help our Party;
I know her jealous, bloody, and ambitious.
Sure 'twas the Likeness of her Heart to mine,
And Sympathy of Natures caus'd me love her:
'Tis fix'd, I must enjoy her, and no Way
So proper as to make her guilty first.

Pol. To see two Rival Queens of different Humours,
With a Variety of Torments vex him!

Enter Lyfimachus, Hephelstion.

Cass. Of that anon: But see *Lyfimachus*,
And the young Favourite. Sort, sort yourselves,

And

ALEXANDER *the* GREAT. 27

And like to other mercenary Souls
Adore this mortal God that soon must bleed.

Lyf. Here I will wait the King's Approach, and stand
His utmost Anger, if he do me Wrong.

Heph. That cannot be, from Power so absolute
And high as his.

Lyf. Well, you and I have done.

Pol. How the Court thickens! *[Trumpets sound.]*

Cas. Nothing to what it will—Does he not come
To hear a thousand thousand Embassies,
Which from all Parts to *Babylon* are brought;
As if the Parliament of the World
Had met, and he came on a God to give
The infinite Assembly glorious Audience.

Enter Clytus, Aristander, *in his Robes, with a Ward.*

Arist. Haste, reverend Clytus, haste, and stop the King.

Cly. He is already enter'd: Then the Preis
Of Princes that attend so thick about him
Keep all, that would approach, at certain Distance.

Arist. Tho' he were hem'd with Deities, I'd speak to
him,

And turn him back from this Highway to Death.

Cly. Here place yourself within this Trumpet's Sound:
But see the Master of the World appears.

Enter Alexander; *all kneel but* Cly *us.*

Heph. O Son of *Jupiter*, live for ever.

Alex. Rise all; and thou, my second self, my Love,
O my *Hephestion*, raise thee from the Earth
Up to my Breast, and hide thee in my Heart.
Art thou grown cold? Why hang thine Arms at Dis-
Hug me, or by Heav'n thou lov'st me not. *[tance?]*

Heph. Not love, my Lord! break not the Heart you
And moulded up to such an Excellence! *[fram'd,*
Then stamp on it your own immortal Image.

Not love the King! Such is not Woman's Love;
So fond a Friendship, such a sacred Flame,
As I must doubt to find in Breasts above. *[Wars,*

Alex. Thou dost, thou lov'st me. Crown of all my
Thou dearer to me than my Groves of Laurel:
I know thou lov'st thy *Alexander* more
Than *Clytus* does the King. No Tears, *Hephestion*;
I read thy Passion in thy manly Eyes,

And glory in those Planets of my Life,
Above the rival Lights that shine in Heaven.

Lyf. I see that Death must wait me, yet I'll on.

Alex. I'll tell thee, Friend, and mark it, all ye Princes,
Tho' never mortal Man arriv'd to such
A Height as I; yet I would forfeit all,
Cast all my Purples, and my conquer'd Crowns,
And die, to save this Darling of my Soul.
Give me thy Hand, share all my Sceptres while
I live, and when my Hour of Fate is come,
I leave thee, what thou merit'st more than I, the World.

Lyf. Dread Sir, I cast me at your Royal Feet.

Alex. What! my *Lyfimachus*, whose Veins are rich
With our illustrious Blood? My Kinsman, rise:
Is not that *Clytus*?

Cly. Your old faithful Soldier.

Alex. Come to my Hands, thus double arm the King:
And now methinks I stand like the dread God,
Who while his Priests and I quaff'd sacred Blood,
Acknowledg'd me his Son. My Lightning thou;
And thou, my mighty Thunder—I have seen
Thy glittering Sword out-fly celestial Fire:
And when I cry'd, be gone and execute,
I've seen him run swifter than starting Hinds,
Nor bent the tender Grass beneath his Feet;
Swifter than Shadows fleeting o'er the Fields;
Nay, even the Winds, with all their Stock of Wings,
Have puff'd behind, as wanting Breath to reach him.

Lyf. But if your Majesty——

Cly. Who would not lose
The last dear Drop of Blood for such a King?

Alex. Witness, my elder Brothers of the Sky,
How much I love a Soldier——O my *Clytus*,
Was it not when we pass'd the *Granicus*,
Thou did'st preserve me from unequal Force?
It was then when *Spithridates* and *Rhesaces*
Fell both upon me with two dreadful Strokes,
And clove my temper'd Helmet quite in sunder,
Then, I remember, then thou did'st me Service;
I think my Thunder split them to the Navel.

Cly. To your great self you owe that Victory,
And sure your Arms did never gain a nobler.

Alex.

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Alex. By Heav'n, they never did, for well thou know'it.
And I am prouder to have pass'd that Stream,
Than that I drove a Million o'er the Plain;
Can none remember? Yes, I know all must,
When Glory, like the dazzling Eagle, stood
Perch'd on my Bever in the *Granick* Flood;
When Fortune's self my Standard trembling bore,
And the pale Fates stood frightened on the Shore;
When the Immortals on the Billows rode,
And I myself appear'd the leading God.

Arist. But all the Honours which your Youth has won
Are lost, unless you fly from *Babylon*:
Haste with your Chiefs, to *Susa* take your Way,
Fly for your Life, destructive is your Stay.
This Morning having view'd the angry Sky,
And mark'd the Prodigies that threaten'd high,
To our bright God I did for Succour fly.
But oh ——— }

Alex. What Fears thy reverend Bosom shake?
Or dost thou from some Dream of Horror wake?
If so, come grasp me with thy shaking Hand,
Or fall behind, while I the Danger stand.

Arist. To *Orosmades'* Cave I did repair,
Where I aton'd the dreadful God with Prayer:
But as I pray'd, I heard long Groans within,
And Shrieks, as of the Damn'd that howl for Sin:
I knew the Omen, and I fear'd to stay,
But prostrate on the trembling Pavement lay
When he bodes Happiness, he answers mild;
'Twas so of old, and the great Image smil'd;
But now in abrupt Thunder he reply'd,
Loud as rent Rocks, or roaring Seas, he cry'd,
All Empires, Crowns, Glory of *Babylon*,
Whose Head stands wrapt in Clouds, must tumble down.

Alex. If *Babylon* must fall, what is't to me?
Or can I help immutable Decree?
Down then, vast Frame, with all thy lofty Towers,
Since 'tis so order'd by Almighty Powers:
Press'd by the Fates, unloose your golden Bars,
'Tis great to fall the Envy of the Stars.

Enter *Perdiccas*, *Meleager*.

Mel. O Horror!

Perd. Dire Portents!

Alex. Out with 'em then ;

What, are ye Ghosts, ye empty Shapes of Men ?
If so, the Mysteries of Hell unfold,
Be all the Scrolls of Destiny unroll'd,
Open the brazen Leaves, and let it come ;
Point with a Thunder bolt your Monarch's Doom.

Perd. As *Meleager* and myself in Field,
Your *Persian* Horse about the Army wheel'd ;
We heard a Noise as of a rushing Wind,
And a thick Storm the Eye of Day did blind :
A croaking Noise resounded thro' the Air.
We look'd, and saw big Ravens battling there ;
Each Bird of Night appear'd himself a Cloud : [Blood.
They met and fought, and their Wounds rain'd black

Mel. All, as for Honour, did their Lives expose ;
Their Talons clash'd, and Beaks gave mighty Blows,
Whilst dreadful Sounds did our scar'd Sense assail,
As of small Thunder, or huge *Scythian* Hail.

Perd. Our Augurs shook, when with a horrid Groan,
We thought that all the Clouds had tumbled down ;
Soldiers and Chiefs, who can the Wonder tell,
Struck to the Ground, promiscuously fell ;
While the dark Birds, each pond'rous as a Shield,
For fifty Furlongs hid the fatal Field.

Alex. Be witness for me, all ye Powers divine,
If ye be angry, 'tis no Fault of mine ;
Therefore let Furies face me with a Band
From Hell, my Virtue shall not make a Stand ;
Tho' all the Curtains of the Sky be drawn,
And the Stars wink, young *Ammon* shall go on :
While my *Statira* shines, I cannot stay,
Love lifts his Torch to light me on my Way,
And her bright Eyes create another Day.

Lys. E'er you remove, be pleas'd, dread Sir, to hear
A Prince ally'd to you by Blood.

Alex. Speak quickly.

Lys. For all that I have done for you in War,
I beg the Princess *Parisatis*.

Alex. Ha ———

Is not my Word already past ? *Hephestion*,
I know he hates thee, but he shall not have her :

We

We heard of this before—*Lyfimachus*,
I here command you nourish no Design
To prejudice my Person in the Man
I love, and will prefer to all the World.

Lyf. I never fail'd to obey your Majesty,
Whilst you commanded what was in my Power;
Nor cou'd *Hephestion* fly more swift to serve,
When you commanded us to storm a Town,
Or fetch a Standard from the Enemy:
But when you charge me not to love the Princess,
I must confess, I disobey you, as
I wou'd the Gods themselves, should they command.

Alex. You shou'd, brave Sir, hear me, and then be dumb;
When by my Order curst *Calisthenes*
Was as a Traitor doom'd to live in Torments,
Your Pity sped him in Despite of me.
Think not I have forgot your Insolence;
No, tho' I pardon'd it, yet if again
Thou dar'st to cross me with another Crime,
The Bolts of Fury should be doubled on thee:
In the mean Time, think not of *Parisatis*;
For if thou dost, by *Jupiter Ammon*,
By my own Head, and by King *Philip's* Soul,
I'll not respect that Blood of mine thou shar'st,
But use thee as the vilest *Macedonian*.

Lyf. I doubted not at first, but I should meet
Your Indignation; yet my Soul's resolv'd,
And I shall never quit so brave a Prize,
While I can draw a Bow, or lift a Sword.

Alex. Against my Life! Ah! was it so? how now?
'Tis said that I am rash, of hasty Humour;
But I appeal to the immortal Gods,
If ever petty poor provincial Lord
Had Temper like to mine: My Slave, whom I
Could tread to Clay, dares utter bloody Threats.

Cly. Contain yourself, dread Sir; the noble Prince,
I see it in his Countenance, would die
To justify his Truth, but Love makes many Faults.

Lyf. I meant his Minion there should feel my Arm;
Love asks his Blood, nor shall he live to laugh
At my Destruction.

Alex. Now be thy own Judge,

I pardon thee for my old *Clytus*' Sake;
 But if once more thou mention thy rash Love,
 Or dar'st attempt *Hephestion*'s precious Life,
 I'll pour such Storms of Indignation on thee,
Phylotas' Rack, *Calisthenes* Disgrace,
 Shall be Delight to what thou shalt endure.

Enter Syfigambis, Parisatis.

Heph. My Lord, the Queen comes to congratulate
 Your safe Arrival.

Alex. O thou, the best of Women,
 Source of my Joy, blest Parent of my Love.

Syl. Permit me kneel, and give those Adorations
 Which from the *Persian* Family are due:
 Have you not rais'd us from our Ruins high?
 And when no Hand could help, nor any Eye
 Behold us with a Tear, your's pitied me;
 You, like a God, snatch'd us from Sorrow's Gulph,
 Fix'd us in Thrones above our former State.

Par. Which, when a Soul forgets, advanc'd so nobly,
 May it be drown'd in deeper Misery.

Alex. To meet me thus, was generously done;
 But still there wants to crown my Happiness,
 Life of my Empire, Treasure of my Soul,
 My dear *Statira*: O that heavenly Beam,
 Warmth of my Brain, and Fire of my Heart;
 Had she but shot to see me, had she met me,
 By this Time I had been amongst the Gods,
 If any Extasy can make a Height,
 Or any Rapture hurl us to the Heavens.

Cly. Now, who shall dare to tell him the Queen's Vow?

Alex. How fares my Love? ha—neither answer me!
 Ye raise my Wonder, Darkness overwhelms me;
 If royal *Syfigambis* does not weep!
 Trembling and Horror pierce me cold as Ice.
 Is she not well? what none, none answer me?
 Or is it worse? Keep down ye rising Sighs,
 And murmur in the Hollow of my Breast:
 Run to my Heart, and gather more sad Wind;
 That when the Voice of Fate shall call you forth,
 Ye may, at one Rush, from the Seat of Life,
 Blow the Blood out, and burst it like a Bladder.

Heph. I would relate it, but my Courage fails me.

Alex.

Alex. If she be dead—That if's impossible ;
And let none here affirm it for his Soul :
For he that dares but think so damn'd a Lye,
I'll have his Body straight empal'd before me,
And glut my Eyes upon his bleeding Entrails.

Cass. How will this Engine of unruly Passion
Roar, when we have ram'd him to the Mouth with Poison ?
[*Aside.*]

Alex. Why stand you all, as you were rooted here,
Like senseless Trees, while to the stupid Grove
I, like a wounded Lion, groan my Griefs,
And none will answer—What, not my *stephension* !
If thou hast any Love for *Alexander*,
If ever I obliged thee by my Care,
When my quick Sight has watch'd thee in the Fight ;
Or if to see thee bleed I sent forth Cries,
And, like a Mother, wash'd thee with my Tears ;
If this be true, if I deserve thy Love,
Ease me, and tell the Cause of my Disaster.

Heph. Your mourning Queen, (which I had told before
Had you been calm) has no Disease but Sorrow,
Which was occasion'd first by jealous Pangs :
She heard, (for what can 'scape a watchful Lover !)
That you at *Susa*, breaking all your Vows,
Relaps'd, and conquer'd by *Roxana's* Charms,
Gave up yourself devoted to her Arms.

Alex. I know that subtle Creature in my Riot,
My Reason gone, seduc'd me to her Bed ;
But when I wak'd I shook the *Circe* off,
Tho' that Enchantress held me by the Arm,
And wept, and gaz'd with all the Force of Love ;
Nor griev'd I less for that which I had done,
Than when at *Thais's* Suit, enrag'd with Wine,
I set the fam'd *Persepolis* on Fire.

Heph. Your Queen *Statira* took it so to Heart,
That, in the Agony of Love, she swore
Never to see your Majesty again ;
With dreadful Imprecations she confirm'd
Her Oath, and I much fear that she will keep it.

Alex. Ha ! did she swear ? did that sweet Creature
I'll not believe it ; no, she is all Softness, [swear ?]
All melting, mild, and calm as a rock'd Infant,

Nor can you wake her into Cries : By Heaven,
She is the Child of Love, and she was born in Smiles.

Par. I and my weeping Mother heard her swear.

Sys. And with such Fierceness she did aggravate
The Foulness of your Fault, that I cou'd wish
Your Majesty would blot her from your Breast.

Alex. Blot her, forget her, hurl her from my Bosom,
For ever lose that Star that gilds my Life,
Guide of my Days, and Goddess of my Nights !
No, she shall stay with me in Spite of Vows,
My Soul and Body, both are twist'd with her.
The God of love empties his golden Quiver,
Shoots every Grain of her into my Heart ;
She is all mine, by Heaven, I feel her here,
Panting and warm, the dearest, O *Statira* !

Sys. Have Patience, Son, and trust to Heaven and
If my Authority, or the Remembrance [me.
Of dead *Darius*, or her Mother's Soul
Can work upon her, she again is yours.

Alex. O Mother, help me, help your wounded Son,
And move the Soul of my offended Dear ;
But fly, haste, e'er the sad Procession's made.
Spend not a Thought in Reply—Be gone,
If you would have me live—and *Parisatis*,
Hang thou about her Knees, wash 'em with Tears :
Nay haste, the Breath of Gods, and Eloquence
Of Angels go along with you—Oh my Heart !

Exeunt Sys. and Par.

Lys. Now let your Majesty, who feels the Torments
And sharpest Pangs of Love, encourage mine.

Alex. Ha——

Cly. Are you a Madman ? Is this a Time ?

Lys. Yes ; for I see he cannot be unjust to me,
Lest something worse befall him.

Alex. Why dost thou tempt me thus to thy Undoing ?
Death thou shouldst have, were it not courted so :
But know, to thy Confusion, that my Word,
Like Destiny, admits not a Reverse ;
Therefore in Chains thou shalt behold the Nuptials
Of my *Hephæstion*—Guards, take him Prisoner.

Lys. I shall not easily resign my Sword,
Till I have dy'd it in my Rival's Blood.

Alex. I charge you, kill him not, take him alive ;
The Dignity of Kings is now concern'd,
And I will find a Way to tame this Beast.

Cly. Kneel, for I see Lightning in his Eyes.

Lys. I neither hope nor ask a Pardon of him ;
But if he should restore my Sword, I would
With a new Violence run against my Rival.

Alex. Sure we at last shall conquer this fierce Lion :
Hence from my Sight, and bear him to a Dungeon.

Perdiccas, give this Lion to a Lion :

None speak for him, fly, stop his Mouth, away.

Cly The King's extremely mov'd.

Eum. I dare not speak. [ness ;

Cly. This comes of Love and Women ; 'tis all Mad-
Yet were I heated now with Wine, I shou'd
Be preaching to the King for this rash Fool.

Alex. Come hither, *Clytus*, and my dear *Hephestion* ;
Lend me your Arms, help, for I'm sick o'th' sudden.
I fear betwixt *Statira's* cruel Love,
And fond *Roxana's* Arts, your King will fall.

Cly. Better the *Persian* Race were all undone.

Heph. Look up, my Lord, and bend not thus your
As if you'd leave the Empire of this World, [Head,
Which you with Toil have won.

Alex. Wou'd I had not ;
There's no true Joy in such unweildy Fortune.
Eternal Gazers lasting Troubles make,
All find my Spots, but few my Brightness take.
Stand off and give me Air —

Why was I born a Prince, proclaim'd a God ?
Yet have no Liberty to look abroad ?

Thus Palaces in Prospect bar the Eye,
Which pleas'd and free, would o'er the Cottage fly,
O'er flow'ry Lands to the gay distant Sky. }

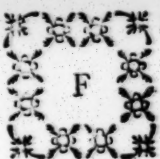
Farewel then Empire and the Racks of Love ;
By all the Gods, I will to Wilds remove ;
Stretch'd like a *Sylvan* God on Grass lie down,
And quite forget that e'er I wore a Crown.



ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Eumenes, Philip, Theſſalus, Perdiccas, Lyſimachus, Guards.

Eum. Arewel, brave Spirit, when you come
above,



F. Commend us to *Philotas*, and the reſt
Of our great Friends.

Lyf. Farewel to all,

Fight for the King as I have done, and then
You may be worthy of a Death like mine—Lead on.

Enter Pariſatis.

Par. Ah, my *Lyſimachus*, where are you going?
Whither? to be devour'd! O barb'rous Prince!
Cou'd you expoſe your Life to the King's Rage,
And yet remember mine was ty'd to yours?

Lyf. The Gods preſerve you ever from the Ills
That threaten me: Live, Madam, to enjoy
A nobler Fortune, and forget this Wretch.
I ne'er had Worth, nor is it poſſible
That all the Blood which I ſhall loſe this Day
Shou'd merit this rich Sorrow from your Eyes.

Par. The King I know is bent to thy Deſtruction;
Now by Command they forc'd me from his Knees:
But take this Satisfaction in thy Death,
No Power, Command, my Mother's, Siſter's Tears,
Shall cauſe me to ſurvive thy cruel Loſs.

Lyf. Live, Princeſs, live, howe'er the King diſdain me:
Perhaps, unarm'd and fighting for your Sake,
I may perform what ſhall amaze the World,
And force him yet to give you to my Arms.
Away *Perdiccas*—Dear *Eumenes*, take
The Princeſs to your Charge.

[*Exeunt Perd. Lyf. Guards.*]

Par. Lead me, *Eumenes*, lead me from the Light,
Where I may wait till I his Ruin hear,
Then free my Soul to meet him in the Air.

[*Exeunt Par. and Eum.*
Phil.]

Phil. See where the jealous proud *Roxana* comes.
A haughty Vengeance gathers up her Brow.

Theff. Peace, they have rais'd her to their Ends ; observe.

Enter Roxana, Cassander, Polyperchon.

Rox. O you have ruin'd me, I shall be mad :
Said you so passionately ; is't possible ?
So kind to her. and so unkind to me ?

Cass. More than your utmost Fancy can invent.

Rox. Away, be gone, and give a Whirlwind Room,
Madness but meanly represents my Toil.

Roxana and *Statira*, they are Names
That must for ever jar : Eternal Discord,
Fury, Revenge, Disdain, and Indignation
Tear my swoll'n Breast, make way for Fire and Tempest.
My Brain is burst, Debate and Reason quench'd,
The Storm is up, and my hot bleeding Heart
Splits with the Rack, while Passions like the Winds,
Rise up to Heaven, and put out all the Stars.
What saving Hand, or what a mighty Arm
Can raise me sinking ?

Cass. Let your own Arm save you,
'Tis in your Power, your Beauty is almighty :
Let all the Stars go out, your Eyes can light 'em.
Wake then bright Planet that should rule the World,
Wake, like the Moon, from your too long Eclipse,
And we, with all the Instruments of War,
Trumpets and Drums, will help your glorious Labour.

Pol. Put us to act, and with a Violence
That fits the Spirit of a most wrong'd Woman :
Let not *Medea's* dreadful Vengeance stand
A Pattern more, but draw your own so fierce,
It may for ever be original.

Rox. Yes, we will have Revenge, my Instruments ;
For there is nothing you have said of me,
But comes far short, wanting of what I am.
When in my Nonage I at *Zodia* liv'd,
Amongst my she Companions I would reign ;
Draw 'em from Idleness, and little Arts
Of coining Looks, and laying Snares for Lovers ;
Broke all their Glasses, and their Tires tore ;
Taught them, like *Amazons*, to ride and chase
Wild Beasts in Desarts, and to master Men.

Cass.

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Cass. Her Looks, her Words, her ev'ry Motion fires me.

Rox. But when I heard of *Alexander's* Conquest,
How with a Handful he had Millions slain,
Spoil'd all the East, their Queens his Captives made,
Yet with that Chastity, and god-like Temper
He saw their Beauties, and with Pity bow'd;
Methought I hung upon my Father's Lips,
And wish'd him tell the wondrous Tale again:
Left all my Sports, the Woman now return'd,
And Sighs uncall'd wou'd from my Bosom fly;
And all the Night, as my *Adraspe* told me,
In Slumbers groan'd, and murmur'd *Alexander*.

Cass. Curse on the Name, but I will soon remove
That Bar of my Ambition and my Love.

Rox. At last to *Zogdia* this Triumpher came,
And cover'd o'er with Laurels forc'd our City:
At Night I by my Father's Order stood,
With fifty Virgins waiting at a Banquet.
But Oh, how glad was I to hear his Court,
To feel the Pressure of his glowing Hand,
And taste the dear, the false protesting Lips? [em.

Cass. Wormwood and Hemlock henceforth grow about

Rox. Gods! that a Man should be so great and base!
What said he not when in the bridal Bed,
He clasp'd my yielding Body in his Arms:
When with his fiery Lips devouring mine,
And moulding with his Hand my throbbing Breast,
He swore the Globe of Heaven and Earth were vile
To those rich Worlds; and talk'd, and kiss'd, and lov'd,
And made me shame the Morning with my Blushes.

Cass. Yet after this prove false!

Pol. Horrid Perjury!

Cass. Not to be match'd!

Pol. O you must find Revenge!

Rox. And shall the Daughter of *Darius* hold him?
That puny Girl, that Ape of my Ambition?
That cry'd for Milk when I was nurs'd in Blood!
Shall she, made up of watry Element,
A Cloud, shall she embrace my proper God,
While I am cast like Lightning from his Hand?
No, I must scorn to prey on common Things;
Tho' hurl'd to Earth by this disdainful *Jove*;

I will

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I will rebound to my own Orb of Fire,
And with the Wreck of all the Heav'ns expire.

Cass. Now you appear yourself;
'Tis noble Anger.

Rox. May the illustrious Blood that fills my Womb,
And ripens to be perfect Godhead born,
Come forth a Fury; may *Barsiana's* Bastard
Tread it to Hell, and rule as Sovereign Lord,
When I permit *Statira* to enjoy
Roxana's Right, and strive not to destroy.

Enter Syfigambis, Statira, in Mourning.

Cass. Behold her going to fulfil her Vow;
Old *Syfigambis*, whom the King engag'd,
Resists and awes her with Authority.

Rox. 'Twas rashly vow'd indeed, and I should pity her.

Sys. O my *Statira*, how has Passion chang'd thee!
Think if thou drive the King to such Extremes,
What in his Fury may he not denounce
Against the poor Remains of lost *Darius*?

Stat. I know, I know he will be kind to you,
And to my mourning Sister for my Sake;
And tell him, how with my departing Breath,
I rail'd not, but spoke kindly of his Person,
Nay, wept to think of our divided Loves,
And sobbing sent a last Forgiveness to him.

Rox. Grant, Heav'n, some Ease to this distracted
Wretch!

Let her not linger out a Life in Torments,
Be these her last Words, and at once dispatch her,

Sys. No, by the everlasting Fire I swear,
By my *Darius's* Soul, I never more
Will dare to look on *Alexander's* Face,
If you refuse to see him.

Rox. Curse on that cunning Tongue, I fear her now.

Cass. No, she's resolv'd.

Stat. I cast me at your Feet,
To bathe 'em with my Tears; or, if you please,
I'll let out Life, and wash 'em with my Blood,
But still conjure you, not to rack my Soul,
Nor hurry my wild Thoughts to perfect Madness.
Shou'd now *Darius's* awful Ghost appear,

And

And my pale Mother stand beseeching by,
I wou'd persist to Death, and keep my Vow.

Rox. She shews a certain Bravery of Soul,
Which I shou'd praise in any but my Rival.

Sys. Die then, rebellious Wretch, thou art not now
That soft belov'd, nor durst thou share my Blood.

Go hide thy Bafenets in thy lonely Grot,
Ruin thy Mother, and thy Royal House,
Pernicious Creature! shed the innocent
Blood, and sacrifice to the King's Wrath
The Lives of all thy People; fly, be gone,
And hide thee where bright Virtue never shone:
The Day will shun thee, nay, the Stars, that view
Mischiefs and Murders, Deeds to thee not new,
Will start at this—Go, go, thy Crimes deplore,
And never think of *Syfigambis* more.

Rox. Madam, I hope you will a Queen forgive:
Roxana weeps to see *Statira* grieve:
How noble is the brave Resolve you make,
To quit the World for *Alexander's* Sake?
Vast is your Mind, you dare thus greatly die,
And yield the King to one so mean as I:
'Tis a Revenge will make the Victor smart,
And much I fear your Death will break his Heart.

Stat. You counterfeit, I fear, and know too well
How much your Eyes all Beauties else excel:
Roxana, who tho' not a Princess born,
In Chains could make the mighty Victor mourn.
Forgetting Pow'r when Wine had made him warm,
And senseless, yet even then you knew to charm:
Preserve him by those Arts that cannot fail,
While I the Loss of what I lov'd bewail.

Rox. I hope your Majesty will give me Leave
To wait you to the Grove, where you would grieve,
Where, like the Turtle, you the Loss will moan
Of that dear Mate, and murmur all alone.

Stat. No, proud Triumpher o'er my falling State,
Thou shalt not stay to fill me with my Fate:
Go to the Conquest which your Wiles may boast,
And tell the World you left *Statira* lost.
Go seize my faithless *Alexander's* Hand,
Both Hand and Heart were once at my Command:

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Grasp his lov'd Neck, die on his fragrant Breast,
Love him like me, whose Love can't be express'd,
He must be happy, and you more than blest;
While I in Darkness hide me from the Day,
That with my Mind I may his Form survey,
And think so long, till I think Life away.

}
}

Rox. No, sickly Virtue, no,
Thou shalt not think, nor thy Love's Loss bemoan,
Nor shall past Pleasures thro' thy Fancy run;
That were to make thee blest as I can be:
But thy No-thought I must, I will decree;
As thus, I'll torture thee till thou art mad.
And then no Thought to Purpose can be had.

Stat. How frail, how cowardly is Woman's Mind?
We shriek at Thunder, dread the rustling Wind,
And glitt'ring Swords the brightest Eyes will blind;
Yet when strong Jealousy enflames the Soul,
The Weak will roar, and Calms to Tempests roll.
Rival, take heed, and tempt me not too far!
My Blood may boil, and Blushes shew a War.

}

Rox. When you retire to your romantick Cell,
I'll make thy solitary Mansion Hell;
Thou shalt not rest by Day, nor sleep by Night,
But still *Roxana* shall thy Spirit fright:
Wanton in Dreams, if thou dar'st dream of Bliss,
Thy roving Ghost may think to steal a Kiss;
But when to his sought Bed, thy wandering Air
Shall for the Happiness it wish'd repair,
How will it groan to find thy Rival there?
How ghastly wilt thou look, when thou shalt see,
Thro' the drawn Curtains, that great Man and me,
Wearied with Laughing, Joys shot to the Soul,
While thou shalt grinning stand, and gnash thy Teeth,
and howl?

}

Stat. O barb'rous Rage! My Tears I cannot keep,
But my full Eyes in spite of me will weep.

Rox. The King and I in various Pictures drawn,
Clasping each other, shaded o'er with Lawn,
Shall be the daily Presents I will send,
To help thy Sorrow to her Journey's End:
And when we hear, at last, thy Hour draws nigh,
My *Alexander*, my dear Love, and I,

Will

Will come, and hasten on thy lingering Fates,
And smile, and kiss thy Soul out, thro' the Grates.

Stat. 'Tis well; I thank thee; thou hast wak'd a Rage,
Whose Boiling now no Temper can assuage:
I meet thy Tides of Jealousy with more;
Dare thee to Duel, and dash thee o'er and o'er.

Rox. What would you dare?

Stat. Whatever you dare do:

My warring Thoughts the bloodiest Tracks pursue:
I am by Love a Fury made, like you:
Kill or be kill'd, thus acted by Despair.

Rox. Sure the disdain'd *Statira* does not dare!

Stat. Yes, tow'ring proud *Roxana*, but I dare.

Rox. I tow'r indeed o'er thee:

Like a fair Wood, the Shade of Kings, I stand;
While thou, sick Weed, dost but infect the Land

Stat. No; like an Ivy, I will curl thee round;
Thy sapless Trunk of all its Pride confound;
Then, dry and wither'd, bend thee to the Ground.

What *Syfigambis*' Threats, objected Fears,
My Sister's Sighs, and *Alexander*'s Tears,
Could not effect, thy Rival Rage has done:

My Soul, whose Start at Breach of Oaths begun,
Shall to thy Ruin, violated, run.

I'll see the King, in spite of all I swore,
Tho' curst, that thou may'st never see him more.

Enter Perdiccas, Alexander, Syfigambis, Attendants, &c.

Per. Madam, your Royal Mother, and the King.

Alex. O my *Statira*! O my angry Dear!

Turn thine Eyes on me; I would talk to them:
What shall I say, to work upon thy Soul?
Where shall I throw me? Whither shall I fall?

Stat. For me you shall not fall.

Alex. For thee I will.

Before thy Feet I'll have a Grave dug up;
And perish quick, be bury'd strait alive:
Give but, as the Earth grows heavy on me,
A tender Look, and a relenting Word;
Say but 'twas Pity, that so great a Man,
Who had ten thousand Deaths in Battles scap'd,
For one poor Fault, so early should remove,
And fall a Martyr to the God of Love.

Rox.

Rox. Is then *Roxana's* Love and Life so poor,
That for another you can chuse to die,
Rather than live for her? What have I done?
How am I alter'd, since at *Susa* last
You swore, and seal'd it with a thousand Kisses,
Rather than lose *Roxana's* smallest Charm,
You would forego the Conquest of the World?

Alex. Madam. you best can tell, what Magic drew
Me to your Charms; but let it not be told,
For your own Sake: Take thou that conquer'd World;
Dispose of Crowns and Scepters, as you please;
Let me but have the Freedom of an Hour,
To make Account with this wrong'd Innocence.

Stat. You know, my Lord, you did commit a Fault:
I ask but this, repeat your Crime no more.

Alex. O never, never.

Rox. Am I rejected then!

Alex. Exhaust my Treasures;
Take all the Spoils of the fair conquer'd *Indies*;
But, for the Ease of my afflicted Soul,
Go where I never may behold thee more.

Rox. Yes, I will go, ungrateful as thou art,
Bane to my Life, thou Torment of my Days,
Thou Murderer of the World: For as thy Sword
Hath cut the Lives of thousand thousand Men,
So will thy Tongue undo all Womankind.
But I'll be gone; this last Disdain hath cur'd me;
And I am now grown so indifferent,
I could behold you kiss without a Pang;
Nay, take a Torch, and light you to your Bed:
But do not trust me; no; for if you do,
By all the Furies, and the Flames of Love,
By Love, which is the hottest burning Hell,
I'll set you both on Fire, to blaze for ever.

[Exit.]

Stat. O *Alexander*, is it possible? Good Gods,
That Guilt can shew so lovely!—yet I pardon,
Forgive thee all, by thy dear Life I do.

Alex. Ha, Pardon! saidst thou, Pardon me?

Sys. Now all thy Mother's Blessing fall upon thee,
My best, my most belov'd, my own *Statira*.

Alex. Is it then true, that thou hast pardon'd me?
And is it giv'n me thus to touch thy Hand,

And

And fold thy Body in my longing Arms ?
 To gaze upon thy Eyes, my happier Stars,
 To taste thy Lip, and thy dear balmy Breath,
 While ev'ry Sigh comes forth so fraught with Sweets,
 'Tis Incense to be offer'd to a God.

Stat. Yes, dear Impostor, 'tis most true, that I
 Have pardon'd thee ; and 'tis as true, that while
 I stand in View of thee, thy Eyes will wound,
 Thy Tongue will make me wanton as thy Wishes ;
 And while I feel thy Hand, my Body glows :
 Therefore be quick, and take your last Adieu,
 These your last Sighs, and these your parting Tears :
 Farewel, farewel, a long and last Farewel.

Alex. O my *Hephestion*, bear me, or I sink. [throbs!

Stat. Nay, you may take—Heav'n, how my Heart
 You may, you may, if yet you think me worthy,
 Take from these trembling Lips a parting Kiss.

Alex. No, let me starve first—Why, *Statira*, Why ?
 What is the Meaning of all this ?—O Gods !
 I know the Cause ; my working Brain divines ;
 You'll say you pardon'd ; but with this Reserve,
 Never to make me blest, as I have been,
 To slumber by the Side of that false Man,
 Nor give a Heav'n of Beauty to a Devil :
 Think you not thus ? Speak, Madam.

Syl. She is not worthy, Son, of so much Sorrow.
 Speak Comfort to him, speak, my dear *Statira* ;
 I ask thee, by those Tears. Ah ! canst thou e'er
 Pretend to Love, yet wish dry Eyes behold him !

Alex. Silence more dreadful than severest Sounds !
 Would she but speak, tho' Death, eternal Exile,
 Hung at her Lips, yet, while her Tongue pronounces,
 There must be Musick ev'n in my Undoing.

Stat. Still my lov'd Lord, I cannot see you thus ;
 Nor can I ever yield to share your Bed :
 O ! I shall find *Roxana* in your Arms,
 And taste her Kisses left upon your Lips.
 Her curst Embraces have defil'd your Body ;
 Nor shall I find the wonted Sweetness there,
 But artificial Smells, and stinking Odours.

Alex. Yes, Obstinate, I will ; Madam, you shall,
 You shall, in spite of this resistless Passion,

Be serv'd ; but you must give me leave to think,
You never lov'd——O could I see you thus !
Hell has not half the Tortures that you raise.

Cl. Never did Passions combat thus before.

Alex. O I shall burst,

Unless you give me Leave to rave awhile,

Sys. Yet, ere Destruction sweep us both away,
Relent, and break thro' all, to pity him.

Alex. Yes, I will shake this *Cupid* from my Arms,
If all the Rages of the Earth would fright him ;
Drown him in the deep Bowl of *Hercules* ;
Make the World drunk ; and then, like *Æolus*,
When he gave Passage to the struggling Winds,
I'll strike my Spear into the reeling Globe,
'To let it Blood ; set *Babylon* in a Blaze ;
And drive this God of Flames with more consuming Fire.

Stat. My Presence will but force him to Extremes :
Besides 'tis Death to me to see his Pains :
Yet stand resolv'd never to yield again——
Permit me to remove.

Alex. I charge ye, stay her ;
For if she pass, by all the Hell I feel,
Your Souls, your naked Ghosts, shall wait upon her.
O turn thee ! turn ! thou barb'rous Brightness, turn !
Hear my last Words, and see my utmost Pang :
But first kneel with me, all my Soldiers, kneel ; [*All kneel.*
Yet lower—prostrate to the Earth—Ah Mother, what !
Will you kneel too ? Then let the Sun stand still,
To see himself out-worshipp'd ; not a Face
Be shewn, that is not wash'd all o'er in Tears ;
But weep, as if you here beheld me slain.

Sys. Hast thou a Heart ? Or art thou Savage turn'd ?
But if this Posture cannot move your Mercy,
I never will speak more.

Alex. O my *Statira*,
I swear, my Queen, I'll not out-live thy Hate.
My Soul is still as Death——But one Thing more,
Pardon my last Extremities——the Transports
Of a deep wounded Breast, and all is well.

Stat. Rise, and may Heaven forgive you all, like me.

Alex. You are too gracious——*Clytus*, bear me hence ;
When I am laid in Earth, yield her the World.

There's

There's something here heaves, as cold as Ice,
That stops my Breath—Farewel, O Gods! for ever.

Stat. Hold off, and let me run into his Arms,
My dearest, my all Love, my Lord, my King;
You shall not die, if that the Soul and Body
Of thy *Statira* can restore thy Life:
Give me thy wonted Kindness, bend me, break me
With thy Embraces.

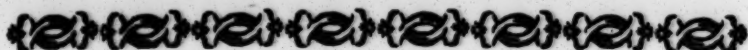
Alex. O the killing Joy!
O Extasy! my Heart will burst my Breast,
To leap into thy Bosom; but by Heaven
This Night I will revenge me of thy Beauties,
For the dear Rack I have this Day endur'd;
For all the Sighs and Tears that I have spent,
I'll have so many Thousand burning Loves;
So swell thy Lips, so fill me with thy Sweetness,
Thou shalt not sleep nor close thy wand'ring Eyes;
The smiling Hours shall all be lov'd away,
We'll surfeit all the Night, and languish all the Day.

Stat. Nor shall *Roxana*—

Alex. Let her not be nam'd—
O Mother! how shall I requite your Goodness?
And you, my Fellow Warriors, that cou'd weep
For your lost King—But I invite you all,
My Equals in the Throne as in the Grave,
Without Distinction to the Riot come,
To the King's Banquet—

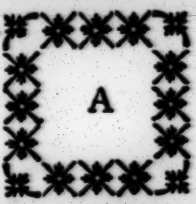
Ch. I beg your Majesty
Would leave me out,

Alex. None, none shall be excus'd;
All revel out the Day, 'tis my Command;
Gay as the *Persian* God ourself will stand,
With a crown'd Goblet in our lifted Hand.
Young *Ammon* and *Statira* shall go round,
While antick Measures beat the burden'd Ground,
And to the vaulted Skies our Clangors sound.



ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Clytus in his Macedonian Habit; Hephestion, Eumenes, Meleager, &c. in Persian Robes.

Cly.  WAY; I will not wear these *Persian* Robes;
 A Nor ought the King be angry for the Rev'rence
 I owe my Country: Sacred are her Customs,

Which honest *Clytus* shall preserve to Death.

O let me rot in *Macedonian* Rags,
 Rather than shine in Fashions of the East;
 Then, for the Adorations he requires,
 Roast my old Body in internal Flames,
 Or let him cage me, like *Calisthenes*.

Eum. Dear *Clytus*, be persuaded.

Heph. You know, the King
 Is God-like, full of all the richest Virtues,
 That ever Royal Heart possess'd; yet you,
 Perverse, but to one Humour will oppose him.

Cly. Call you it Humour? 'Tis a pregnant one;
 By *Mars*, there's Venom in it, burning Pride:
 And, tho' my Life should follow, rather than
 Bear such a hot Ambition in my Bowels,
 I'd rip 'em up, to give the Poison Vent.

Mele. Was not that *Jupiter*, whom we adore,
 A Man; but, for his more than human Acts,
 Advanc'd to Heav'n, and worshipp'd for its Lord?

Heph. By all his Thunder, and his Sov'reign Pow'r,
 I'll not believe the Earth yet ever felt
 An Arm like *Alexander's*; not that God
 You nam'd, tho' riding in a Car of Fire,
 And drawn by flying Horses, wing'd with Lightning,
 Could, in a shorter Space, do greater Deeds,
 Drive all the Nations, and lay waste the World.

Cly. There's not a Man of War among you all
 That loves the King like me; yet I'll not flatter,

Nor



Nor sooth his Vanity, 'tis blameable;
And when the Wine works, *Clytus*' Thoughts will out.

Heph. Then go not to the Banquet.

Cly. I was call'd.

My Minion, was I not, as well as you?
I'll go, my Friends, in this old Habit thus,
And laugh, and drink the King's Health heartily;
And while you blushing bow your Heads to Earth,
And hide 'em in the Dust, I'll stand upright,
Strait as a Spear, the Pillar of my Country,
And be by so much nearer to the Gods ———
But see, the King and all the Court appears.

Enter Alexander, Syfigambis, Statira, Parisatis, &c.

Par. Spare him, O spare *Lyfmacbus* his Life:
I know you will, Kings should delight in Mercy.

Alex. Shield me, *Statira*, shield me from her Sorrow.

Par. O save him, save him, ere it be too late;
Speak the kind Word, before the gaping Lion
Swallow him up; let not your Soldier perish
But for one Rashness which Despair did cause.
I'll follow thus forever on my Knees,
And make your Way so slippery with Tears,
You shall not pass——Sister, do you conjure him.

Alex. O Mother, take her, take her from me; [*Kneels.*]
Her watry Eyes assault my very Soul;
They shake my best Resolve——

Stat. Did I not break
Thro' all for you? Nay, now my Lord you must.

Syf. Nor wou'd I make my Son so bold a Prayer,
Had I not first consulted for his Honour.

Alex. Honour! what Honour! has not *Statira* said it!
Were I the King of the blue Firmament,
And the bold *Titans* shou'd again make War,
Tho' my resistless Arrows were made ready,
By all the Gods she shou'd arrest my Hand.
Fly then, ev'n thou his Rival so belov'd,
Fly with old *Clytus*, snatch him from the Jaws
Of the devouring Beast; bring him adorn'd
To the King's Banquet, fit for Loads of Honour.

[*Exeunt Heph. Eum. Par.*]
Stat. O my lov'd Lord! let me embrace your Knees,
I am not worthy of this mighty Passion:

You

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You are too good for Goddesſes themſelves:
No Woman, nor the Sex, is worth a Grain
Of this illuſtrious Life of my dear Maſter.
Why are you ſo divine to cauſe ſuch Fondneſs,
That my Heart leaps, and beats, and ſain wou'd out,
To make a Dance of Joy about your Feet?

Alex. Excellent Woman! no, 'tis impoſſible
To ſay how much I love thee—Ha! again!
Such Extaſies Life cannot tarry long;
The Day comes on ſo faſt, and beamy Joy
Darts with ſuch Fierceneſs on me, Night will follow.
A pale crown'd Head ſlew lately glaring by me,
With two dead Hands, which threw a cryſtal Globe
From high, that ſhatter'd in a thouſand Pieces.
But I will loſe this boding Dream in Wine;
Then warm and bluſhing for my Queen's Embraces,
Bear me with all my Heat to thy lov'd Boſom.

Stat. Go, my beſt Love, and cheer your drooping Spirits,
Laugh with your Friends, and talk your Grief away,
While in the Bower of great *Semiramis*,
I dreſs your Bed with all the Sweets of Nature,
And crown it as the Altar of my Love;
Where I will lay me down and ſoftly mourn,
But never cloſe my Eyes till you return. [*Ex. Stat. Syf.*]

Alex. Is ſhe not more than Mortal e'er can wiſh!
Diana's Soul caſt in the Fleſh of *Venus*!
By *Jove* 'tis ominous, our parting is;
Her Face look'd pale too, as ſhe turn'd away:
And when I wrung her by the roſy Fingers,
Methought the Strings of my great Heart did crack.
What ſhou'd it mean?—Forward, *Leomedon*.

Roxana meets him, with Caſſ. Polyp. Phil. and Theſſ.
Why, Madam, gaze you thus?

Rox. For a laſt Look, [*She holds his Hand.*]
And that the Memory of *Roxana's* Wrongs
May be for ever printed in your Mind.

Alex. O Madam, you muſt let me paſs.
Rox. I will.

But I have ſworn that you ſhall hear me ſpeak,
And mark me well, for Fate is in my Breath:
Love on the Miſtreſs you adore, to Death;
till hope, but I Fruition will deſtroy;

C

Languish

Languish for Pleasures you shall ne'er enjoy.
 Still may *Statira's* Image draw your Sight,
 Like those deluding Fires that walk at Night;
 Lead you thro' fragrant Grotts and flow'ry Groves,
 And charm you thro' deep Grass with sleeping Loves;
 That when your Fancy to its Height does rise,
 That Light you lov'd may vanish from your Eyes,
 Darkness, Despair, and Death, your wandring Soul
 surprize. }

Alex. Away; lead *Meleager*, to the Banquet.

[*Ex. cum suis.*]

Rox. So unconcern'd! O I could tear my Flesh,
 Or him, or you, nay all the World to Pieces.

Cass. Still keep this Spirit up, preserve it still,
 Lose not a Grain, for such Majestick Atoms
 First made the World, and must preserve its Greatness.

Rox. I know I am whatever thou canst say;
 My Soul is spent, and has not Elbow-room;
 'Tis swell'd with this last Sight, beyond all Bounds;
 O that it had a Space might answer to
 Its infinite Desire, where I might stand
 And hurl the Spheres about like sportive Balls.

Cass. We are your Slaves, Admirers of your Fury.
 Command *Cassander* to obey your Pleasure,
 And I will on, swift as your nimble Eye
 Scales Heav'n; when I am angry with the Fates,
 No Age, nor Sex, nor Dignity of Blood,
 No Ties of Law nor Nature, not the Life
 Imperial, tho' guarded with the Gods,
 Shall bar *Cassander's* Vengeance, he shall die.

Rox. Ha! shall he die? shall I consent to kill him?
 To see him clasp'd in the cold Arms of Death,
 Whom I with such an Eagerness have lov'd?
 Do I not bear his Image in my Womb?
 Which, while I meditate and roll Revenge,
 Starts in my Body like a fatal Pulse,
 And strikes Compass on thro' my bleeding Bowels.

Pol. The Scruples which your Love wou'd raise might
 Were not the Empire of the World consider: [pass,
 How will the glorious Infant in your Womb,
 When Time shall teach his Tongue, be bound to curse
 If now you strike not for a Coronation! [you,

Cass.

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Cass. If *Alexander* lives, you cannot reign,
Nor shall your Child; old *Syfigambis*' Head
Will not be idle——sure Destruction waits
Both you and yours; let not your Anger cool,
But give the Word; say *Alexander* bleeds,
Draw the dry Veins of all the *Persian* Race,
And hurl a Ruin o'er the East, 'tis done.

Pol. Behold the Instruments of this great Work.

Phil. Behold your forward Slave.

Thess. I'll execute.

Rox. And when this Ruin is accomplish'd, where
Shall curst *Roxana* fly with this dear Load?
Where shall she find a Refuge from the Arms
Of all the Successors of this great Man?
No barb'rous Nation will receive a Guilt
So much transcending theirs, but drive me out:
The wildest Beasts will hunt me from their Dens,
And Birds of Prey molest me in the Grave.

Cass. No, you shall live; pardon the Insolence
Which this Almighty Love enforces from me;
You shall live safer, nobler than before,
In your *Cassander*'s Arms.

Rox. Disgrac'd *Roxana*, whither wilt thou fall?
I ne'er was truly wretched till this Moment:
'There's not one Mark of former Majesty
'To awe my Slave that offers at my Honour.

Cass. Madam, I hope you'll not impute my Passion
To want of that Respect which I must bear you;
Long have I lov'd ——

Rox. Peace, most audacious Villain,
Or I will stab this Passion in thy Throat.
What, shall I leave the Bosom of a Deity
To clasp a Clod, a moving Piece of Earth,
Which a Mole heaves? So far art thou beneath me.

Cass. Your Majesty shall hear no more my Folly.

Rox. Nor dare to meet my Eyes; for if thou dost
With a Love-glance, thy Plots are all unravell'd,
And your kind Thoughts of *Alexander* told,
Whose Life, in spite of all his Wrongs to me,
Shall be for ever sacred and untouch'd.

Cass. I know, dread Madam, that *Cassander*'s Life
Is in your Hands, so cast to do you Service.

Rox. You thought, perhaps, because I practis'd Charms
To gain the King, that I had loose Desires :
No, 'tis my Pride that gives me Height of Pleasure,
To see the Man by all the World admir'd,
Bow'd to my Bosom, and my Captive there.

Cass. By your own Life, the greatest Oath I swear,
Cassander's Passion from this Time is dumb.

Rox. No, if I were a Wanton, I would make
Princes the Victims of my raging Fires :
I, like the changing Moon, would have the Stars
My Followers, and mantled Kings by Night
Should wait my Call ; find Slaves to quench my Flame,
Who, lest in Dreams they should reveal the Deed,
Still as they came, successively should bleed.

Cass. To make Atonement for the highest Crime,
I beg your Majesty will take the Life
Of Queen *Statira* as a Sacrifice.

Rox. Rise, thou hast made me ample Expiation ;
Yes, yes, *Statira*, Rival, thou must die ;
I know this Night is destin'd for my Ruin,
And *Alexander* from the glorious Revels
Flies to thy Arms.

Phil. The Bowers of *Semiramis* are made
The Scene this Night of their new kindled Loves.

Rox. Methinks I see her yonder, (Oh the Torment !)
Busy for Bliss, and full of Expectation ;
She adorns her Head, and her Eyes give new Lustre ;
Languishes in her Glass, tries all her Looks ;
Steps to the Door, and listens for his coming ;
Runs to the Bed, and kneels, and weeps and wishes,
Then lays the Pillow easy for his Head,
Warms it with Sighs, and moulds it with her Kisses.
Oh, I am lost ! torn with Imagination !
Kill me, *Cassander*, kill me instantly,
That I may haunt her with a Thousand Devils.

Cass. Why do you stop to end her while you may ?
No Time so proper as the present ; now
While *Alexander* feasts with all his Court ;
Give me your Eunuchs, half your *Zogdian* Slaves,
I'll do the Deed ; nor shall a Waiter 'scape,
That serves your Rival, to relate the News.

Phil. She was committed to *Eumenes'* Charge.

Rox.

ALEXANDER *the* GREAT. 53

Rox. *Eumenes* dies, and all that are about her,
Nor shall I need your Aid, you'll love again;
I'll head the Slaves myself, with this drawn Dagger,
To carry Death that's worthy of a Queen.
A common Fate ne'er rushes from my Hand,
'Tis more than Life to die by my Command:
And when she sees
That to my Arm her Ruin she must owe,
Her thankful Head will straight be bended low,
Her Heart shall leap half Way to meet the Blow.

[Exit *Roxana*.]

Cass. Go thy Ways, *Semele*——she scorns to sin
Beneath a God——We must be swift; the Ruin
We intend, who knows she may discover!

Pol. It must be acted suddenly To-night,
Now at the Banquet *Philip* holds his Cup.

Phil. And dares to execute——propose his Fate.

Cass. Observe in this small Phial certain Death;
It holds a Poison of such deadly Force,
Should *Æsculapius* drink it, in five Hours
(For then it works) the God himself were mortal.
I drew it from *Nonacris*' horrid Spring;
A Drop infus'd in Wine will seal his Death,
And send him howling to the lowest Shades.

Phil. Wou'd it were done.

Cass. O we shall have him tear
(Ere yet the Moon has half her Journey rode)
The World to Atoms; for it scatters Pains
All Sorts, and thro' all Nerves, Veins, Arteries,
Ev'n with Extremity of Frost it burns;
Drives the distracted Soul about her House,
Which runs to all the Pores, the Doors of Life,
Till she is forc'd for Air to leave her Dwelling.

Pol. By *Pluto*'s self, the Work is wondrous brave.

Cass. Now separate: *Philip* and *Thessalus*
Haste to the Banquet; at his second Call
Give him the fatal Draught that crowns the Night,
While *Polyperchon* and myself retire.

[Exeunt omnes præter *Cassander*.]

Yes, *Alexander*, now thou pay'st me well;
Blood for a Blow is Interest indeed.
Methinks I am grown taller with the Murder,

And standing straight on this majestick Pile,
 I hit the Clouds, and see the World below me:
 Oh, 'tis the worst of Racks to a brave Spirit,
 To be born base, a Vassal, a curs'd Slave;
 Now by the Project lab'ring in my Brain,
 'Tis nobler far to be a King in Hell,
 To head infernal Legions, Chiefs below,
 To let 'em loose for Earth, to call 'em in,
 And take Account of what dark Deeds are done,
 Than be a Subject God in Heav'n unblest,
 And without Mischief have eternal Rest. [Exit.
The SCENE draws, Alexander is seen standing on a Throne,
with all his Commanders about him, holding Goblets in their
Hands.

Alex. To our immortal Health, and our fair Queen's;
 All drink it deep, and while it flies about,
Mars and *Bellona* join to make us Music.
 A hundred Bulls be offer'd to the Sun,
 White as his Beams—Speak the big Voice of War,
 Beat all our Drums, and blow our Silver Trumpets,
 Till we provoke the Gods to act our Pleasure
 In Bowls of *Nectar* and replying Thunder.

[Sounds while they drink.

Enter *Hephestion*, *Clytus*, *leading Lyfimachus in his Shirt*
bloody; Perdiccas, Guard.

Cly. Long live the King, and Conquest crown his Arms
 With Laurels ever green: Fortune's his Slave,
 And kisses all that fight upon his Side.

Alex. Did not I give Command you should preserve
Lyfimachus?

Heph. You did.

Alex. What then portend those bloody Marks?

Heph. Your Mercy flew too late: *Perdiccas* had,
 According to the dreadful Charge you gave,
 Already plac'd the Prince in a lone Court,
 Unarm'd, all but his Hands, on which he wore
 A Pair of Gauntlets; such was his Desire,
 To shew in Death the Difference betwixt
 The Blood of the *Æacides*, and common Men.

Cly. At last the Door of an old Lion's Den
 Being drawn up, the horrid Beast appear'd:
 The Flames which from his Eyes shot glooming red,

Made

Made the Sun start, as the Spectators thought,
And round 'em cast a Day of Blood and Death.

Heph. When we arriv'd, just as the valiant Prince
Cried out, O *Parisatis*, take my Life;
'Tis for thy Sake I go undaunted thus,
To be devour'd by this most dreadful Creature.

Cly. Then walking forward, the large Beast descry'd
His Prey, and with a Roar that made us pale,
Flew fiercely on him; but the active Prince
Starting aside, avoided his first Shock,
With a slight Hurt, and as the Lion turn'd,
Thrust Gauntlet, Arm and all into his Throat,
And with *Herculean* Force tore forth by th' Roots
The foaming bloody Tongue; and while the Savage,
Faint with that Loss, sunk to the blushing Earth,
To plough it with his Teeth, your conqu'ring Soldier
Leap'd on his Back, and dash'd his Skull to Pieces.

Alex. By all the Laurels, 'twas a God-like Act,
And 'tis my Glory, as it shall be thine,
That *Alexander* could not pardon thee.
O my brave Soldier, think not all the Prayers
Of the lamenting Queens cou'd move my Soul
Like what thou hast perform'd: Grow to my Breast.

[*Embraces him.*]

Lyf. However Love did hurry my wild Arm,
When I was cool, my fev'rish Blood did bate,
And as I went to Death, I blest the King.

Alex. *Lyfimachus*, we both have been transported,
But from this Hour be certain of my Heart;
A Lion be the Empress of thy Shield,
And that golden Armour we from *Porus* won
The King presents thee; but retire to Bed,
Thy Toils ask Rest.

Lyf. I have no Wounds to hinder
Of any Moment; or if I had, tho' mortal,
I'd stand to *Alexander's* Health, till all
My Veins were dry, and fill them up again
With that rich Blood which makes the Gods immortal.

Alex. *Hephestion*, thy Hand embrace him close;
Tho' next my Heart you hang the Jewel there,
For scarce I know whether my Queen be nearer.
Thou shalt not rob me of my Glory, Youth,

That must to Ages flourish——*Parisatis*
 Shall now be his that serves me best in War:
 Neither reply, but mark the Charge I give,
 And live as Friends—Sound, sound my Armies Honour;
 Health to their Bodies, and eternal Fame
 Wait on their Memory, when those are Ashes;
 Live all, you must, 'tis a God gives you Life. [*Sound.*]

Lyfimachus offers Clytus a Persian Robe, and he refuses.

Cly. O Vanity!

Alex. Ha! what says *Clytus*?

Who am I?

Cly. The Son of good King *Philip*.

Alex. No, 'tis false;

By all my Kindred in the Skies,
Jove made my Mother pregnant.

Cly. I ha' done.

*Here follows an Entertainment of Indian Singers and Dancers;
 The Music flourishes.*

Alex. Hold, hold; *Clytus*, take the Robe.

Cly. Sir, the Wine,

The Weather's hot; besides you know my Humour.

Alex. 'O 'tis not well: I'd burn rather than be
 So singular and froward.

Cly. So would I

Burn, hang, or drown, but in a better Cause;

I'll drink or fight for sacred Majesty

With any here——Fill me another Bowl,

Will you excuse me?

Alex. You will be excus'd:

But let him have his Humour, he is old.

Cly. So was your Father, Sir—This to his Memory:
 Sound all the Trumpets there.

Alex. They shall not sound

Till the King drinks——By *Mars*, I cannot take

A Moment's Rest for all my Years of Blood,

But one or other will oppose my Pleasure.

Sure I was form'd for War;

All, all are *Alexander's* Enemies;

Which I could tame——Yes, the rebellious World

Shou'd feel my Wrath——But let the Sports go on.

The Indians dance.

Lys. Nay, *Clytus*, you that cou'd advise ——

Alex.

Alex. Forbear ;

Let him persist, be positive, and proud,
Sullen and dazzled, 'mongst the nobler Souls,
Like an infernal Spirit, that had stole
From Hell, and mingled with the laughing Gods.

Cly. When Gods grow hot, where's the Difference
'Twixt them and Devils ?——Fill me *Greek Wine*, yet
For I want Spirits. [fuller,

Alex. Ha ! let me hear a Song.

Cly. Music for Boys—*Clytus* would hear the Groans
Of dying Persons, and the Horses Neighings ;
Or if I must be tortured with shrill Voices,
Give me the Cries of Matrons in sack'd Towns.

Heph. *Lyfimachus*, the King looks sad, let us awake him ;
Health to the Son of *Jupiter Ammon* ;
Ev'ry Man take his Goblet in his Hand,
Kneel All, and kiss the Earth with Adoration.

Alex. Sound, sound, that all the Universe may hear,
That I could speak like *Jove*, to tell abroad
The kindness of my People——Rise, O rise,
My Hands, my Arms, my Heart is ever yours.

(*Comes from his Throne, all kiss his Hand.*)

Cly. I did not kiss the Earth, nor must your Hand ;
I am unworthy, Sir.

Alex. I know thou art,
Thou enviest my great Honour—Sit, my Friends ;
Nay, I must have Room——now let us talk
Of War, for what more fits a Soldier's Mouth ?
And speak, speak freely, or ye do not love me,
Who, think you, was the bravest General
That ever led an Army to the Field ?

Heph. I think the Sun himself ne'er saw a Chief
So truly great, so fortunately brave,
As *Alexander* ; not the fam'd *Alcides*,
Nor fierce *Achilles*, who did twice destroy,
With their all-conquering Arms, the famous *Troy*.

Lys. Such was not *Cyrus*.

Alex. O you flatter me.

Cly. They do indeed, and yet ye love 'em for it,
But hate old *Clytus* for his hardy Virtue.
Come, shall I speak a Man more brave than you,
A better General, and more expert Soldier ?

Alex. I should be glad to learn; instruct me, Sir.

Cly. Your Father *Philip*—I have seen him march,
And fought beneath his dreadful Banner, where
The stoutest at the Table wou'd ha' trembled:
Nay, frown not, Sir; you cannot look me dead.
When *Greeks* join'd *Greeks*, then was the Tug of War,
The labour'd Battle sweat, and Conquest bled.
Why should I fear to speak a Truth more noble
Than e'er your Father *Jupiter Ammon* told you?
Philip fought Men, but *Alexander* Women.

Alex. Spite! by the Gods, proud Spite! and burning
Is then my Glory come to this at last, [Envy!
To vanquish Women? Nay, he said the stoutest here
Wou'd tremble at the Dangers he has seen.
In all the Sickneſs and the Wounds I bore,
When from my Reins the Javelin Head was cut,
Lyſimachus, *Hepheſtion*, ſpeak, *Perdiccas*,
Did I e'er tremble: O the curſed Lye!
Did I once ſhake or groan; or bear myſelf
Beneath my Maſteſty, my dauntleſs Courage?

Heph. Wine has tranſported him.

Alex. No, 'tis plain mere Malice:
I was a Woman too at *Oxydrace*,
When planting at the Walls a ſcaling Ladder,
I mounted, ſpite of Showers of Stones, Bars, Arrows,
And all the Lumber which they thunder'd down,
When you beneath cried out, and ſpread your Arms,
That I ſhould leap among you, did I ſo?

Lyf. Turn the Diſcourſe, my Lord, the old Man rav'd.

Alex. Was I a Woman, when, like *Mercury*,
I left the Walls to fly amongſt my Foes,
And, like a baited Lion, dy'd myſelf
All over with the Blood of thoſe bold Hunters?
'Till ſpent with Toil, I battel'd on my Knees,
Pluck'd forth the Darts that made my Shield a Foreſt,
And hurl'd 'em back with moſt unconquer'd Fury.

Cly. 'Twas all Bravado, for before you leap'd,
You ſaw that I had burſt the Gates aſunder.

Alex. Did I then turn me, like a Coward, around,
To ſeek for Succour? Age cannot be ſo baſe;
That thou wert young again, I would put off
My Maſteſty, to be more terrible,

That,

That, like an Eagle, I might strike this Hare
Trembling to Earth; shake thee to Dust, and tear
Thy Heart for this bold Lye, thou feeble Dotard.

Cly. What, do you pelt me like a Boy with Apples?
[*He tosses Fruit at him as they rise.*]

Kill me, and bury the Disgrace I feel.
I know the Reason that you use me so;
Because I sav'd your Life at *Granicus*;
And when your Back was turn'd, oppos'd my Breast
To bold *Rhesus's* Sword; you hate me for't,
You do, proud Prince.

Alex. Away, your Breath's too hot.

[*Flings him from him.*]

Cly. You hate the Benefactor, tho' you took
The Gift, your Life, from this dishonour'd *Clytus*;
Which is the blackest, worst Ingratitude.

Alex. Go, leave the Banquet: Thus far I forgive thee.

Cly. Forgive yourself for all your Blasphemies,
The Riots of a most debauch'd and blotted Life:
Philotas's Murder ———

Alex. Ha! What said the Traitor?

Lys. *Eumenes*, let us force him hence.

Cly. Away.

Heph. You shall not tarry: Drag him to the Door.

Cly. No, let him send me, If I must be gone,
To *Philip*, *Attalus*, *Calisthenes*,
To great *Parmenio*, to his slaughter'd Sons;
Parmenio, who did many brave Exploits
Without the King——the King without him nothing.

Alex. Give me a Javelin. [*Takes one from the Guards.*]

Heph. Hold, Sir.

Alex. Off, *Sarrah*, lest

At once I strike it thro' his Heart and thine.

Lys. O sacred Sir, have but a Moment's Patience.

Alex. Preach Patience to another Lion——What!
Hold my Arms! I shall be murder'd here,
Like poor *Darius*, by my own barb'rous Subjects.
Perdiccas, sound my Trumpets to the Camp,
Call my Soldiers to the Court; nay haste,
For there is Treason plotting 'gainst my Life,
And I shall perish ere they come to rescue.

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Lyf. and Heph. Let us all die, e'er think so damn'd a Deed. [Kneel.

Alex. Where is the Traitor?

Cly. Sure there's none about you?

But here stands honest *Clytus*, whom the King
Invited to his Banquet.

Alex. Begone and sup with *Philip*, [Strikes him thro'.
Parmenio, Attalus, Calisthenes;

And let bold Subjects learn by thy sad Fate,
To tempt the Patience of a Man much above 'em.

Cly. The Rage of Wine is drown'd in gushing Blood :
O *Alexander*, I have been to blame ;
Hate me not after Death, for I repent,
That so I urg'd your noblest, sweetest Nature.

Alex. What's this I hear? Say on, my dying Soldier.

Cly. I should ha' kill'd myself, had I but liv'd
To be once sober—Now I fall with Honour,
My own Hand wou'd ha'brought foul Death. O Pardon. [dies.

Alex. Then I am lost ; what has my Vengeance done ?
Who is it thou hast slain ? *Clytus* ; What was he ?
The faithfullest Subject, worthiest Counsellor,
Who for saving thy Life, when
Thou foughtst bare-headed at the River *Granike*,
Has now a noble Recompence, for speaking rashly :
For a Forgetfulness which Wine did work,
The poor, the honest *Clytus* thou hast slain.
Are these the Laws of Hospitality ?
Thy Friends will shun thee now, and stand at Distance,
Nor dare to speak their Minds, nor eat with thee,
Nor drink, lest by thy Madness they die too.

Heph. Guards take the Body hence,

Alex. None dare to touch him,
For we must never part. Cruel *Hephestion*
And *Lyfimachus*, that had the Power,
And would not hold me.

Lyf. Dear Sir, we did.

Alex. I know it ;

Ye held me like a Beast, to let me go
With greater Violence—Oh, you have undone me !
Excuse it not, you that could stop a Lion,
Cou'd not turn me : You should have drawn your Swords,
And

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And barr'd my Rage with their advancing Points ;
 Made Reason glitter in my dazzled Eyes,
 Till I had seen what Ruin did attend me :
 That had been noble, that had shew'd a Friend ;
Clytus would so have done to save your Lives.

Lyf. When Men shall hear how highly you were urg'd.

Alex. No, you have let me stain my rising Virtue,
 Which else had ended brighter than the Sun.
 Death, Hell and Furies ! you have sunk my Glory :
 Oh, I am all a Blot, which Seas of Tears,
 And my Heart's Blood, can never wash away :
 Yet 'tis but just I try, and on the Point,
 Still reeking, hurl my black polluted Breast.

Heph. O sacred Sir, that must not be.

Eum. Forgive my pious Hands.

Lyf. And mine, that dare disarm my Master.

Alex. Yes, cruel Men, ye now can shew your Strengths
 Here's not a Slave but dares oppote my Justice ;
 Yet I will render all Endeavours vain

That tend to save my Life—Here I will lie [Falls.
 Close to his bleeding Side, thus kissing him ;
 These pale dead Lips, that have so oft advis'd me :
 Thus bathing o'er his reverend Face in Tears ;
 Thus clasping his cold Body in my Arms,
 Till Death like him, has made me stiff and horrid.

Heph. What shall we do ?

Lyf. I know not : my Wounds bleed afresh
 With striving with him : *Perdiccas*, lend's your Arm.

[*Ex. Perdiccas, Lyfimachus;*

Heph. Call *Aristander* hither,
 Or *Meleager*, let's force him from the Body.

Cries without, Arm, Arm. Treason, Treason !

Enter Perdiccas bloody.

Per. Haste all, take Arms ; *Hephestion*, where's the King ?

Heph. There, by old *Clytus*' Side, whom he has slain.

Per. Then Misery on Misery will fall,
 Like rolling Billows, to advance the Storm.
 Rise, sacred Sir, and haste to aid the Queen ;
Roxana, fill'd with furious Jealousy,
 Came with a Guard of *Zogdian* Slaves unmask'd,
 And broke upon me with such sudden Rage,
 That all are perish'd who Resistance made ;

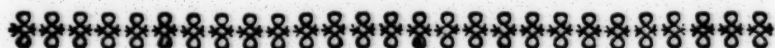
I only

I only with these Wounds thro' clashing Spears
Have forc'd my Way, to give you timely Notice,

Alex. What says *Perdiccas*? Is the Queen in Danger?

Per. She dies, unless you turn her Fate, and quickly:
Your Distance from the Palace asks more Speed,
And the Ascent to th' flying Grove is high.

Alex. Thus from the Grave I rise to save my Love.
All draw your Swords, with Wings of Lightning move;
When I rush on, sure none will dare to stay,
'Tis Beauty calls, and Glory shews the Way. [*Exeunt.*]



ACT V. SCENE I.

Statira is discovered sleeping in the Bower of Semiramis.

Soft Musick.

Stat. * * * * * LESS me, ye Powers above, and guard
my Virtue.



I saw, nor was't a Dream, I saw and
heard

* * * * * My royal Parents; there I saw 'em stand;
My Eyes beheld their precious Images;

I heard their heav'nly Voices: Where, O where,
Fled you so fast, dear Shades, from my Embraces?
You told me this——this Hour should be my last
And I must bleed—Away, 'tis all Delusion.

Do I not wait for *Alexander's* coming;
None but my loving Lord can enter here:
And will he kill me?—hence fantastick Shadows!
And yet methinks he should not stay thus long.
Why do I tremble thus? If I but stir,
The Motion of my Robes makes my Heart leap.
When will the dear Man come, that all my Doubts
May vanish in his Breast?

But hark, I hear him—— [*Noise within.*]
Fain I would hide my Blushes,
I hear his Tread, but dare not go to meet him.

Enter Roxana, with Slaves and a Dagger.

Rox. At length we've conquer'd this stupendous Height,
These

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These flying Groves, whose wonderful Ascent
Leads to the Clouds.

Stat. Then all the Vision's true
And I must die, lose my dear Lord for ever :
That, that's the Murderer. [Retires.

Rox. Shut the brazen Gate,
And make it fast with all the massy Bars.
I know the King will fly to her Relief,
But we have Time enough——Where is my Rival ?
Appear *Statira*, now no more a Queen ;
Roxana calls, where is your Majesty ?

Stat. And what is she, who with such tow'ring Pride,
Wou'd awe a Princess that is born above her ?

Rox. I like the Port Imperial Beauty bears,
It shews thou hast a Spirit fit to fall
A Sacrifice to fierce *Roxana's* Wrongs.
Be sudden then, put forth these royal Breasts,
Where our false Master has so often languish'd,
That I may change their milky Innocence
To Blood, and dye me in a deep Revenge.

Stat. No, barb'rous Woman, tho' I dare meet Death
As boldly as our Lord, with a Resolve
At which thy coward Heart would tremble ;
Yet I disdain to stand the Fate you offer,
And therefore, fearless of thy dreadful Threats,
Walk thus regardless by thee.

Rox. Ha ! so stately ! This sure will sink you.

Stat. No, *Roxana*, No :
The Blow you give will strike me to the Stars,
But sink my Murd'refs in eternal Ruin.

Rox. Who told you this ?

Stat. A thousand Spirits tell me :
There's not a God but whispers in my Ear,
This Death will crown me with immortal Glory ;
To die so fair, so innocent, so young,
Will make me Company for Queens above.

Rox. Preach on.

Stat. While you, the Burden of the Earth,
Fall to the Deep, so heavy with thy Guilt,
That Hell itself must groan at thy Reception ;
While foulest Fiends shun thy Society,
And thou shalt walk alone, forsaken Fury.

Rox.

64 *The RIVAL QUEENS; or,*

Rox. Heaven witness for me I would spare thy Life;
If any Thing but *Alexander's* Love
Were in Debate; come, give me back his Heart,
And thou shalt live Empress of all the World.

Stat. The World is less than *Alexander's* Love,
Yet could I give it, 'tis not in my Power;
This I dare promise, if you spare my Life,
Which I disdain to beg, he shall speak kindly.

Rox. Speak! is that all?

Stat. Perhaps, at my Request,
And for a Gift so noble as my Life,
Bestow a Kiss.

Rox. A Kiss! no more? *Stat.* O Gods!
What shall I say to work her to my End?
Fain I would see him—Yes, a little more,
Embrace you, and for ever be your Friend.

Rox. O the provoking Word? Your Friend! thou dy'st
Your Friend! What, must I bring you then together?
Adorn your Bed, and see you softly laid?
By all my Pangs, and Labours of my Love,
This has thrown off all that was sweet and gentle.
Therefore ———

Stat. Yet hold thy Hand advanc'd in Air;
I see my Death is written in thy Eyes,
Therefore wreak all the Lust of Vengeance on me,
Wash in my Blood, and steep thee in my Gore;
Feed like a Vulture, tearing my bleeding Heart.
But O *Roxana*! that there may appear
A Glimpse of justice for thy Cruelty,
A Grain of Goodness for a Mass of Evil,
Give me my Death in *Alexander's* Presence.

Rox. Not for the Rule of Heaven—Are you so cunning?
What, you would have him mourn you as you fall;
Take your Farewel, and taste such healing Kisses,
As might call back your Soul. No, thou shalt fall
Now, and when Death has seiz'd thy beauteous Limbs,
I'll have thy Body thrown into a Well,
Buried beneath a Heap of Stones for ever.

Enter a Slave.

[Guards

Slav. Madam, the King with all his Captains and his
Are forcing ope the Doors, he threatens thousand Deaths

To

ALEXANDER *the* GREAT. 65

To all that stop his Entrance, and I believe
Your Eunuchs will obey him.

Rox. Then I must haste.

Stat. What, is the King so near?
And shall I die so tamely, thus defenceless?
O ye Gods, will you not help my Weakness?

Rox. They are afar off. [*Stabbing her.*]

Stat. Alas! they are indeed.

Enter Alexander, Cassander, Poliperchon, *Guards and Attendants.*

Alex. O harpy! thou shalt reign the Queen of Devils,

Rox. Do, strike, behold my Bosom swells to meet thee;
'Tis full of thine, of Veins that run Ambition,
And I can brave whatever Fate you bring.

Alex. Call our Physicians, haste, I'll give an Empire
To save her—Oh my Soul, alas *Statira!*

These Wounds,—Oh Gods, are these my promis'd Joys!

Rox. Rend not your Temper.

She dies—

Alex. And dar'st thou, Monster, think t' escape?

Stat. Life's on the Wing, my Love, my Lord,
Come to my Arms, and take the last Adieu.
Here let me lie and languish out my Soul.

Alex. Answer me, Father, wilt thou take her from me?
What, is the black sad Hour at last arriv'd,
That I must never clasp her Body more?
Never more bask in her Eye-shine again?
Nor View the Loves that play'd in those dear Beams,
And shot me with a thousand thousand Smiles?

Stat. Farewel, my Dear, my Life, my most lov'd Lord,
I swear by *Orosmales*, 'tis more Pleasure,
More Satisfaction, that I thus die yours,
Than to have liv'd another's—Grant me one Thing,

Alex. All, all,—but speak, that I may execute
Before I follow thee.

Stat. Leave not the Earth
Before Heaven calls you. Spare *Roxana's* Life,
'Twas Love of you that caus'd her give me Death.
And, O sometimes, amidst your Revels, think
Of your poor Queen, and e'er the chearful Bowl
Salute your Lips, crown it with one rich Tear,
And I am happy.

[*Dies.*
Alex.]

Alex. Close not thy Eyes;
 Things of Import I have to speak, before
 Thou tak'st thy Journey—Tell the Gods I'm coming
 To give Account of Life and Death!
 And many other hundred thousand Policies,
 That much concern the Government of Heaven——
 O she is gone! the talking Soul is mute.
 She's hush'd, no Voice or Musick now is heard!
 The Bower of Beauty is more still than Death.
 The Roses fade, and the melodious Bird
 That wak'd their Sweets, has left them now for ever.

Rox. 'Tis certain now you never shall enjoy her;
 Therefore *Roxana* may have Leave to hope
 You will at last be kind for all my Sufferings,
 My Torments, Racks for this last dreadful Murder,
 Which furious Love of thee did bring upon me.

Alex. O thou vile Creature! bear thee from my Sight,
 And thank *Statira* that thou art alive:
 Else thou had'st perish'd: Yea, I wou'd ha' rent,
 With my just Hands, that Rock, that Marble Heart;
 I wou'd have div'd thro' Seas of Blood to find it,
 To tear the cruel Quarry from its Center.

Rox. O take me to your Arms, and hide my Blushes,
 I love you, spite of all your Cruelties;
 There is so much Divinity about you,
 I tremble to approach: Yet here's my Hold,
 Nor will I leave the sacred Robe, for such
 Is every Thing that touches that bless'd Body:
 I'll kiss it as the Relique of a God,
 And Love shall grasp it with these dying Hands.

Alex. O that thou wert a Man, that I might drive
 Thee round the World, and scatter thy Contagion,
 As Gods hurl Mortal Plagues when they are angry.

Rox. Do, drive me, hew me into smallest Pieces,
 My Dust shall be inspir'd with a new Fondness;
 Still the Love-Motes shall play before your Eyes,
 Where'er you go, however you despise.

Alex. Away, there's not a Glance that flies from thee,
 But, like a *Basilisk*, comes wing'd with Death.

Rox. O speak not such harsh Words, my Royal Master,
 Look not so dreadful on your kneeling Servant;
 But take, dear Sir, O take me into Grace,

By

By the dear Babe, the Burden of my Womb,
That weighs me down when I would follow faster,
My Knees are weary, and my Force is spent.
O do not frown, but clear thy angry Brow!
Your Eyes will blast me, and your Words are Bolts
That strike me dead; the little Wretch I bear,
Leaps, frightned at your Wrath, and dies within me.

Alex. O thou hast touch'd my Soul so tenderly,
That I will raise thee, tho' thy Hands are Ruin.
Rise, cruel Woman, rise, and have a Care;
O do not hurt that unborn Innocence,
For whose dear Sake I now forgive thee all.
But haste, be gone, fly, fly from these sad Eyes;
Fly with my Pardon, lest I call it back;
Tho' I forgive thee, I must hate thee ever.

Rox. I go, I fly for ever from thy Sight!
My mortal Injuries have turn'd my Mind,
And I could curse myself for being kind.
If therefore any Majesty above,
That has Revenge in Store for perjur'd Love,
Send Heaven the swiftest Ruin on his Head,
Strike the Destroyer, lay the Victor dead;
Kill the Triumpher, and avenge my Wrong,
In Height of Pomp, while he is warm and young;
Bolted with Thunder let him rush along.
And when in the last Pangs of Life he lies.
Grant I may stand to dart him with my Eyes:
Nay, after Death

Pursue his spotted Ghost, and shoot him as he flies. [*Ex.*

Alex. O my fair Star, I shall be shortly with thee;
For I already feel the sad Effects
Of those most fatal Imprecations.
What means this deadly Dew upon my Forehead?
My Heart too heaves.

Cass. It will anon be still——
The Poison works.

[*Aside.*

Pol. I'll see the wish'd Effect
Ere I remove, and gorge me with Revenge.

[*Aside.*

Enter Perdiccas and Lyfimachus.

Per. I beg your Majesty will pardon me,
A fatal Messenger;
Great *Syfigambis*, hearing *Statira's* Death,

Is

Is now no more ;

Her last Words gave the Princess to the brave
Lyfimachus : But that which most will strike you,
Your dear *Hephestion*, having drank too largely
At your last Feast, is of a Surfeit dead.

Alex. How, dead ! *Hephestion* dead ! alas the dear
Unhappy Youth——But he sleeps happy,
I must wake for ever——This Object, this,
This Face of fatal Beauty,
Will stretch my Lids with vast, eternal Tears——
Who had the Care of poor *Hephestion's* Life ?

Lyf. Philarda, the *Arabian* Artist.

Alex. Fly, *Meleager*, hang him on a Cross :
That, for *Hephestion*——
But here lies my Fate ; *Hephestion*, *Clytus*,
All my Victories for ever folded up ;
In this dear Body my Banner's lost,
My Standard's Triumph's gone !
O when shall I be mad ? Give Order to
The Army that they break their Shields, Swords, Spears,
Pound their bright Armour into Dust ; away ;
Is there not Cause to put the World in Mourning ?
Tear all your Robes :—He dies that is not naked
Down to the Waist, all like the Sons of Sorrow.
Burn all the Spires that seem to kiss the Sky ;
Beat down the Battlements of every City ;
And for the Monument of this lov'd Creature,
Foot up those Bowers, and pave them all with Gold.
Draw dry the *Ganges*, make the *Indies* poor,
To build her Tomb, no Shrines nor Altars spare,
But strip the shining Gods to make it rare. [Exit.

Cass. Ha ! whither now ? follow him, *Polyperchon*.

[Exit. Pol.

I find *Cassander's* Plot grows full of Death ;
O how I hug myself for this Revenge !

Enter *Polyperchon*.

What, does it work ?

Pol. Speak softly.

Cass. Well.

Pol. It does ;

I follow'd him, and saw him swiftly walk
Toward the Palace ; oftentimes looking back,
With watry Eyes, and calling out, *Statira*.
He stumbled at the Gate, and fell along ;

Nor

ALEXANDER *the* GREAT. 69

Nor was he rais'd with Ease by his Attendants,
But seeming a greater Load than ordinary,
As much more as the Dead outweigh the Living.

Cass. Said he nothing?

Pol. When they took him up,
He sigh'd, and entred with a strange wild Look,
Embrac'd the Princes round, and said he must
Dispatch the Business of the World in Haste.

Enter Philip and Thessalus.

Phil. Back, back, all scatter—With a dreadful Shout.
I heard him cry, I am but a dead Man.

Thess. The Poison tears him with that Height of
That I could pity him. [Horror,

Pol. Peace—where shall we meet?

Cass. In Saturn's Field,
Methinks I see the frightened Deities,
Ramming more Bolts in their big-belly'd Clouds,
And firing all the Heavens to drown his Noise.
Now we should laugh——But go, disperse yourselves,
While each Soul here, that fills his noble Vessel,
Swells with the Murder, works with Ruin o'er;
And from the dreadful Deed this Glory draws,
We kill'd the greatest Man that ever was.

The SCENE draws, Enter Alexander and all his Attendants.

Alex. Search there, nay probe me, search my wounded
Pull, draw it out. [Reins;

Lys. We have search'd, but find no Hurt.

Alex. O I am shot, a forked burning Arrow
Sticks cros my Shoulders; the sad Venom flies
Like Lightning thro' my Flesh, my Blood, my Marrow.

Lys. This must be Treason.

Perd. Wou'd I cou'd but guess.

Alex. Ha! what a Change of Torments I endure!
A Bolt of Ice runs hissing thro' my Bowels;
'Tis sure the Arm of Death; give me a Chair;
Cover me, for I freeze, and my Teeth chatter,
And my Knees knock together.

Perd. Heaven blefs the King!

Alex. Ha! who talks of Heaven?
I am Hell; I burn, I burn again.

The

The War grows wondrous hot; hey for the *Tiger*,
 Bear me *Bucephalus*, amongst the Billows.
 O 'tis a noble Beast; I wou'd not change him
 For the best Horse the Sun has in his Stable:
 For they are hot, their Mangers full of Coals,
 Their Manes are Flakes of Lightning, Curls of Fire,
 And their red Tails like Meteors whisk about.

Lyf. Help all, *Eumenes*, help. I cannot hold him.

Alex. Ha, ha, I shall die with Laughter.

Parmenio, *Clytus*, dost thou see yon Fellow,
 That ragged Soldier, that poor tatter'd Greek?
 See how he puts to Flight the gaudy *Persians*,
 With nothing but a rusty Helmet on, thro' which
 The grizly Bristles of his pushing Beard
 Drive 'm like Pikes—Ha, ha, ha.

Perd. How wild he talks!

Lyf. Yet warring in his Wildness. [they come;

Alex. Sound, Sound, keep your Ranks close, ay, now
 O the brave Din, the noble Clank of Arms.

Charge, charge apace, and let the *Phalanx* move;

Darius comes,—ha! let me in, none dare

To cross my Fury;—*Philotas* is unhors'd;—Ay, 'tis
 I see, I know him by the sparkling Plumes, [Darius;

And his Gold Chariot drawn by ten white Horses:

But like a Tempest thus I pour upon him——

He bleeds, with that last Blow I brought him down;

He tumbles, take him, snatch th' Imperial Crown——

They fly, they fly,—follow, follow,—*Victoria, Victoria,*
Victoria——O let me sleep.

Perd. Let's raise him softly, and bear him to his Bed.

Alex. Hold, the least Motion gives me sudden Death.

My vital Spirits are quite parch'd up,

And all my smoaky Entrails turn'd to Ashes.

Lyf. When you, the brightest Star that ever shone,
 Shall set, it must be Night with us for ever.

Alex. Let me embrace you all before I die:

Weep not my dear Companions, the good Gods

Shall send you in my stead a nobler Prince,

One that shall lead you forth with matchless Conduct.

Lyf. Break not our Hearts with such unkind Expressions.

Perd. We will not part with you, nor change for *Mars*.

Alex.

ALEXANDER *the* GREAT. 71

Alex. Perdiccas, take this Ring,
And see me laid in the Temple of *Jupiter Ammon*.

Lys. To whom does your dread Majesty bequeath
The Empire of the World?

Alex. To him that is most worthy.

Perd. When will you, sacred Sir, that we should give
To your great Memory those divine Honours,
Which such exalted Virtue does deserve?

Alex. When you are all most happy, and in Peace.
Your Hands—O Father, if I have discharged [Rises.
The Duty of a Man to Empire born;
If by unwearied Toil I have deserv'd
The vast Renown of thy adopted Son,
Accept this Soul, which thou didst first inspire,
And with this Sigh, thus gives thee back again. [Dies.

Lys. Eumenes, cover the fall'n Majesty.
If there be Treason, let us find it out;
Lyfimachus stands forth to lead you on,
And swears by the most honour'd dear Remains,
He will not taste those Joys which Beauty brings,
Till we revenge the greater, best of Kings.

F I N I S.



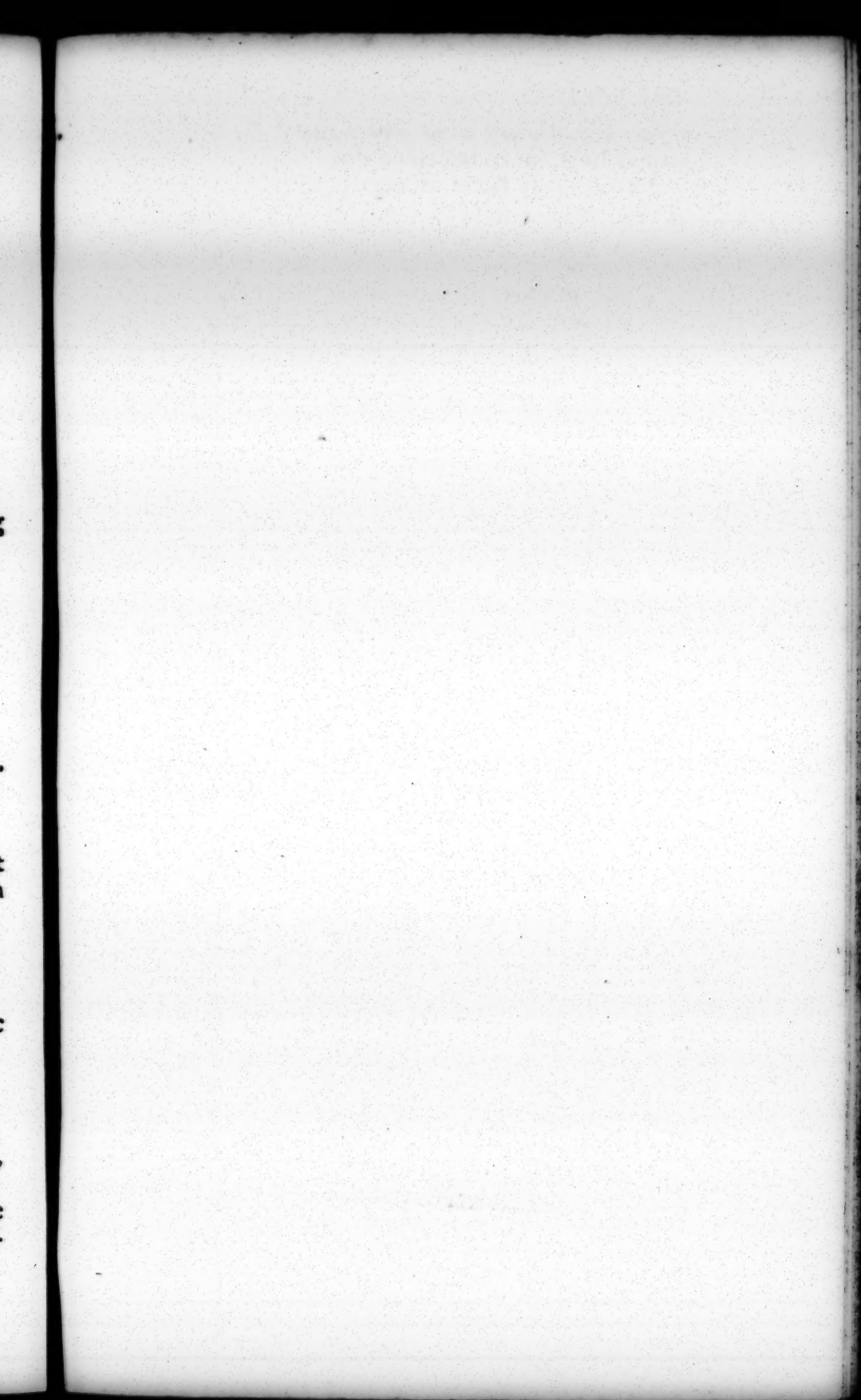
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THEODOSIUS:

O R,

The Force of LOVE:

A

TRAGEDY.

AS IT IS NOW

Acted at the Theatres Royal.

By NATHANAEL LEE, Gent.

Nec minus periculum ex magna fama quam ex mala.
TACIT.

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100



To her GRACE the
Duchess of *RICHMOND*.

M A D A M,

THE Reputation that this PLAY received on the Stage, some few Errors excepted, was more than I could well hope from so censorious an Age, from whom I ask but so much necessary Praise, as will serve once or twice a Year at most, to gain their good Company, and just keep me alive.

*There is not now that Mankind that was then,
When as the Sun, and Man, did seem to strive
(Joint-Tenants of the World) who should survive:
When, if a slow pac'd Star had stol'n away,
From the Observer's marking, he might stay
Two or three hundred Years to see't again,
And then make up his Observation plain. Dr. Donn.*

For 'tis impossible in our limited Time (and I bring his Opinion to back my own, who is, without Comparison, the best Writer of the Age) to present our Judges a Poem half so perfect as we
A 3 could

could make it. I must acknowledge, *Madam*, with all Humility, I ought to have taken more Time, and more Pains, in this *Tragedy*, because it is dedicated to Your Grace, who, being the best Judge, (and therefore can, when You please, make us tremble) yet with exceeding Mercy have pardon'd the Defects of *Theodosius*, and given it Your intire Approbation. My Genius, *Madam*, was Your Favourite, when the Poet was unknown; and openly receiv'd Your Smiles, before I had the Honour to pay Your Grace the most submissive Gratitude for so illustrious and advantageous a Protection. To let the World, too, know, that You do not think it beneath You to be officiously Good; even from the extremest Heights, to discern the lowest Creatures, and give them all the noblest Influence You can; You brought Her Royal Highness just at the exigent Time, whose single Presence, on the Poet's Day, is a Subsistence for him all the Year after. Ah, *Madam*, if all the short-liv'd Happiness, that miserable Poets can enjoy, consist in Commendation only; nay, if the most Part are content with popular Breath, and even for that are thankful; How shall I express myself to Your Grace, who, by a particular Goodness, and innate Sweetness, merely for the Sake of doing well, have thus rais'd me above myself? To have Your Grace's Favour, is, in a Word, to have the Applause of the whole Court, who are its noblest Ornament; magnificent and eternal Praise. Something there is in Your Mien, so much above that we vulgarly call charming, that, to me, it seems Adorable; and Your Presence almost Divine, whose dazzling and majestic Form is a proper Mansion for the most elevated Soul. And let me tell the World, nay, sighing, speak it to a barbarous Age, (I cannot help calling it so, when
I think

The Epistle Dedicatory.

7

I think of *Rome* or *Greece*) Your extraordinary Love for Heroic Poetry is not the least Argument to shew the Greatness of Your Mind, and Fulness of Perfection. To hear You speak with that infinite Sweetness and Chearfulness of Spirit; that is natural to Your Grace, is, methinks, to hear our tutelar Angels: 'Tis to bemoan the present malicious Times, and remember the Golden Age. But, to behold You too, is to make Prophets quite forget their Heaven, and bind the Poets with eternal Rapture.

——— *Her pure and eloquent Blood
Spoke in her Cheeks, and so distinctly wrought,
That one might almost say, her Body thought.
You, for whose Body God made better Clay,
Or took Souls Stuff, such as shall late decay,
Or such as need small Change at the last Day:*

Dr. Donne.

Ziphares and *Semandra* were first Your Grace's Favourites: And, tho' I ought not, *Madam*, to praise Your Wit by Your Judgment of my Paintings, yet I must say, Such Characters every Dauber cannot draw. It has been observed against me, That I abound in ungovern'd Fancy; but, I hope, the World will pardon the Sallies of Youth: Age, Despondence, and Dulness, come too fast of themselves. I discommend no Man for keeping the beaten Road; but I am sure the noble Hunters that follow the Game, must leap Hedges and Ditches sometimes, and run at all, or never come into the Fall of the Quarry. My Comfort is, I cannot be so ridiculous a Creature to any Man, as I am to myself: For who should know the House so well as the Good Man at Home? who, when his Neighbours come to see him, still sets the best Rooms to

The Epistle Dedicatory.

view ; and, if he be not a wild Ass, keeps the Rubbish and Lumber in some dark Hole, whither nobody comes but himself, to mortify at melancholy Hours. But how then, *Madam*, in this unsuitable Condition, how shall I answer the infinite Honours and Obligations Your Grace has laid upon me ? Your Grace, who is the most beautiful Idea of Love and Glory ; who, to that Divine Composition, have the noblest and best natur'd Wit in the World. All I can promise, *Madam*, and am able to perform, is, that Your Grace shall never see a Play of mine, that shall give Offence to Modesty and Virtue ; and what I humbly offer to the World, shall be of Use at least, and, I hope, deserve Imitation ; which is, or ought to be, I am sure, the Design of all *Tragedies* and *Comedies* both antient and modern. I should presume to promise myself too some Success in Things of this Nature, if your Grace, (in whom the Charms of Beauty, Wit, and Goodness, seem reconcil'd) at a leisure Hour would condescend to correct, with Your excellent Judgment, the Errors of,

M A D A M,

Your GRACE's most Humble,

Most Obedient,

And Devoted Servant,

Nat. Lea.



P R O L O G U E.

*W*IT, long oppress'd, and fill'd at last with Rage,
 Thus, in a sullen Mood, rebukes the Age:
 What Loads of Fame do modern Heroes bear,
 For an inglorious, long, and lazy War!
 Who for some Skirmish, or a safe Retreat,
 (Not to be dagg'd to Battle) are call'd Great.
 But, oh! what do ambitious Statesmen gain,
 Who into private Chests whole Nations drain?
 What Sums of Gold they board, is daily known,
 To all Mens Cost, and sometimes to their own.
 Your Lawyer too, that like an Oies bawls,
 That drowns the Market Higlers in the Stalls,
 That seem begot, conceiv'd, and born in Brawls,
 Yet thrives: He and his Crowd get what they please,
 Swarming all Term-time thro' the Strand like Bees,
 They buz at Westminster, and lye for Fees.
 The Godly too their Ways of Getting have;
 But none so much as your fanatic Knave:
 Wisely the wealthiest Livings they refuse,
 Who by the fattest Bishopricks would lose;
 Who with short Hair, large Ears, and small blue Band,
 True Rogues! their own, not God's Elect, command.
 Let Pigs, then, be prophane; but Broths allow'd;
 Possets, and Christian Caudles, may be good
 Meet-helps, to reinforce a Brother's Blood:
 Therefore each Female Saint be deth advise,
 With Groans, and Hums, and Ha's, and goggling Eyes,
 To rub him down, and make the Spirit rise;
 While with his Zeal, transported from the Ground,
 He mounts, and sanctifies the Sisters round.

On Poets only no kind Star e'er smil'd :
 Curst Fate has damn'd 'em, ev'ry Mother's Child :
 Therefore he warns his Brothers of the Stage,
 To write no more for an ungrateful Age.
 Think what penurious Masters you have serv'd ;
 Tasso ran mad, and noble Spencer starv'd.
 Turn then, whoe'er thou art, thou canst write well,
 Thy Ink to Gall, and in Lampoons excel :
 Forswear all Honesty, traduce the Great,
 Grow impudent, and rail against the State ;
 Bursting with Spleen, abroad thy Pasquil send,
 And chuse some Libel-spreader for thy Friend :
 The Wit and Want of Timon point thy Mind,
 And for thy Satire-subject choose Mankind.



E P I L O G U E.

THREE happy they, that never writ before ;
 How pleas'd and bold they quit the safer Shore !
 Like some new Captain of the City Bands,
 That, with big Looks, in Finsbury commands :
 Swell'd with huge Ale, he cries, Beat, beat the Drum :
 Pox o' the French King ! Uds-bud, let him come :
 Give me ten thousand Red-coats, and alloo !
 We'll firk his Crequi and his Condé too.
 Thus the young Scriblers Mankind's Sense disdain ;
 For Ignorance is sure to make 'em vain :
 But, far from Vanity, or dang'rous Pride,
 Our cautious Poet courts you to his Side :
 For why should you be scorn'd, to whom are due
 All the good Days that ever Authors knew ?
 If ever gay, 'tis you that make 'em fine :
 The Pit and Boxes make the Poet dine,
 And he scarce drinks but of the Critics Wine.

}
 Old

*Old Writers should not for Vain-glory strive ;
 But, like old Mistresses, think how to thrive ;
 Be fond of ev'ry Thing their Keepers say,
 At least till they can live without a Play :
 Like one that knows the Trade, and has been bit ;
 She dotes and fawns upon her wealthy Cit,
 And swears she loves him, merely for his Wit.
 Another, more untaught than a Walloon,
 Antick and ugly, like an old Baboon,
 She swears, is an accomplish'd Beau-garçon :
 Turns with all Winds, and sails with all Desires ;
 All Hearts in City, Town, and Court, she fires ;
 Young callow Lords, lean Knights, and driv'ling 'Squires.
 She in resistless Flatt'ry finds her Ends,
 Gives Thanks for Fools, and makes ye all her Friends.
 So should wise Poets sooth an awkward Age ;
 For they are Prostitutes upon the Stage :
 To stand on Points were foolish and ill-bred,
 As for a Lady to be nice in Bed :
 Your Wills alone must their Performance measure,
 And you may turn 'em ev'ry Way for Pleasure.*

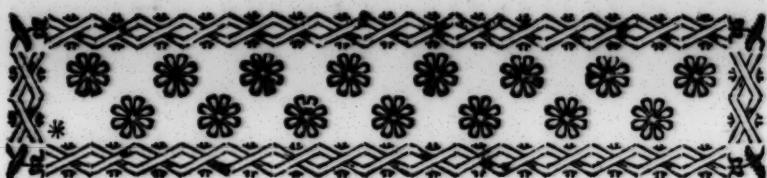


Dramatis Personæ.

THEODOSIUS,
VARANES,
MARCIAN,
LUCIUS,
ATTICUS, Chief Priest,
LEONTINE,
ARANTHES.
Chorus.

PULCHERIA,
ATHENAIIS,
MARINA,
FLAVILLA,
JULIA.
DELIA.
Attendants, Singers.

The SCENE *Constantinople.*



THEODOSIUS:

O R,

The Force of LOVE.



ACT I. SCENE I.

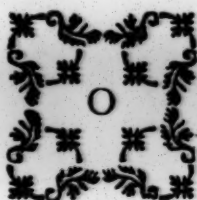
A stately Temple, which represents the Christian Religion, as in its first Magnificence; being but lately established at Rome and Constantinople. The Side-scenes shew the horrid Tortures, with which the Roman Tyrants persecuted the Church: And the flat Scene, which is the Limit of the Prospect, discovers an Altar richly adorned; before it Constantine, supposed, kneels, with Commanders about him, gazing at a bloody Cross in the Air; which being encompass'd with many Angels, offers itself to View, with those Words distinctly written; In hoc Signo vinces. Instruments are heard, and many Attendants: The Ministers at Divine Service walk busily up and down, till Atticus, the Chief of all the Priests, and Successor of St. Chrysostom, in rich Robes, comes forward with the Philosopher Leontine; the Waiters in Ranks bowing all the Way before him.

A Chorus heard at a Distance.

*P*Repare, prepare! the Rites begin;
Let none unhallow'd enter in!
The Temple with new Glory shines:
Adorn the Altars, wash the Shrines,
And purge the Place from Sin.

ATTICUS.

ATTICUS.



H, *Leontine*! was ever Morn like this,
 Since the Celestial Incarnation dawn'd?
 I think no Day, since that, such Glory
 gave
 To Chrillian Altars, as this Morning
 brings.

Leont. Great Successor of holy *Chrysostom*,
 Who now triumphs above, a Saint of Honour,
 Next, in Degree, to those bright Sons of Heav'n,
 Who never fell, nor stain'd those orient Beams;
 What shall I answer? How shall I approach you,
 Since my Conversion, which your Breath inspir'd?

Attic. To see this Day, the Emp'ror of the East
 Leaves all the Pleasures that the Earth can yield,
 That Nature can bestow, or Art invent,
 In his Life's Spring, and Bloom of gaudy Years,
 To undergo the Penance of a Cloister,
 Confin'd to narrow Rooms, and gloomy Walks,
 Fastings, and Exercises of Devotion,
 Which from his Bed, at Midnight must awake him;
 Methinks, O *Leontine*! is something more
 Than yet Philosophy could ever reach.

Leont. True, *Atticus*; you have amaz'd my Reason.

Attic. Yet more: To our Religion's lasting Honour,
Mariana and *Flavilla*, two young Virgins,
 Imperial born, cast in the fairest Mould
 That e'er the Hands of Beauty form'd for Woman;
 The Mirrors of our Court, where Chastity
 And Innocence might copy spotless Lustre;
 To-day, with *Theodosius*, leave the World.

Leont. Methinks, at such a glorious Resignation,
 Th' Angelic Orders should at once descend
 In all the Paint and Drapery of Heaven,
 With charming Voices, and with lulling Strings,
 To give full Grace to such triumphant Zeal.

Attic. No, *Leontine*: I fear there is a Fault;
 For, when I last confess'd the Emperor,

Whether

Whether Disgust, and melancholy Blood,
From restless Passions urg'd not this Divorce ;
He only answer'd me with Sighs and Blushes.
'Tis sure, his Soul is of the tend'rest Make ;
Therefore I'll tax him strictly : But, my Friend,
Why should I give his Character to you,
Who, when his Father sent him into *Persia*,
Whereby that mighty Monarch then appointed
To breed him with his Son, the Prince *Varanes* ?

Leont. And what will raise your Admiration, is,
That two such diff'rent Tempers should agree.
You know that *Theodsius* is compos'd
Of all the Softness that should make a Woman :
Judgment, almost like Fear, foreruns his Actions ;
And he will poise an Injury so long,
As if he had rather pardon than revenge it.
But the young *Persian* Prince, quite opposite,
So fiery fierce, that those who view him nearly,
May see his haughty Soul still mounting in his Face :
Yet did I study these so diff'rent Tempers,
Till I at last had form'd a perfect Union,
As if two Souls did but inform one Body :
A Friendship that may challenge all the World,
And, at the Proof, be matchless !

Attic. I long to read
This gallant Prince, who, as you have inform'd me,
Comes from his Father's Court to see our Emp'rour.

Leont. So he intended, till he came to *Athens*,
And at my homely Board beheld my Daughter ;
Where, as Fate order'd, she, who never saw
The Glories of a Court, bred up to Books
In Closets, like a Sibyl ; she, I say,
Long since from *Persia* brought by me to *Athens*,
Unskill'd in Charms, but those which Nature gave her,
Wounded this scornful Prince : In short, he forc'd me
To wait him thither, with deep Protestations,
That Moment that bereft him of the Sight
Of *Athenais*, gave him certain Death.
But see, my Daughter, honour'd with his Presence,

Enter.

16 THEODOSIUS: Or,

Enter Varanes and Athenais.

Vara. 'Tis strange! O *Athenais*! wond'rous all!
Wond'rous the Shrines, and wonderful the Altars!
The Martyrs, tho' but drawn in painted Flames,
Amaze me with the Image of their Sufferings:
Saints canoniz'd, that dar'd with *Roman* Tyrants:
Hérmits that liv'd in Caves, and fed with Angels:
By *Orosma*des! it is wond'rous all.

That Bloody Cross, in yonder azure Sky,
Above the Head of kneeling *Constantine*;
Inscrib'd about with golden Characters,
Thou shalt o'ercome in this: If it be true,
I say again, by Heav'n, 'tis wond'rous strange.

Athen. O Prince, if thus Imagination stirs you,
A Fancy rais'd from Figures in dead Walls,
How would the sacred Breath of *Atticus*
Inspire your Breast, purge all your Dross away,
And drive this *Athenais* from your Soul,
To make a Virgin Room, whom yet the Mould
Of your rude Fancy cannot comprehend!

Vara. What says my Fair? Drive *Athenais* from me!
Start me not into Phrenzy, lest I rail
At all Religion, and fall out with Heav'n:
And what is she, alas! that should supplant thee?
Were she the Mistress of the World, as fair
As Winter Stars, or Summer setting Suns,
And thou set by in Nature's plainest Dress,
With that chaste modest Look, when first I saw thee
The Heiress of a poor Philosopher; [*Recorders ready*
I swear, by all I wish, by all I love. *to flourish.*
Glory and thee, I would not lose a Thought,
Nor cast an Eye that Way, but rush to thee,
To these lov'd Arms, and lose myself for ever.

Athen. Forbear, my Lord.

Vara. O cruel *Athenais*!
Why dost thou put me off, who pine to Death?
And thrust me from thee, when I would approach thee?
Can there be ought in this? Curse then thy Birth-right,
Thy

The Force of Love.

17

Thy glorious Titles, and ill-suited Greatness,
Since *Athenais* scorns thee : Take again
Your ill-tim'd Honours : Take 'em, take 'em, Gods !
And change me to some humble Villager,
If so at last, for Toils at scorching Noon,
In mowing Meadows, or in reaping Fields,
At Night she will but crown me with a Smile,
Or reach the Bounty of her Hand to bless me.

Athen. When Princes speak, their Subjects should
be silent :

Yet, with Humility, I would demand,
Wherein appears my Scorn, or my Aversion ?
Have I not for your Sake abandon'd Home,
Where I had vow'd to spend my calmer Days !
But you, perhaps, imagine it but little
For a poor Maid to follow you abroad,
Especially the Daughter of old *Leontine* !
Yet I must tell you, Prince ———

Vara. I cannot bear
Those Frowns : I have offended, but forgive me.
For who, O *Athenais*, that is tofs'd
With such tempestuous Tides of Love as I,
Can steer a steady Course ? Retire, my Fair :

Recorders flourish.

Hark ! the Solemnities are now beginning,
And *Theodosius* comes ; hide, hide thy Charms.
If to his clouded Eyes such Day should break,
The Royal Youth, who dotes to Death for Love,
I fear, would forfeit all his Vows to Heav'n,
And fix upon the World, thy World of Beauty. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter Theodosius leading Marina and Flavilla, (all three
dress'd in white) follow'd by Pulcheria.*

Theo. Farewell, *Pulcheria* ! and, I pray, no more :
For all thy kind Complaints are lost upon me.
Have I not sworn, the World and I must part ?
Fate has proclaim'd it : Therefore weep no more ;
Wound not the tend'rest Part of *Theodosius* ;
My yielding Soul, that would expire in Calms !

Wound

Wound me not with thy Tears, and I will tell thee,
 Yet, ere I take my last Farewel for ever,
 The Cause of all my Suff'rings: Oh, my Sister!
 A bleeding Heart, the Stings of pointed Love,
 What Constitution, soft as mine, can bear?

Pulch. My Lord, my Emperor, my dearest Brother,
 Why all this while did you conceal it from me?

Theo. Because I was asham'd to own my Weakness:
 I knew thy sharper Wit, and stricter Wisdom
 Would dart Reproofs; which I could not endure.
 Draw near, O *Atticus*; and mark me well:
 For never yet did my complaining Spirit
 Unlace this weighty Secret upon him,
 Nor groan a Syllable of her Oppression.

Attic. Concealment was a Fault; but speak at large.
 Make bare the Wound, and I will pour in Balm.

Theo. 'Tis Folly all, and Fondness — Oh, Re-
 membrance!

Why dost thou open thus my Wound again,
 And from my Heart call down those warmer Drops
 That make me die with Shame? Hear then *Pulcheria*!
 Some few preceding Days before I left
 The *Persian* Court, hunting one Morning early,
 I lost myself and all the Company,
 Still wand'ring on, as Fortune would direct me;
 I pass'd a Rivulet, and lighted in
 The sweetest Solitude I ever saw!
 When strait, as if Enchantment had been there,
 Two charming Voices drew me, 'till I came
 Where divers Arbours overlook'd the River.
 Upon the oſier Bank two Women sat,
 Who, when their Song was ended, talk'd to one,
 Who bathing stood far in the crystal Stream:
 But, Oh! what Thought can paint that fair Perfection,
 Or give a Glimpſe of ſuch a naked Glory!
 Not Sea-born *Venus*, in the Courts beneath,
 When the green Nymphs firſt kiſs'd her coral Lips,
 All poliſh'd, fair, and waſh'd with orient Beauty,
 Could in my dazzling Fancy match her Brightneſs.

Attic. Think where you are.

Theo.

The Force of Love.

19

Theo. Oh ! Sir, you must forgive me.
The chaste enthusiastic Form appears,
As when I saw her ; yet I swear, *Pulcheria*,
Had cold *Diana* been a Looker on,
She must have prais'd the Virtues of the Virgin :
The Satyrs could not grin ; for she was veil'd :
Nothing immodest ! From her naked Bosom
Down to her Knees, the Nymph was wrapt in Lawn :
But, Oh, for me, for me, that was too much !
Her Legs, her Arms, her Hands, her Neck, her Breasts,
So nicely shap'd, so matchless in their Lustre ;
Such All-Perfection, that I took whole Draughts
Of killing Love, and ever since have languish'd
With ling'ring Surfeits of her fatal Beauty !
Alas, too fatal, sure ! Oh, *Atticus* !
Forgive me ; for my Story now is done :
The Nymph was dress'd, and with her two Companions,
Having descry'd me, shriek'd, and fled away,
Leaving me motionless, till *Leontine*,
Th' Instructor of my Youth, by chance came in,
And wak'd me from the Wonder that entranc'd me.

Attic. Behold, my Lord, the Man whom you have
nam'd,
The Harbinger of Prince *Varanes* here.

Theo. Oh *Leontine* ! ten thousand Welcomes meet thee :
Thou Foster father of my tender Youth,
Who rear'd the Plant, and prun'd it with such Care !
How shall I look upon thee, who am fallen
From all the Principles of manlier Reason,
By thee infus'd, to more than Woman's Weakness ?
Now, by the Majesty Divine, that awes
This sacred Place, I swear you must not kneel :
And tell me, for I have a thousand Things
'To ask thee ; Where, where is my Godlike Friend ?
Is he arriv'd, and shall I see his Face,
Before I'm cloister'd from the World for ever ?

Leont. He comes, my Lord, with all th' expecting Joys
Of a young promis'd Lover : From his Eyes
Big Hopes look forth, and boiling Fancy forms

Nothing

Nothing but *Theodosius*: still before him ;
His Thought, his ev'ry Word, is *Theodosius*.

Theo. Yet, *Leontine*, yet answer me once more :
With Tremblings I demand thee
Say, -- Hast thou seen ? Oh ! has that heav'nly Form
Appear'd to thee again ? Behold he's dumb :
Proceed then to the solemn last Farewell ;
Never was Man so willing and prepared.

Enter Varanes, Arantes, Attendants.

Vara. Where is my Friend ? Oh, where is my Belov'd,
My *Theodosius* ? Point him out, ye Gods,
That I may press him dead betwixt my Arms,
Devour him thus with over-hasty Joys,
That languish at his Breast, quite out of Breath,
And cannot utter more

Theo. Thou mightiest Pleasure !
And greatest Blessing, that kind Heav'n could send,
To glad my parting Soul ! a thousand Welcomes !
Oh ! when I look on thee, new Starts of Glory
Spring in my Breast, and with a backward Bound
I run the Race of lusty Youth again.

Vara. By Heav'n it joys me too, when I remember
Our thousand Pastimes when we borrow'd Names ;
Alcides I, and Thou my dearest *Theseus* ;
When thro' the Woods we chas'd the foaming Boar,
With Hounds that open'd like *Thessalian* Bulls,
Like Tigers flu'd, and sanded as the Shore,
With Ears, and Chests, that dash'd the Morning Dew ;
Driv'n with Spurt, as Ships are tost in Storms,
We ran like Winds, and matchless was our Course :
Now sweeping o'er the Limit of a Hill ;
Now with a full Career come thund'ring down
The Precipice, and sweat along the Vale.

Theo. Oh glorious Time ! and when the gathering
Clouds
Have call'd us Home, say, Did we rest, my Brother ?
When on the Stage, to the admiring Court,
We strove to represent *Alcides'* Fury,

In all that raging Heat and Pomp of Madness,
With which the stately *Seneca* adorn'd him ;
So lively drawn, and painted with such Horror,
That we were forc'd to give it o'er ; so loud
The Virgins shriek'd, so fast they dy'd away.

Vara. My *Theodosius* still ; 'tis my lov'd Brother ;
And, by the Gods, we'll see those Times again !
Why then has Rumour wrong'd thee, that reported
Christian Enthusiasm had charm'd thee from us ;
That, drawn by Priests, and work'd by Melancholy,
'Thou had'st laid the golden Reins of Empire down,
And sworn thyself a Votary for ever.

Theo. 'Tis almost true, and had not you arriv'd,
The solemn Business had by this been ended.
'This I have made the Empress of the *East*,
My elder Sister : These with me retire,
Devoted to the Pow'r whom we adore.

Vara. What Pow'r is that, that merits such Oblations ?
I thought the Sun more great and glorious
Than any that e'er mingled with the Gods ;
Yet, ev'n to him, my Father never offer'd
More than a Hecatomb of Bulls and Horses.
Now, by those golden Beams that glad the World,
I swear it is to much : For one of these,
But half so bright, our God would drive no more ;
He'd leave the darken'd Globe, and in some Cave
Enjoy such Charms for ever.

Attic. My Lord, forbear !
Such Language does not suit with our Devotion :
Nothing prophane must dare to murmur here,
Nor stain the hallow'd Beauties of the Place.
Yet thus far we must yield ; the Emperor
Is not enough prepar'd to leave the World.

Vara. Thus low, most Rev'rend of this sacred Place,
I kneel for Pardon, and am half converted,
By your Permission, that my *Theodosius*
Return to my Embraces ! O, my Brother !
Why dost thou droop ? There will be Time enough
For Pray'r and Fasting, and religious Vows ;
Let us enjoy, while yet thou art my own,

22 THEODOSIUS: Or,

All the Magnificence of *Eastern Courts*.
I hate to walk a lazy Life away :
Let's run the Race which Fate has set before us,
And post to the dark Goal.

Theo. O cruel Destiny !

Why am not I thus too ? Oh, my *Varanes* !
Why are these costly Dishes set before me ?
Why do these Sounds of Pleasure strike my Ears ?
Why are these Joys brought to my sick Rememb'rance ?
Who have no Appetite ; but am to Sense,
From Head to Foot, all a dead Palsy o'er ?

Vara. Fear not my Friend ; all shall be well again ;
For I have thousand Ways, and thousand Stories,
To raise thee up to Pleasure : We'll unlock
Our fastest Secrets, shed upon each other
Our tend'fest Cares ; and quite unbar those Doors
Which shall be shut to all Mankind beside.

Attic. Silence and Rev'rence are the Temple's Dues :
Therefore, while we pursue the sacred Rites,
Be these observ'd, or quit the awful Place.
Imperial Sisters, now Twin-stars of Heaven,
Answer the Successor of *Chrysostom* ;
Without least Reservation answer me,
By those harmonious Rules I charg'd ye learn.

Atticus sings.

Attic. Can'st thou, Marina, leave the World,
The World, that is Devotion's Bane :
Where Crowns are tost, and Sceptres hurl'd,
Where Lust and proud Ambition reign ?

2 Priest. Can you your costly Robes forbear,
To live with us in poor Attire ?
Can you from Courts to Cells repair,
To sing at Midnight in our Choir ?

3 Priest. Can you forget your golden Beds,
Where you might sleep beyond the Morn,
On Mats to lay your Royal Heads,
And have your beauteous Tresses shorn ?

Attic.

The Force of Love.

23

Attic. Can you resolve to fast a'l Day,
And weep and groan to be forgiu'n?
Can you in broken Slumbers pray,
And by Affliction merit Heav'n?

Chorus. Say, Votarier, can this be done?
While we the Grace divine implore,
The World has lost, the Battle's won;
And Sin shall never charm ye more.

Marina The Gate to Bliss does open stand,
fings. And all my Penance is in View;
The World, upon the other Hand,
Cries out, Oh, do not bid adieu!

Yet sacred Sirs, in these Extremes,
Where Pomp and Pride their Glories tell;
Where Youth and Beauty are the Themes,
And plead their moving Cause so well;

If aught that's vain my Thoughts possess,
Or any Passions govern here,
But what Divinity may bless;
Oh, may I never enter there!

Flavilla What! what can Pomp or Glory do?
fings. Or what can human Charms persuade?
That Mind that has a Heav'n in View,
How can it be by Earth betray'd?

No Monarch, full of Youth and Fame,
The Joy of Eyes, and Nature's Pride,
Should once my Thoughts from Heav'n reclaim,
Tho' now he woo'd me for his Bride.

Haste then, Ob haste! and take us in,
For ever lock Religion's Door;
Secure us from the Charms of Sin,
And let us see the World no more.

Attic,

24 THEODOSIUS: Or,

Attic. Hark! hark! behold the heav'nly Choir:
sings. They cleave the Air in bright Attire:
 And see, his Lute each Angel brings!
 And hark, divinely thus he sings!
 To the Powers Divine all Glory be given,
 By Men upon Earth, and Angels in Heaven.

*Scene shuts; and all the Priests, with Marina and
 Flavilla disappear.*

Pulch. For ever gone! for ever parted from me!
 Oh! *Theodosius*, till this cruel Moment
 I never knew how tenderly I lov'd 'em;
 But on this everlasting Separation,
 Methinks my Soul has left me, and my Time
 Of Diffolution points me to the Grave.

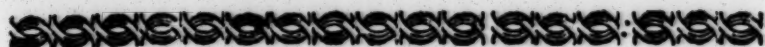
Theo. Oh! my *Varanes*, does not now thy Temper
 Bate something of its Fire? Dost thou not melt
 In mere Compassion of thy Sister's Fate,
 And cool thyself with one relenting Thought?

Vara. Yes, my dar'd Soul rolls inward; Melancholy,
 Which I ne'er felt before, now comes upon me;
 And I begin to loath all human Greatness:
 Oh! sigh not then, nor thy hard Fate deplore!
 For, 'tis resolv'd, we will be Kings no more:
 We'll fly all Courts, and Love shall be our Guide;
 Love that's more worth than all the World beside.
 Princes are barr'd the Liberty to roam:
 The fetter'd Mind still languishes at Home:
 In golden Bands she treads the thoughtful Round:
 Bus'ness and Cares eternally abound.

“ And, when for Air the Goddesses would unbind,
 “ She's clogg'd with Sceptres, and to Crowns con-
 “ fin'd.”

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T



ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Pulcheria, Julia, Attendants.

PULCHERIA.

THESE Packets for the Emperor *Honorius*;
Be swift, let th' Agent haste to *Rome* —
T I hear, my *Julia*, that our General
Is from the *Goths* return'd with Conquest
home.

Jul. He is. To-day I saw him in the Presence,
Sharp to the Courtiers, as he ever was,
Because they went not with him to the Wars :
To you he bows, and sues to kiss your Hand.

Pulch. He shall, my dearest *Julia* : Oft I've told thee
The Secret of my Soul : If e'er I marry,
Marcian's my Husband ; he's a Man, my *Julia*,
Whom I have studied long, and found him perfect :
Old *Rome* at ev'ry Glance looks through his Eyes,
And kindles the Beholders ! Some sharp Atoms
Run through his Frame, which I could wish were out ;
He sickens at the Softness of the Emp'ror,
And speaks too freely of our Female Court ;
Then sighs, comparing it with what *Rome* was.

Enter Marcian and Lucius.

Pulch. Ha ! who are these that dare profane this Place
With more than barb'rous Insolence !

Marc. At your Feet,
Behold, I cast the Scourge of these Offenders,
And kneel to kiss your Hand.

Pulch. Put up your Sword,
And, e'er I bid you welcome from the Wars,
Be sure you clear your Honour of this Rudeness ;
Or, *Marcian*, leave the Court.

B

Marc

26 THEODOSIUS: Or,

Marc. Thus then, Madam:

The Emperor received me with Affection,
Embrac'd me for my Conquests, and retir'd ;
When on a sudden all the gilded Flies
That buz about the Court, came flut'ring round me :
This, with affected Cringes, and minc'd Words,
Begs me to tell my Tale of Victories ;
Which done, he thanks me, slips behind his Fellow,
Whispers him in the Ear, then smiles and listens,
While I relate my Story once again :
A third comes in, and asks me the same Favour ;
Whereon they laugh, while I still ignorant
Go on; but one behind more impudent,
Strikes on my Shoulder ; then they laugh'd out-right :
But then I, gueſſing the Abuse too late,
Return'd my Knight behind a Box o' th' Ear ;
Then drew, and briefly told them they were Rascals.
They, laughing still, cry'd out, The Gen'ral's musty :
Whereon I drove 'em, Madam, as you saw :
This is in short the Truth : I leave the Judgment
To your own Justice : If I have done ill,
Sentence me, and I'll leave the Court for ever.

Pulch. First you are welcome, *Marcian*, from the Wars;
And still, whene'er Occasion calls for Arms,
Heav'n send the Emperor a General,
Renow'd as *Marcian* ! As to to what is past,
I think the World will rather praise than censure
Pulcheria, when she pardons you the Action.

Marc. Gods ! Gods ! and thou great Founder of old
Rome !

What is become of all that mighty Spirit,
That rais'd our Empire to a Pitch so high ?
Where is it pent ? What, but Almighty Power,
Could thus confine it, that but some few Atoms
Now run through all the East and Occident ?

Pulch. Speak calmly, *Marcian*——

Marc. Who can be temp'rate,
That thinks as I do, Madam ? Why, here's a Fellow :
I have seen him fight against a Troop of *Vandals*,
In your Defence, as if he lov'd to bleed :

Come

Come to my Arms, my Dear! thou can'st not talk,
But hast a Soul above the proudest of 'em.
Oh, Madam, when he has been all over Blood,
And hack'd with Wounds that seem'd to mouth his Praises;
I've seen him smile still as he push'd Death from him,
And with his Actions rally distant Fate.

Pulch. He has a noble Form.

Marc. Yet ev'n this Man,
That fought so bravely in his Country's Cause,
This excellent Man, this Morning, in the Presence,
Did I see wrong'd, before the Emperor;
Scorn'd and despis'd, because he could not cringe,
Nor plant his Feet as some of them could do.
One said his clothes were not well made, and damn'd
His Taylor. — Another said he look'd
As if he had not lost his Maidenhead.
If Things are suffer'd to be thus, down all
Authority, Pre-eminence, Degree, and Virtue;
Let *Rome* be never mention'd; no, i' th' Name
Of all the Gods, be she forgotten ever!
Effeminate *Persians*, and the *Lydian* Softness,
Make all your Fights: *Marcian* shall out no more:
For, by my Arms, it makes a Woman of me,
And my swol'n Eyes run o'er, to think this Worth,
This fuller Honour than the whole Court holds,
Should be ridiculous to Knaves and Fools:
Should starve for Want of what is necessary
To Life's Convenience: When luxurious Bawds
Are so o'ergrown with Fat, and cramm'd with Riot,
That they can hardly walk without an Engine.

Pulch. Why did you not inform the Emperor?

Marc. Because he will not hear me! Alas, good Man,
He flies from this bad World; and still when Wars
And Dangers come, he runs to his Devotions,
To your new Thing, I know not what you call it,
Which *Constantine* began.

Pulch. How, *Marcian*! are not you
Of that Religion which the Emp'rour owns?

Marc. No, Madam; if you'll see my naked Thought,
I am not of their Principle, that take

28 THEODOSIUS: Or

A Wrong; so far from bearing with a Foe,
I would strike first, like old *Rome*; I wou'd forth,
Elbow the neighbouring Nations round about,
Invade, enlarge my Empire to the Bounds
Of the too narrow Universe. Yes, I own
That I despise your holy Innovations.
I'm for the *Roman* Gods, for Fun'ral Piles,
For mounting Eagles, and the fancy'd Greatness
Of our Forefathers. Methinks my heated Spirit
Cou'd utter Things worth losing of my Head.

Pulch. Speak freely, *Marcian*; for I know thee honest.

Marc. Oh, Madam! long, long may the Emp'ror live!
But, I must say, his gentle Disposition
Suits not, alas! the Oriental Sway:
Bid him but look on *Pharamond*: Oh Gods!
Awake him with the Image of that Spirit,
Which, like a Pyramid revers'd, is grown
Ev'n from a Point to the most dreadful Greatness:
His very Name already shakes the World;
And still in Person heading his first Squadrons,
Like the first *Cæsar* o'er the hardy *Gauls*,
He seemes another Thunder-bolt of War.

Pulch. I oft have blam'd my Brother most for this,
That to my Hand he leaves the State-Affairs:
And how that sounds, you know——

Marc. Forgive me, Madam;
I think that all the Greatness of your Sex,
Rome's Clelia, and the fam'd *Semiramis*,
With all the *Amazonian* Valour too,
Meet in *Pulcheria*: Yet, I say, forgive me,
If with Reluctance I behold a Woman
Sit at the Empire's Helm, and steer the World.

Pulch. I stand rebuk'd——

Marc. Mark but the growing *French*,
The most auspicious Omen of their Greatness,
That I can guess, is their late *Salique* Law,
Bless'd by their Priests, their *Salii*, and pronounc'd
To stand for ever; which excludes all Women
From the Imperial Crown: But, Oh! I speak
The least of all those infinite Grievances,

Which

Which make the Subjects murmur : In the Army,
Tho' I proceeded still like *Hannibal*,
And punish'd ev'ry Mutineer with Death;
Yet, Oh ! it stabbed me through and through the Soul
'To pass the Wretches Doom, because I knew
With Justice they complain'd ; for hard they fought,
And with their Blood earn'd that forbidden Bread,
Which some at Court, and great ones, though un-nam'd,
Cast to their Hounds, while the poor Soldiers starv'd —

Pulch. Your Pity too, in mournful Fellowship,
No doubt might sooth their Murmurs.

Marc. Yes, it did.

That I might put 'em once again in Heart,
I said 'twas true, the Emp'ror was to blame,
Who dealt too coldly with his faithful Servants,
And paid their great Arrears by Second hand :
I promis'd too, when we return'd to Court,
Things should be mended —

But how ! Oh Gods ! forgive my Blood this Transport!
To the eternal Shame of Female Counsels !

And to the Blast of *Theodosius*' Name,
Whom never warlike Chronicle shall mention !

Oh, let me speak it with a *Roman* Spirit,
We were received like undone Prodigals,
By curst ungrateful Stewards, with cold Looks,
Who yet got all by those poor Wretches Ruin ;
Like Malefactors, at the Hands of Justice.

I blush, I almost weep with bursting Rage !
If thus receiv'd, how paid our long Arrears !

Why, as entrusted Misers pay the Rights
Of helpless Widows, or the Orphans Tears.

Oh Soldier ! for to thee, to thee I speak it,
Bawds for the Drudgery of Citizens Wives,
Would better pay debilitated Stallions.

Madam, I've said perhaps too much : If so,
It matters not ; for he who lies, like me,
On the hard Ground, is sure to fall no further.

Pulch. I've given you patient Hearing honest *Marcian*,
And, as far as I can see into your Temper,

30 *THEODOSIUS: Or,*

I speak my serious Judgment in cold Blood,
With strictest Consultation on the Matter ;
I think, this seeming plain and honest *Marcian*
An exquisite and most notorious Traitor.

Marc. Ha! Traitor!

Pulch. Yes, a most notorious Traitor.

Marc. Your Grandfather, whose Frown could awe
the World,

Would not have call'd me so — or if he had —

Pulch. You would have taken it—But to the Bus'ness ;
Was't not enough, Oh Heav'n ! thou know'it too much !
At first to own yourself an Infidel,
A bold Contemner, ev'n to Blasphemy,
Of that Religion which we all profess ;
For which your Heart's best Blood can ne'er suffice ;
But you must dare, with a seditious Army,
Thus to conspire against the Emperor !
I mention not your Impudence to me,
'Taxing the Folly of my Government
Ev'n to my Face ; such an Irreverence,
As sure no barb'rous *Vandal* would have urg'd ;
Beside your libelling all the Court, as if
You had engross'd the whole World's Honesty ;
And Flatt'ers, Fools, and Sycophants, and Knaves,
Such was your Language, did inhabit here.

Marc. You wrest my honest Meaning, by the Gods !
You do ; and if you thus go on, I feel
My struggling Spirit will no longer bear it.

Pulch. I thought the Meaning of all rational Men
Should still be gather'd out of their Discourse :
Nor are you so imprudent, without thinking,
To vent such Words, tho' now you fain would hide it.
You find the Guilt, and balk the Accusation :
But think not you shall 'scape so easily.
Once more I do confront you, as a Traitor ;
And, as I am entrusted with full Pow'r,
Divest you, in the Name of *Theodosius*,
Of all your Offices, Commissions, Honours ;
Command you leave the Court within three Days,
Loyal, plain-dealing, honest *Marcian*.

Marc.

Marc. Gods! Gods!

Pulch. What now! ha! does the 'Traitor murmur?
If in three Days; mark me, 'tis I that doom thee;
Rash inconsiderable Man, a Wretch beneath
The 'Torments I could execute upon thee;
If after three Days Space thou'rt found in Court,
Thou dy'st; thy Head, thy Head shall pay the Forfeit.
Farewel; now rage, now rail, and curse the Court;
Saucily dare t' abuse the best of Princes,
And let thy lawless Tongue lash all it can;
Do like a Madman rave; deplore thy Fortune,
While Pages laugh at thee. Then haste to th' Army,
Grow popular, and lead the Multitude;
Preach up thy Wrongs, and drive the giddy Beast
To kick at *Cæsar*. Nay, If thou weep'st, I'm gone.
On *Julia*! if I stay, I shall weep too.

Yet 'tis but just, that I the Heart should see
Of him who once must lord it over me.

[Exit Pulch. &c.]

Luc. Why do you droop, Sir—Come no more o'this:
You are, and shall be, still our General;
Say but the Word, I'll fill the *Hippodrome*
With Squadrons that shall make the Emp'ror tremble:
We'll firee the Court about his Ears.
Methinks, like *Junius Brutus*, I have watch'd
An Opportunity, and now it comes:
Few Words and I are Friends; but, noble *Marcian*,
If yet thou art not more than General,
Ere Dead of Night, say *Lucius* is a Coward.

Marc. I charge thee in the Name of all the Gods,
Come back: I charge thee by the Name of Friend.
All's well, and I rejoice I am no Gen'ral.
But hush! within three Days we must be gone:
And then, my Friend, farewell to Ceremony.
We'll fly to some far distant lonely Village,
Forget our former State, and breed with Slaves:
Sweat in the Eye of Day, and when Night comes,
With Bodies coarsely filled, and vacant Souls,
Sleep like the labour'd Hinds, and never think!
For if I think again, I shall go mad.

32 THEODOSIUS: Or

Enter Leontine and Athenais, &c.

Therefore no Thought. But see, we're interrupted.
Oh Court! Oh Emperor! yet let Death threaten,
I'll find a Time. Till then be still my Soul —
No Gen'ral now! a Member of thy Country,
But most corrupt; therefore to be cut off,
Loyal, plain-dealing, honest *Marcian*!
A Slave, a Traitor, Oh y' eternal Gods! [*Exeunt.*

Leont. So, *Athenais*, now our Compliment
To the young *Persian* Prince is at an End:
What then remains, but that we take our Leave,
And bid him everlastingly farewell?

Athen. My Lord!

Leon. I say that Decency requires
We should be gone; nor, can you stay with Honour.

Athen. Most true, my Lord.

Leont. The Court is now at Peace,
The Emp'r's Sisters are retir'd for ever.
And he himself compos'd: What hinders then,
But that we bid adieu to Prince *Varanes*?

Athen. Ah, Sir, why will you break my Heart?

Leont. I would not.

Thou art the only Comfort of my Age:
Like an old Tree I stand amongst the Storms;
Thou art the only Limb that I have left me; [*She kneels.*
My dear green Branch! And how I prize thee, Child,
Heav'n only knows! Why dost thou kneel and weep?

Athen. Because you are so good, and will, I hope,
Forgive my Fault, who first occasion'd it.

Leont. I charg'd thee to receive and hear the Prince.

Athen. You did, and, O my Lord! I heard too much;
Too much I fear for my eternal Quiet.

Leont. Rise, *Athenais*! credit him who bears
More Years than thou: *Varanes* has deceiv'd thee.

Athen. How do we differ then? You judge the Prince
Impious and base; while I take Heav'n to witness,
I think him the most virtuous of Men:

Therefore take Heed, my Lord, how you accuse him
Before

Before you make the Trial. Alas ! *Varanes*,
If thou art false, there's no such Thing on Earth
As solid Goodness, or substantial Honour.
A thousand Times, my Lord, he has sworn to give me
(And I believe his Oaths) his Crown and Empire,
That Day I make him Master of my Heart.

Leont. That Day he'll make thee Mistress of his Power,
Which carries a foul Name among the Vulgar.
No, *Athenais*, let me see thee dead,
Borne a pale Corpse, and gently laid in Earth;
So I may say, she's chaste, and dy'd a Virgin,
Rather than view thee with these wounded Eyes
Seated upon the Throne of *Isdigerdes*,
The Blat of common Tongues, the Nobles Scorn,
The Fathers Curse; that is, the Prince's Whore.

Athen. Oh horrid Supposition ! how I detest it !
Be Witness Heav'n, that sees my secret Thoughts !
Have I for this, my Lord, been taught by you
The nicest Justice, and severest Virtue :
To fear no Death, to know the End of Life,
And with long Search discern the highest Good ?
No, *Athenais* ! when the Day beholds thee
So scandalously rais'd, Pride cast thee down,
The Scorn of Honour and the People's Prey !
No, cruel *Leontine*, not to redeem
That aged Head from the descending Axe,
Not tho' I saw thy trembling Body rack'd,
Thy Wrinkles all about thee fill'd with Blood,
Would I for Empire, to the Man I love,
Be made the Object of unlawful Pleasure.

Leont. Oh, greatly said? And, by the Blood which
warms me,
Which runs as rich as any *Athens* holds!
It would improve the Virtue of the World,
If ev'ry Day a thousand Votaries,
And thousand Virgins, came from far to hear thee!

Alben. Look down, ye Pow'rs ; take Notice, we obey
The rigid Principles ye have infus'd ;
Yet, Oh, my noble Father, to convince you,
Since you will have it so, propose a Marriage:

34 THEODOSIUS: Or,

Tho' with the I hought I'm cover'd o'er with Blushes:
Not that I doubt the Prince; that were to doubt
The Heav'ns themselves. I know he is all Truth:
But Modesty —————

The Virgin's troublesome and constant Guest,
That, that alone forbids —————

Leont. I wish to Heav'n
There prove no greater Bar to my Belief.
Behold the Prince. I will retire awhile,
And, when Occasion calls, come to thy Aid. [*Ex. Leon.*]

Enter Varanes and Arantes.

Vara. To fix her on the Throne, to me seems little.
Were I a God, yet would I raise her higher;
This is the Nature of thy Prince. But Oh!
As to the World, thy Judgment soars above me,
And I am dar'd, with this Gigantic Honour;
Glory forbids her Prospect to a Crown;
Nor must she gaze that Way: My haughty Soul,
That Day when she ascends the Throne of Cyrus,
Will leave my Body pale, and to the Stars
Retire in Blushes, and quite lost for ever.

Aran. What do you purpose then?

Vara. I know not what;
But, see, she comes, the Glory of my Arms,
The only Bus'ness of my instant Thought,
My Soul's best Joy, and all my true Repose.
I swear I cannot bear these strange Desires,
These strong Impulses, which will shortly leave me
Dead at thy Feet —————

Athen. What have you found, my Lord,
In me so harsh or cruel, that you fear
To speak your Grievs?

Vara. First let me kneel and swear,
And on thy Hand seal my religious Vow;
Strait let the Breath of Gods blow me from Farth,
Swept from the Book of Fame, forgotten ever,
If I prefer thee not, O *Athenais*,
To all the *Persian* Greatness!

Athen.

Athen. I believe you :
For I have heard you swear as much before.

Vara. Hast thou ? Oh, why did I swear again ?
But that my Love knew nothing worthier of thee,
And could no better Way exprefs my Passion.

Athen. O rife, my Lord ———

Vara. I will do every Thing
Which *Athenais* bids : If there be more
In Nature to convince thee of my Love,
Whisper it, Oh some God, into my Ear ;
And on her Breasts thus to her lift'ning Soul
I'll breathe the Inspiration. Wilt thou not speak ?
What ! but one Sigh, no more ! can that suffice
For all my vast Expence of prodigal Love ?
Oh *Athenais*, what shall I fay or do,
To gain the 'Thing I wish ?

Athen. What's that, my Lord ?

Vara. Thus to approach thee still ; thus to behold
Yet there is more ——— [thee --

Athen. My Lord, I dare not hear you.

Vara. Why dost thou frown at what thou dost not
know ?

'Tis an Imagination which ne'er pierc'd thee ;
Yet as 'tis ravishing, 'tis full of Honour

Athen. I must not doubt you, Sir : But, Oh, I tremble,
To think, if *Isdigerdes* should behold you,
Should hear you thus protesting to a Maid
Of no Degree, but Virtue, in the World ———

Vara. No more of this, no more ; for I disdain
All Pomp, when thou art by : Far be the Noise
Of Kings and Courts from us, whose gentle Souls
Our kinder Stars have steer'd another Way !
Free as the Forest-Birds, we'll pair together,
Without rememb'ring who our Fathers were ;
Fly to the Arbours, Grotts, and flow'ry Meads,
And in soft Murmurs interchange our Souls ;
Together drink the Crystal of the Stream,
Or taste the yellow Fruit which Autumn yields ;
And, when the golden Ev'ning calls us Home,
Wing to our downy Nest, and sleep till Morn.

Athen.

36 THEODOSIUS: Or,

Athen. Ah Prince! no more, Forbear, Forbear, to charm me,

Since I am doom'd to leave you, Sir, for ever.

Vara. Hold, *Athenais* ———

Athen. I know your royal Temper,
And that high Honour reigns within your Breast,
Which would disdain to waste so many Hours
With one of humble Blood compar'd to you;
Unless strong Passion sway'd your Thoughts to love her.
Therefore receive, O Prince! and take it kindly,
For none on Earth but you could win it from me,
Receive the Gift of my eternal Love;
'Tis all I can bestow, nor is it little;
For sure a Heart so coldly chaste as mine,
No Charms but yours, my Lord, could e'er have warm'd!

Vara. Well have you made Amends by this last Comfort,

For the cold Dart you shot at me before,
For this last Goodness, Oh, my *Athenais*!
(For now methinks, I ought to call you Mine!)
I empty all my Soul in Thanks before you:
Yet oh! one Fear remains; like Death it chills me;
Why my relenting Love did talk of parting!

Athen. Look there, and cease your Wonder: I have sworn

T'obey my Father; and he calls me hence ———

Enter Leontine.

Vara. Ha, *Leontine*! by which of all my Actions
Have I so deeply injur'd thee, to merit
The smartest Wound Revenge could form to end me?

Leont. Answer me now, O Prince! for Virtue prompts me,

And Honesty will dally now no longer,
What can the End of all this Passion be?
Glory requires this strict Account, and asks
What you intend at last to *Athenais*?

Vara. How, *Leontine*!

Leont.

Leont. You saw her, Sir, at *Athens*; said you lov'd her.
I charg'd her humbly to receive the Honour,
And hear your Passion. Has she not, Sir, obey'd me?

Vara. She has, I thank the Gods; but whether
would'st thou?

Leont. Having resolv'd to visit *Theodosius*.
You swore you would not go without my Daughter;
Whereon I gave Command, that she should follow.

Vara. Yes, *Leontine*, my old Remembrancer,
Most learn'd of all Philosophers, you did.

Leont. Thus long she has attended; you have seen
her,

Sounded her Virtues, and her Imperfections;
Therefore, dread Sir, forgive this bolder Charge
Which Honour sounds; and now let me demand you—

Vara. Now help, *Aranthes*, or I'm dash'd for ever.

Aran. Whatever happens, Sir, disdain the Marriage.

Leont. Can your high Thoughts so far forget them-
selves,

T'admit this humble Virgin for your Bride?

Vara. Ha!

Athen. He blushes, Gods! and stammers at the
Question.

Leont. Why do you walk, and chafe yourself, my
The Business is not much. [Lord?

Vara. How, *Leontine*!

Not much! I know that she deserves a Crown;
Yet 'tis to Reason much, tho' not to Love.

And sure the World would blush to see the Daughter
Of a Philosopher on the Throne of *Cyrus*.

Athen. Undone for ever!

Leon. Is this your Answer, Sir?

Vara. Why dost thou urge me thus, and push me to
The very Brink of Glory? Where, alas!

I look, and tremble at the vast Descent:

Yet even there, to the vast Bottom, down

My rash Adventurer Love would have me leap,

And grasp my *Athenais* with my Ruin.

Leont. 'Tis well, my Lord —————

Vara.

38 THEODOSIUS: Or,

Vara. Why dost thou then provoke me?
I thought that *Persia's* Court had Store of Honour
To satisfy the Height of thy Ambition.
Besides, old, my Love is too well grown,
To want a Tutor for his good Behaviour:
What he will do him, he will do of himself,
And not be taught by you —————

Leont. I know he will not!
Fond Tears, away! I know, I know he will not;
But he would buy, with his old Man's Preferment,
My Daughter for your Whore.

Vara. Away, I say! my Soul disdains the Motion!

Leont. The Motion of a Marriage; yes, I see it:
Your angry Looks, and haughty Words, betray it:
I found it at the first. I thank you, Sir,
You have at last rewarded your old Tutor
For all his Cares, his Watchings, Services.
Yet, let me tell you, Sir, this humble Maid,
This Daughter of a poor Philosopher,
Shall, if she please, be seated on a Throne
As high as that of the immortal *Cyrus*.

Vara. I think that Age, and deep Philosophy,
Have crack'd thy Brain: Farewell, old *Leontine*;
Retire to rest; and when this brawling Humour
Is rock'd asleep, I'll meet my *Athenais*,
And clear the Accounts of Love, which thou hast blot-
ted. [Exit.

Leont. Old *Leontine*! perhaps I'm mad indeed.
But hold my Heart, and let that solid Virtue,
Which I so long ador'd, still keep the Reins.
O *Athenais*! But I will not chide thee:
Fate is in all our Actions; and methinks,
At least a Father judges so, it has
Rebuk'd thee smartly for thy Easiness:
There is a Kind of mournful Eloquence
In thy dumb Grief, which shames all clam'rous Sorrow.

Athen. Alas! my Breast is full of Death! methinks
I fear ev'n you —————

Leont. Why shouldst thou fear thy Father?

Athen.

Athen. Because you have the Figure of a Man !
Is there, O speak, a Possibility
To be forgiv'n ?

Leont. Thy Father does forgive thee,
And Honour will ; but on this hard Condition,
Never to see him more —————

Athen. See him ! Oh Heavens !

Leont. Unless it be, my Daughter, to upbraid him :
Not tho' he should repent, and strait return,
Nay, proffer thee his Crown — No more of that.
Honour too cries, revenge, revenge thy Wrongs,
Revenge thyself, revenge thy injured Father.
For 'tis Revenge so wise, so glorious too,
As all the World shall praise —————

Athen. Oh, give me Leave ;
For yet I am all Tenderness : The Woman,
The weak, the mild, the fond, the coward Woman,
Dares not look forth ; but runs about my Breast,
And visits all the warmer Mansions there,
Where she so oft has harbour'd false *Varanes*,
Cruel *Varanes* ! false forsworn *Varanes* !

Leont. Is this forgetting him ? Is this the Course
Which Honour bids thee take ?

Athen. Ah, Sir, allow
A little Time for Love to make his Way :
Hardly he won the Place, and many Sighs,
And many Tears, and thousand Oaths it cost him.
And Oh ! I find he will not be dislodg'd
Without a Groan at parting hence for ever.
No, no ! he vows he will not yet be rais'd
Without whole Floods of Grief at his Farewell,
Which thus I sacrifice : And Oh ! I swear,
Had he prov'd true, I would as easily
Have empty'd all my Blood, and dy'd to serve him,
As now I shed these Drops, or vent these Sighs,
To shew how well, how perfectly I lye'd him.

Leont. No Woman sure, but thou, so low in Fortune,
Therefore the Nobler is thy fair Example,
Would thus have griev'd, because a Prince ador'd her ;
Nor will it be believ'd in After-times,

That

40 THEODOSIUS: Or,

That there was ever such a Maid in being :
Yet do I still advise, preserve thy Virtue ;
And since he does disdain thee for his Bride,
Scorn thou to be —————

Athen. Hold, Sir, oh ! hold, forbear :
For my nice Soul abhors the very Sound ;
Yet with the Shame of that, and the Desire
Of an immortal Name, I am inspir'd !
All kinder Thoughts are fled for ever from me ;
All Tenderness, as if I ne'er had lov'd,
Has left my Bosom colder than the Grave.

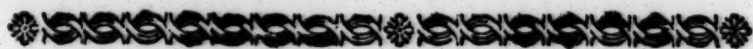
Leont. Oh, *Athenais* ! on ; 'tis bright before thee,
Pursue the Track, and thou shalt be a Star.

Athen. Oh, *Leontine*, I swear, my noble Father,
That I will starve, e'er once forego my Virtue :
And thus let's join to contradict the World :
That Empire could not tempt a poor old Man
To sell his Prince the Honour of his Daughter :
And she too match'd the Spirit of her Father ;
Tho' humbly born, and yet more humbly bred,
She for her Fame refus'd a Royal Bed ;
Who, tho' she lov'd, yet did put off the Hour,
Nor could her Virtue be betray'd by Pow'r.
“ Patterns like these will guilty Courts improve,
“ And teach the Fair to blush at conscious Love :
“ Then let all Maids for Honour come in view,
“ If any Maid can more for Glory do.

Exeunt.



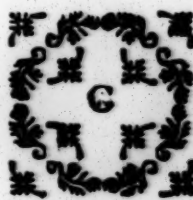
ACT



ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Varanes and Arantes.

VARANES.

OME to my Arms, my faithful, dear
Arantes,
Soft Counsellor, Companion of my Youth.
If I had longer been alone, most sure,
With the Distraction that surrounds my
Heart,

My Hand would have rebell'd against his Master,
And done a Murder here.

Arantb. The Gods forbid.

Vara. I swear, I press thee with an hearty Joy,
As ever fearful Bride embrac'd her Man,
When from a Dream of Death she wak'd, and found
Her Lover safe, and sleeping by her Side.

Arantb. The Cause, my Lord?

Vara. Early thou know'st last Night I went to rest:
But long, my Friend, e'er Slumber clos'd my Eyes,
Long was the Combat fought. 'twixt Love and Glory;
The Fever of my Passion burnt me up;
My Pangs grew stronger, and my Rack was doubled;
My Bed was all afloat with the cold Drops,
That mortal Pain wrang from my lab'ring Limbs;
My Groans more deep than others dying Gasps;
Therefore, I charge thee, haste to her Apartment;
I do conjure thee, tell her, tell her all
My Fears can urge, or Fondness can invent.
Tell her how I repent, say any Thing;
For any Thing I'll do to quench my Fires;
Say, I will marry her now on the Instant:
Say all that I would say; yet in the End
My Love shall make it more than Gods can utter.

Arantb.

42 THEODOSIUS: Or,

Aranth. My Lord, both *Leontine* and she are gone
From their Apartment _____

Vara. Ha ! gone, say'st thou ! whither ?

Aranth. That was my whole Employment all this
Day.

But, Sir, I grieve to speak it, they have left
No Tract behind for Care to find 'em out :
Nor, is it possible _____

Vara. It is, it shall ;
I'll struggle with Impossibilities,
To find my *Athenais* : Not the Walls
Of *Athens*, nor of *Thebes*, shall hide her from me.
I'll bring the Force of all my Father's Arms,
And lay 'em waste, but I'll redeem my Love.
Oh, *Leontine* ! morose old *Leontine* !
Thou mere Philosopher ! Oh, cruel Sage,
Who, for one hasty Word, one chol'ric Doubt,
Hast turn'd the Scale : Tho' in the sacred Balance
My Life, my Glory, and my Empire, hung !

Aranth. Most sure, my Lord, they are retir'd to *Athens*.
I will send Post To-night _____

Vara. No, no *Aranthes* :
Prepare my Chariots ; for I'll go in Person.
I swear, till now, till I began to fear
Some other might enjoy my *Athenais*,
I swear I did not know how much I lov'd her.
But let's away : I'll to the Emperor ;
Thou to the hasty Management of my Bus'ness :
Prepare ; To day I'll go, To-day I'll find her :
No more : I'll take my Leave of *Theodosius*,
And meet thee on the *Hippodrome*. Away :
Let the wild Hurry of thy Master's Love
Make quick thy Apprehension : Haste, and leave me.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

Pulcheria, Atticus, Leontine, Votaries leading Athenais in Procession after her Baptism, to be confirm'd.

Atticus sings.

*Oh Chrysoftom ! look down and see
An Off'ring worthy Heav'n and thee !
So rich the Victim, bright and fair,
That she on Earth appears a Star.*

*Chor. Eudofia is the Virgin's Name,
And After-Times shall sing her Fame.*

*Atticus Lead her, Votaries, lead her in :
sings. Her holy Birth does now begin.*

*1 Votary. In humble Weeds, but clean Array,
Your Hours shall sweetly pass away ;
And when the Rites Divine are past,
To pleasant Gardens you shall haste.*

*2 Votary. Where many a flow'ry Bed we have,
That Emblem still to each a Grave ;
And when within the Stream we look,
With Tears we use to swell the Brook :
But Oh, when in the liquid Glass
Our Heav'n appears, we sigh to pass !*

*Chor. For Heav'n alone we are design'd ;
And all Things bring our Heav'n to Mind.*

*Athen. O Princess ! O most worthy of the World,
That is submitted by its Emperor [Kneels.
To your most wise and providential Sway !
What Greek or Roman Eloquence can paint
The Rapture and Devotion of my Soul !
I am adopted yours ; you are my Goddess,
That have new-form'd, new-moulded my Conceptions,
And by the Platform of a Work Divine,
New-fram'd, new-built me to your own Desires ;
Thrown all the Lumber of my Passions out,*

And

44 THEODOSIUS: Or,

And made my Heart a Mansion of Perfection ;
Clean as an Anchorite's Grot, or Vor'ry's Cell,
And spotless as the Glories of his Steps,
Whom we far off adore !

Pulch. Rise, *Eudofia*,

And let me fold my Christian in my Arms :
With this dear Pledge of an eternal Love,
I seal thee, O *Eudofia* ! mine for ever,
Accept blest Charge, the Vows of my Affection :
For, by the sacred Friendship that I give thee,
I think that Heav'n by Miracle did send thee,
To ease my Cares, to help me in my Counsels,
To be my Sister, Partner in my Bed ;
And equally, thro' my whole Course of Life,
To be the better Part of thy *Pulcheria*,
And share my Griefs and Joys.

Athen. No, Madam, no ;

Excuse the Cares that this sad Wretch must bring you ;
Oh, rather let me leave the World for ever :
Or, if I must partake your Royal Secrets,
If you resolve to load me with such Honour,
Let it be far from Cities, far from Courts,
Where I may fly all human Conversation ;
Where I may never see, nor hear, nor name,
Nor think, nor dream, O Heav'n ! if possible,
Of Mankind more.

Pulch. What now ! in Tears, *Eudofia* ?

Athen. Far from the Guilt of Palaces, oh send me !
Drive me, oh drive me from the Traitor Man !
So I might 'scape that Monster, let me dwell
In Lions Haunts, or in some Tiger's Den ;
Place me on some steep, craggy, ruin'd Rock,
That bellies out, just dropping in the Ocean ;
Bury me in the Hollow of its Womb,
Where, starving on my cold and flinty Bed,
I may from far, with giddy Apprehension,
See infinite Fathoms down the rumbling Deep,
Yet not ev'n there, in that vast Whirl of Death,
Can there be found so terrible a Ruin
As Man, false Man, smiling destructive Man.

Pulch.

Pulch. Then thou hast lov'd, *Eudossia*, Oh, my Sister!
Still nearer to my Heart, so much the dearer :
Because our Fates are like, and Hand in Hand
Our Fortunes lead us thro' the Maze of Life :
I'm glad that thou hast lov'd ; nay, lov'd with Danger ;
Since thou hast 'scap'd the Ruin—Methinks it lightens
The Weight of my Calamities, that thou
(In all Things else so perfect and divine)
Art yet akin to my Infirmary,
And bear'st thy Part in Love's melodious Ill :
Love, that, like Bane perfum'd, infects the Mind ;
That sad Delight that charms all Womankind.

Athen. Yes, Madam, I confess that Love has charm'd
me,
But never shall again. No, I renounce him ;
Inspire me all the Wrongs of abus'd Women,
All you that have been cozen'd by false Men ;
See what a strict Example I will make :
But for the Perjuries of one I will revenge ye
For all that's past, that's present, and to come.

Pulch. Oh, thou far more than the most masculine
Virtue!

Where, our *Astrea* ! where, oh, drowning Brightness,
Where hast thou been so long ? Let me again
Protest my Admiration, and my Love ;
Let me declare aloud, while thou art here,
While such clear Virtue shines within our Circle,
Vice shall no more appear within the Palace,
But hide her dazled Eyes, and this be call'd
The holy Court : But, lo ! the Emp'ror comes.

Enter Theodosius and Attendants.

Beauty, like thine, may drive that Form away,
That has so long entranc'd his Soul — My Lord —

Theod. If yet, alas ! I might but hope to see her ;
But, Oh, forgive me, Heav'n, this wilder Start,
That thus would reach Impossibility :
No, no, I never must behold her more ;

46 THEODOSIUS: Or,

As well my *Atticus* might raise the Dead,
As *Leontine* should charm that Form in View.

Pulch. My Lord, I come to give your Grief a Cure,
With purer Flames to draw that cruel Fire
That tortur'd you so long — Behold this Virgin —
The Daughter of your Tutor *Leontine*.

Theod. Ha!

Pulch. She is your Sister's Charge, and made a
Christian;

And *Athenais* is *Eudisia* now.

Be sure a fairer never grac'd Religion,
And for her Virtue she transcends Example.

Theod. O all ye Blest above, how can this be?
Am I awake? Or is this possible? [*Athen. kneels.*]

Pulch. She kneels, my Lord: Will you not go and
raise her?

Theod. Nay, do thou raise her; for I'm rooted here:
Yet if laborious Love and Melancholy
Have not o'ercome me, and quite turn'd me mad,
It must be she, that naked dazzling Sweetness!
The very Figure of that Morning Star,
That dropping Peals, and shedding dewy Beams,
Fled from the greedy Waves when I approach'd;
Answer me, *Leontine*; am I distracted?
Or is this true? By thee in all Encounters
I will be rul'd, in Temperance and Wildness:
When Reason clashes with Extravagance;
But speak —

Leont. 'Tis true, my Lord; this is my Daughter,
Whom I conceal'd in *Persia* from all Eyes
But yours, when Chance directed you that Way.

Theod. He says 'tis true: Why then this heartless
Carriage?

Oh, were I Proof against the Darts of Love,
And cold to Beauty, as the Marble Lover
That lies, without a Thought, upon his Tomb;
Would not this glorious Dawn of Life run thro' me,
And waken Death itself? — Why am I slow then?
What hinders now, but that in Spite of Rules

I burst thro' all the Bands of Death that hold me, [He
And fly with such a Haste to that Appearance, *kneels.*
As bury'd Saints shall make at the last Summons ?

Athen. The Emp'ror at my Feet ! O Sir ! forgive me ;
Drown me not thus with everlasting Shame.
Both Heaven and Earth must blush at such a View :
Nor can I bear it longer —————

Leon. My Lord, she is unworthy —————

Theod. Ha ! what say'st thou, *Leontine* !
Unworthy ! O thou Atheist to Perfection !
All that the blooming Earth could send forth fair ;
All that the gaudy Heav'ns could drop down glorious !
Unworthy say'st thou ! Wert thou not her Father,
I swear I would revenge—But haste, and tell me ;
For Love like mine will bear no second Thought ;
Can all the Honours of the Orient,
Thus sacrific'd with the most pure Affection,
With spotless Thoughts, and languishing Desires,
Obtain, O *Leontine*, (the Crown at last)
To thee I speak, thy Daughter to my Bride ?

Leon. My Lord, the Honour bears such Estimation,
It calls the Blood into my aged Cheeks,
And quite o'erwhelms my Daughter with Confusion ;
Who, with her Body prostrate on the Earth,
Ought to adore you for the proffer'd Glory.

Theod. Let me embrace and thank thee, O kind
Heav'n !

O *Atticus* ! *Pulcheria* ! O my Father !
Was ever Change like mine ? Run thro' the Streets ;
Who waits there ? Run, and, loud as Fame can speak,
With Trumpet Sounds proclaim your Emp'ror's Joy,
And as of old, on the great Festival
Of her they call the Mother of the Gods,
Let all Work cease ; at least, an oaken Garland
Crown each *Plebeian* Head : Let sprightly Bowls
Be dol'd about, and the tois'd Cymbals sound :
Tell them, their much lamented *Theodosius*
By Miracle is brought from Death to Life ;
His Melancholy's gone, and now once more
He shall appear at the State's Helm again ;

Nor

48 THEODOSIUS: Or,

Nor fear a Wreck, while this bright Star directs us ;
For while she shines, no Sands, no scouring Rocks
Shall lie unseen, but I will cut my Way,
Secure as *Neptune*, thro' the highest Stream,
And to the Port in Safety steer the World.

Athen. Alas, my Lord, consider my Extraction,
With all my other Wants —

Theo. Peace, Empress, Peace !
No more the Daughter of old *Leontine* ;
A Christian now, and Partner of the East.

Athen. My Father has dispos'd me, you command me ;
What can I answer then, but my Obedience ?

Theo. Attend her, dear *Pulcheria* ; and, oh tell her,
To-morrow, if she please, I will be happy : [*Ex. Pulch.*
O why so long should I my Joys delay ?
Time imp thy Wings, let not thy Minutes stay,
But to a Moment change the tedious Day. }
The Day ! 'twill be an Age before To-morrow :
An Age, a Death, a vast Eternity,
Where we shall cold, and past Enjoyment, lie.

Enter Varanes and Arantes.

Vara. O *Theodosius* !

Theo. Ha ! my Brother here !
Why dost thou come to make my Bliss run o'er ?
What is there more to wish ? Fortune can find
No Flaw in such a Glut of Happiness,
To let one Mis'ry in — O, my *Varanes* !
Thou that of late did'st seem to walk on Clouds,
Now give a Loose, let go the slacken'd Reigns,
Let us drive down the Precip'ice of Joy
As if that all the Winds of Heav'n were for us.

Vara. My Lord, I'm glad to find the Gale is turn'd ;
And give you Joy of this auspicious Fortune.
Plough on your Way, with all your Streamers out ;
With all your glorious Flags and Streamers ride
Triumphant on — And leave me to the Waves,
The Sands, the Winds, the Rocks, the sure Destruction
And ready Gulphs that gape to swallow me.

Theo.

Theo. It was thy Hand that drew me from the Grave,
Who had been dead by this 'Time to Ambition,
To Crowns, to Titles, and my slighted Greatness.
But still, as if each Work of thine deserv'd
The Smile of Heav'n ——— Thy *Theodosius* met
With something dearer than his Diadem,
With all that's worth a Wish, that's worth a Life ;
I met with that which made me leave the World.

Vara. And I, O Turn of Chance ! O cursed Fortune !
Have lost at once all that could make me happy.
O ye too partial Pow'rs ! But now no more :
The Gods, my dear, my most lov'd *Theodosius*,
Double all those Joys, that thou hast met, upon thee !
For sure thou art most worthy, worthy more
Than *Jove* in all his Prodigality
Can e'er bestow in Blessings on Mankind !
And Oh, methinks my Soul is strangely mov'd,
Takes it the more unkindly of her Stars,
That thou and I cannot be blest together :
For I must leave thee, Friend ! this Night must leave
thee,

To go in doubtful Search of what perhaps
I ne'er shall find ; if so my cruel Fate
Has order'd it : Why then farewell for ever ;
For I shall never, never see thee more.

Theo. How sensible my tender Soul is grown
Of what you utter ! O my gallant Friend !
O Brother, O *Varanes* ! do not judge
By what I speak, for Sighs will interrupt me :
Judge by my Tears, judge by these strict Embraces,
And by my last Resolve : Tho' I have met
With what in Silence I so long adored ;
Tho', in the Rapture of protesting Joys,
I had set down To-morrow for my Nuptials ;
And *Atticus* To-night prepares the Temple ;
Yet, my *Varanes*, I will rob my Soul
Of all her Health, of my Imperial Bride,
And wander with thee in the Search of that
On which thy Life depends ———

C

Vara.

50 THEODOSIUS: Or

Vara. If this I suffer,
Conclude me then begotten of a Hind,
And bred in Wilds: No, *Theodosius*, no;
I charge thee by our Friendship, and conjure thee
By all the Gods, to mention this no more:
Perhaps, dear Friend, I shall be sooner here
Than you expect, or I myself imagine:
What most I grieve, is, that I cannot wait
To see your Nuptials: Yet my Soul is with you,
And all my Adorations to your Bride.

Theo. What, my *Varanes*! will you be so cruel
As not to see my Bride before you go?
Or are you angry at your Rival's Charms,
Who has already ravish'd half my Heart,
That once was all your own?

Vara. You know I am disorder'd!
My Melancholy will not suit her blest Condition.

[Exit Theo.]

And the Gods know, since thou, my *Athenais*,
Art fled from these sick Eyes, all other Women
To my pall'd Soul seem like the Ghost of Beauty,
And haunt my Mem'ry with the Loss of thee.

Enter Athenais, Theodosius leading her.

Theo. Behold, my Lord, th' Occasion of my Joy.

Vara. O ye immortal Gods! *Arantbes*! Oh!
Look there, and wonder: Ha! is't possible?

Athen. My Lord, the Emp'rour says you are his Friend,
He charges me to use my Interest,
And beg of you to stay, at least so long
As our Espousals will be solemnizing.
I told him I was honour'd once to know you;
But that so slightly, as I could not warrant
The Grant of any Thing that I should ask you——

Vara. O Heaven and Earth! O *Athenais*! why,
Why dost thou use me thus? Had I the World,
Thou know'st it should be thine——

Athen. I know not that——
But yet to make sure Work, one Half of it

Is mine, already, Sir, without your giving.
My Lord, the Prince is obstinate, his Glory
Scorns to be mov'd by the weak Breath of Woman:
He is all Hero, bent for higher Game.

Therefore, 'tis noble, Sir, to let him go:
If not for him, my Lord, yet for myself,

I must intreat the Favour to retire. [Ex. Athen. &c.

Vara. Death! and Despair! Confusion! Hell and
Furies! [Virtue!

Theo. Heav'n guard thy Health, and still preserve thy
What should this mean? I fear the Consequence?
For 'tis too plain they know each other well.

Vara. Undone! *Arantbes*! lost, undone for ever!

I see my Doom, I read it with broad Eyes,
As plain as if I saw the Book of Fate:
Yet I will muster all my Spirits up,
Digest my Grievs, swallow the rising Passions.
Yes, I will stand the Shock of all the Gods
Well as I can, and struggle for my Life.

[Leave

Theo. You muse, my Lord; and, if you'll give me
To judge your Thoughts, they seem employ'd at present
About my Bride: I guess you know her too.

Vara. His Bride! O Gods, give me a Moment's Pa-
I must confess the Sight of *Athenais*, [tience.
Where I so little did expect to see her,
So grac'd and so adorn'd, did raise my Wonder:
But what exceeds all Admiration, is,
That you should talk of making her your Bride;
'Tis such a blind Effect of monstrous Fortune,
That tho' I well remember you affirm'd it,
I cannot yet believe ———

Theo. Then now believe me:
By all the Pow'rs Divine, I will espouse her.

Vara. Ha! I shall leap the Bounds. Come, come,
my Lord;

By all these Pow'rs you nam'd, I say you must not.

Theo. I say, I will; and who shall bar my Pleasure?
Yet more, I speak the Judgement of my Soul,
Weigh but with Fortune Merit in the Balance,
And *Athenais* loses by the Marriage.

52 THEODOSIUS: Or,

Vara. Relentless Fates! malicious cruel Pow'rs!
O for what Crime do you thus rack your Creature?
Sir, I must tell you, this unkindly Meanness
Suits the Profession of an Anchorite well;
But in an Oriental Emperor
It gives Offence; nor can you, without Scandal,
Without the Notion of a grov'ling Spirit,
Espouse the Daughter of old *Leontine*,
Whose utmost Glory is t'have been my Tutor.

Theo. He has so well acquitted that Employment,
Breeding you up to such a gallant Height
Of full Perfection, and imperial Greatness,
That ev'n for this Respect, if for no other,
I will esteem him worthy while I live.

Vara. My Lord, you'll pardon me a little Freedom;
For I must boldly urge in such a Cause,
Who overflatters you, tho' ne'er so near
Related to your Blood, should be suspected.

Theo. If Friendship would admit a cold Suspicion
After what I have heard and seen To-day,
Of all Mankind I should suspect *Varanes*.

Vara. He has stung me to the Heart; my Groans will
Unless my struggling Passion gets a Vent. [choaks me
Out with it then ——— I can no more dissemble ———
Yes, yes, my Lord: Since you reduce me to
The last Necessity, I must confess it;
I must avow my Flame for *Athenais*;
I am all Fire, my Passion eats me up,
It grows incorp'rate with my Flesh and Blood:
My Pangs redouble; now they cleave my Heart!
O *Athenais*! O *Eudesia*! ——— oh ———
Tho' plain as Day I see my own Destruction,
Yet to my Death, and oh, let all the Gods
Bear witness! still I swear I will adore thee.

Theo. Alas! *Varanes*! Which of us two the Heav'ns
Have mark'd for Death, is yet above the Stars;
But, while we live, let us preserve our Friendship
Sacred and just, as we have ever done.
This only Mean in two such hard Extremes
Remains for both: To-morrow you must see her,

With

With all Advantage, in her own Apartment;
Take your own Time, say all you can to gain her;
If you can win her, lead her into *Persia*;
If not, consent that I espouse her here.

Vara. Still worse and worse! O *Theodosius*! oh!
I cannot speak for Sighs: My Death is seal'd
By this last Sweetness: Had you been less good,
I might have hop'd. But now my Doom's at Hand.
Go then, and take her, take her to the Temple:
The Gods too give you Joy! O *Athenais*!
Why does thy Image mock my foolish Sorrow?
O *Theodosius*, do not see my Tears:
Away, and leave me; leave me to the Grave.

Theo. Farwel; let's leave the Issue to the Heav'ns,
I will prepare your Way with all that Honour
Can urge in your Behalf, tho' to my Ruin. [*Ex. Theo.*]

Vara. O! I could tear my Limbs, and eat my Flesh!
Fool that I was, fond, proud, vain glorious Fool!
Damn'd be all Courts, and treble damn'd Ambition!
Blasted be thy Remembrance! Curses on thee!
And Plagues on Plagues fall on those Fools that seek
thee!

Aranth. Have Comfort, Sir ———

Vara. Away, and leave me, Villain!
Traitor, who wrought me first to my Destruction! —
Yet stay, and help, help me to curse my Pride,
Help me to wish that I had ne'er been Royal.
That I had never heard the Name of *Cyrus*,
That my first Brawl in Court had been my last.
O that I had been born some happy Swain,
And never known a Life so great, so vain!
Where I Extremes might not be forc'd to choose,
And, blest with some mean Wife, no Crown could lose;
Where the dear Partner of my little State,
With all her smiling Offspring at the Gate,
Blessing my Labours, might my coming wait:
Where in our humble Beds all safe might lie,
And not in cursed Courts for Glory die — [*Exeunt.*]

S O N G.

I

HA I L to the Myrtle Shade,
All hail to the Nymphs of the Fields!
Kings would not here invade
Those Pleasures that Virtue yields.
 Chor. *Beauty here opens her Arms,*
To soften the languishing Mind;
And Phyllis unlocks her Charms,
Ah Phyllis! oh why so kind?

II.

Phyllis, thou Soul of Love,
Thou Joy of the neighbouring Swains;
Phyllis that crowns the Grove,
And Phyllis that gilds the Plains;
 Chor. *Phyllis, that ne'er had the Skill*
To paint, to patch, and be fine;
Yet Phyllis, whose Eyes can kill,
Whom Nature hath made Divine;

III.

Phyllis, whose charming Song
Makes Labour and Pains a Delight;
Phyllis, that makes the Day young,
And shortens the live-long Night;
 Chor. *Phyllis, whose Lips like May,*
Still laugh at the Sweets they bring;
Where Love ne'er knows Decay,
But sets with eternal Spring.



ACT IV. SCENE 1.

Enter Marcian, and Lucius at a Distance.

MARCIAN.

THE Gen'ral of the Oriental Armies,
Was a Commission large as Fate could give.
'Tis gone. Why what care I? O Fortune,
Fortune!

Thou laughing Empress of this busy World!
Marcian defies thee now. ———

Why what a Thing is a discarded Favourite?
He who but now, tho' longing to retire,
Could not for busy Waiters be alone,
Throng'd in his Chamber, haunted to his Closet,
With a full Croud, and an eternal Court;
When once the Favour of his Prince is turn'd,
Shun'd as a Ghost, the clouded Man appears,
And all the gaudy Worshippers forsake him.
So fares it now with me: Where e'er I come,
As if I were another *Cataline*,
The Courtiers rise, and no Man will sit near me:
As if the Plague were on me, all Men fly me:
O *Lucius*! *Lucius*! if thou leav'it me too,
I think, I think, I could not bear it;
But, like a Slave, my Spirit, broke with Suff'ring,
Should on these coward Knees fall down, and beg
Once to be great again ———

Luc. Forbid it, He'ven!

That e'er the noble *Marcian* condescend
To ask of any, but th' immortal Gods!
Nay, I vow, if yet your Spirit dare,
Spite of the Court, you shall be great as *Cesar*.

Marc. No, *Lucius*, no; the Gods repel that Humour,
Yet since we are alone, and must ere long

56 THEODOSIUS: Or,

Leave this bad Court ; let us, like Veterans,
 Speak out—Thou say'st, alas ! as great as *Cæsar* :
 But where's his Greatness ? Where is his Ambition ?
 If any Sparks of Virtue yet remain
 In this poor Figure of the *Roman* Glory ;
 I say, if any be, how dim they shine,
 Compared with what his great Forefathers were !
 How should he lighten, then, or awe the World,
 Whose Soul in Courts is but a lambient Fire ;
 And scarce, O *Rome*, a Glow-worm in the Field ?
 Seft, young, religious ! God-like Qualities
 For one that should recover the lost Empire,
 And wade thro' Seas of Blood, and walk o'er Mountains
 Of slaughter'd Bodies ! to immortal Honour !

Luc. Poor Heart ! he pin'd awhile ago for Love.

Marc. And for his Mistress vow'd to leave the World ;
 But some new Chance, it seems, has chang'd his Mind.
 A Marriage ! but to whom, or whence she came,
 None knows ; but yet a Marriage is proclaim'd ;
 Pageants prepar'd ; the Arches are adorn'd ;
 The Statues crown'd ; the *Hippodrome* does groan
 Beneath the Burden of the mounted Warriors ;
 The Theatre is open'd too, where he
 And the hot *Persian* mean to act their Follies.
 Gods ! Gods ! Is this the Image of our *Cæsars* ?
 Is this the Image of our *Romulus* ?
 O why so poorly have you stamp'd *Rome's* Glory ?
 Not *Rome's*, but yours ! Is this Man fit to bear it ?
 This waxen Pourtraiture of Majesty !

Which every warmer Passion does melt down,
 And makes him fonder than a Woman's Longing !

Luc. Thus much I know, to the eternal Shame
 Of the Imperial Blood ; this upstart Empress,
 This fine new Queen, is sprung from abject Parents ;
 Nay, basely born ! But that's all one to him :
 He likes and loves, and therefore marries her.

Marc. Shall I not speak ? Shall I not tell him of it ?
 I feel this big-swoln throbbing *Roman* Spirit
 Will burst, unless I utter what I ought.

Enter

Enter Pulcheria with a Paper in her Hand, and Julia.

Marc. Pulcheria here ! why she's the Scourge of Marcian ;
I tremble too whenever she approaches ;
And my Heart dances an unusual Measure :
Spight of myself, I blush, and cannot stir,
While she is here—What, *Lucius*, can this mean ?
'Tis said *Calphurnia* had the Heart of *Cæsar* ;
Augustus doted on the subtle *Livia* :
Why then should I not worship that fair Angel ?
Oh didst thou mark her, when her Fury lighten'd ?
She seem'd all Goddesses ; nay her Frowns became her ;
There was a Beauty in her very Wildness.
Were I a Man born great as our first Founder,
Sprung from the Blood Divine.—But I am cast,
Beyond all Possibility of Hope—

Pulch. Come hither *Marcian* ! read this Paper o'er,
And mark the strange Neglect of *Theodosius* :
He signs whate'er I bring ; perhaps you've heard
To-morrow he intends to wed a Maid of *Athens*,
New-made a Christian, and new nam'd *Eudoxia* ;
Whom he more dearly prizes than his Empire :
Yet in this Paper he hath set his Hand,
And seal'd it too with the Imperial Signet,
That she shall lose her Head To-morrow Morning.

Marc. 'Tis not for me to judge ; yet this seems strange.

Pulch. I know he rather would commit a Murder
On his own Person, than permit a Vein
Of her to bleed ; yet, *Marcian*, what might follow,
If I were envious of this Virgin's Honour,
By his rash passing whatsoe'er I offer ———
Without a View ? Ha ! but I had forgot :
Julia, let's haste from this infectious Person ———
I had forgot that *Marcian* was a Traitor :
Yet, by the Pow'rs Divine, I swear 'tis pity,
That one so form'd by Nature for all Honour,
All Titles, Greatness, Dignities Imperial,
The noblest Person, and the bravest Courage,
Should not be honest ; *Julia*, is't not pity !

58 THEODOSIUS: Or,

O *Marcian*, *Marcian*! I could weep to think
Virtue should lose itself as thine has done.
Repent, rash Man, if yet 'tis not too late,
And mend thy Errors; so farewell for ever.

[*Ex. Pulch. Jul.*]

Marc. Farewell for ever! No, Madam, ere I go,
I am resolv'd to speak, and you shall hear me;
Then, if you please, take off this Traitor's Head;
End my Commission and my Life together.

Luc. Perhaps you'll laugh at what I'm going to say;
But by your Life, my Lord, I think 'tis true:
Pulcheria loves this Traitor! Did you mark her
At first she had forgot your Banishment;
Makes you her Counsellor, and tells her Secrets,
As to a Friend; nay, leaves them in your Hand,
And says, 'tis pity that you are not honest!
With such Description of your Gallantry,
As none but Love could make; then taking Leave,
Thro' the dark Lashes of her darting Eyes,
Methought she shot her Soul at ev'ry Glance;
Still looking back, as if she had a Mind
That you should know she left her Heart behind her.

Marc. Alas! thou dost not know her, nor do I:
Nor can the Wit of all Mankind conceive her.
But let's away. This Paper is of Use.

Luc. I guess your Purpose:
He is a Boy, and as a Boy you'll use him:
There is no other Way.

Marc. Yes, if he be not
Quite dead with Sleep, for ever lost to Honour,
Marcian with this shall rouse him. O, my *Lucius*!
Methinks the Ghosts of the Great *Theodosius*,
And thund'ring *Constantine*, appear before me:
They charge me as a Soldier to chastize him,
To lash him with keen Words from lazy Love,
And shew him how they they trod the Paths of Honour.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E

SCENE II.

Theodosius lying on a Couch, with two Boys dress'd like Cupids, singing to him as he sleeps.

SONG.

*Happy Day! ah happy Day,
That Cæsar's Beams did first display?
So peaceful was the happy Day,
The Gods themselves did all look down,
The Royal Infant's Birth to crown,
So pleas'd, they scarce did on the Guilty frown.*

*Happy Day! ah happy Day!
And oh thrice happy Hour,
That made such Goodness Master of such Pow'r?
For thus the Gods declare to Men,
No Day like this shall ever come again.*

Enter Marcian with an Order.

Theo. Ha! what rash Thing art thou, who sett'st so
A Value on thy Life, thus to presume [small
Against the fatal Orders I have giv'n,
Thus to entrench on Cæsar's Solitude,
And urge me to thy Ruin?

Marc. Mighty Cæsar,
I have transgress'd, and for my Pardon bow
To thee, as to the Gods, when I offend:
Nor can I doubt your Mercy, when you know
The Nature of my Crime. I am commission'd
From all the Earth to give thee Thanks and Praises,
Thou Darling of Mankind! whose conqu'ring Arms
Already drown the Glory of great *Julius*!
Whose deeper Reach in Laws and Policy
Makes wise *Augustus* envy thee in Heav'n!
What mean the Fates by such prodigious Virtue?
When scarce the manly Down yet shades thy Face,
With

60 THEODOSIUS: Or,

With Conquests thus to over-run the World,
And make Barbarians tremble? O ye Gods!
Should Destiny now end thee in the Bloom
Methinks I see thee mourn'd above the Loss
Of lov'd *Germanicus*; thy Funerals,
Like his, are solemniz'd with Tears and Blood.

Theo. How, *Marcian*!

Marc. Yes, the raging Multitude,
Like Torrents, set no Bound to their mad Grief;
Shave their Wives Heads, and tear off their own Hair;
With wild Despair they bring their Infants out,
To brawl their Parents Sorrow in the Streets:
Trade is no more, all Courts of Justice stop;
With Stones they dash the Windows of their Temples;
Pull down their Altars; break their Household Gods;
And still the universal Groan is this,
Constantinople's lost, our Empire's ruin'd:
Since he is gone, that Father of his Country;
Since he is dead, O Life, where is thy Pleasure!
O *Rome*! O conquer'd World! where is thy Glory;

Theo. I know thee well, thy Custom and thy Manners.
Thou dost upbraid me; but no more of this,
Not for thy Life ———

Marc. What's Life without my Honour!
Could you transform yourself into a *Gorgon*,
Or make that beardless Face like *Jupiter's*,
I would be heard in spite of all your Thunder:
O Pow'r of Guilt! you fear to stand the Test
Which Virtue brings; like Sores, your Vices shake
Before this *Roman* Healer. But, by th' Gods,
Before I go, I'll rip the Malady,
And let the Venom flow before your Eyes.
This is a Debt to the Great *Theodosius*,
The Grandfather of your illustrious Blood;
And then farewell for ever.

Theo. Presuming *Marcian*!

What can'st thou urge against my Innocence?
Thro' the whole Course of all my harmless Youth,
Ev'n to this Hour, I cannot call to Mind
One wicked Act which I have done to shame me.

Mar.

Marc. This may be true: Yet if you give the Sway
To other Hands, and your poor subjects suffer,
Your Negligence to them is as the Cause.

O *Theodosius*, credit me, who know
The World, and hear how Soldiers censure Kings:
In After-times, if thus you shoud go on,
Your Memory by Warriors will be scorn'd,
As much as *Nero* or *Caligula* loath'd;
They will despise your Sloth, and backward Ease,
More than they hate the other's Cruelty.
And what a Thing, ye Gods, is Scorn, or Pity!
Heap on me, Heav'n, the Hate of all Mankind;
Load me with Malice, Envy, Detestation:
Let me be horrid to all Apprehension.
And the World shun me, so I escape but Scorn.

Theo. Pr'ythee, no more.

Marc. Nay, when the Legions make Comparisons;
And say, Thus cruel *Nero* once resolv'd,
On *Galba's* Insurrection, for Revenge,
To give all *France* as Plunder to the Army;
To poison the whole Senate at a Feast;
To burn the Senate, turn the wild Beasts out,
Bears, Lions, Tigers, on the Multitude;
That so obstructing those that quench'd the Fire,
He might at once destroy rebellious *Rome*.

Theo. O Cruelty! why tell'st thou me of this?
Am I of such a barb'rous bloody Temper?

Marc. Yet some will say, This shew'd he had a Spirit,
However fierce, avenging, and pernicious,
That favour'd of a *Roman*: But for you,
What can your partial Sycophants invent,
To make you Room among the Emperors?
Whose utmost is the smallest Part of *Nero*;
A pretty Player, one that can act a Hero,
And never be one. O y' immortal Gods,
Is this the old *Cæsarian* Majesty?
Now, in the Name of our great *Romulus*,
Why sing you not, and fiddle too, as he did?
Why have you not, like *Nero*, a *Phonastus*?
One to take Care of your celestial Voice?

62 THEODOSIUS: Or,

Lie on your Back, my Lord ; and on your Stomach
Lay a thin Plate of Lead ; abstain from Fruits ;
And when the Business of the Stage is done,
Retire with your loose Friends to costly Banquets,
While the lean Army groans upon the Ground.

Theo. Leave me, I say, lest I chastize thee : Hence !
Be gone, I say ———

Marc. Not 'till you've heard me out ———
Build too, like him, a Palace lin'd with Gold,
As long and large as that of th' *Esquiline* :
Inclose a Pool too in it, like the Sea ;
And at the Empire's Cost let Navies meet :
Adorn your starry Chambers too with Gems ;
Contrive the plated Cielings to turn round,
With Pipes to cast Ambrosian Oils upon you :
Consume, with his prodigious Vanity,
In meer Perfumes, and od'rous Distillations,
Of Sesterces at once four hundred Millions :
Let naked Virgins wait you at your Table,
And wanton *Copids* dance, and clap their Wings.
No Matter what becomes of the poor Soldiers,
So they perform the Drudg'ry they are fit for !
Why, let 'em starve for want of their Arrears,
Drop as they go, and lie like Dogs in Ditches.

Theo. Come, you're a Traitor !

Marc. Go to, you're a Boy !

Or, by the Gods ———

Theo. If Arrogance like this,
And to the Emp'r's Face, should 'scape unpunish'd,
I'll write myself a Coward. Die then, Villain,
A Death too glorious for so bad a Man,
By *Theodosius*' Hand.

[*Marcian disarms him,
but is wounded.*]

Marc. Now, Sir, where are you ?
What, in the Name of all our *Roman* Spirits,
Now charms my Hand from giving thee thy Fate ?
Has he not cut me off from all my Honours ?
Torn my Commissions, sham'd me to the Earth,
Banish'd the Court, a Vagabond for ever ?
Does not the Soldiers hourly ask it from me ?

Sigh

Sigh their own Wrongs, and beg me to revenge 'em ?
 What hinders now, but that I mount the Throne,
 And make, besides, this purple Youth my Footstool ?
 The Armies court me : And my Country's Cause,
 The Injuries of *Rome* and *Greece*, persuade me.
 Shew but this *Roman* Blood which he has drawn,
 They'll make me Emp'rour whether I will or no :
 Did not, for less than this, the latter *Brutus*,
 Because he thought *Rome* wrong'd, in Person head
 Against his Friend a black Conspiracy,
 And stab the Majesty of all the World ?

Theo. Act as you please : I am within your Pow'r.

Marc. Did not the former *Brutus*, for the Crime
 Of *Sextus*, drive old *Tarquin* from his Kingdom ?
 And shall this Prince too, by permitting others
 To act their wicked Wills, and lawless Pleasures,
 Ravish from th' Empire its dear Health,
 Well-being, Happiness, and antient Glory ?
 Go on in this dishonourable Rest ?
 Shall he, I say, dream on, while the starv'd Troops
 Lie cold and waking in the Winter Camp ;
 And, like pin'd Birds, for want of Sustenance,
 Feed on the Haws and Berries of the Fields ?
 O temper, temper me, ye gracious Gods ;
 Give to my Hand Forbearance, to my Heart
 Its constant Loyalty : I would but shake him,
 Rouse him a little from this Death of Honour,
 And shew him what he should be.

Theo. You accuse me,

As if I were some Monster most unheard of :
 First, as the Ruin of the Army ; then,
 Of taking your Commission : But, by Heav'n,
 I swear, O *Marcian* ! this I never did,
 Nor e'er intended it : Nor say I this
 To alter thy stern Usage ; for with what [brance,
 Thou'st said, and done, and brought to my Remem-
 I grow already weary of my Life.

Marc. My Lord, I take your Word : You do not know
 The Wounds which rage within your Country's Bowels ;
 The horrid Usage of the suff'ring Soldier :

But

64 THEODOSIUS: Or,

But why will not our *Theodosius* know,
If you entrust the Government to others,
That act these Crimes; who but yourself's to blame?
Be witness, O ye Gods! of my plain Dealing,
Of *Marcian's* Honesty, howe'er degraded.
I thank you for my Banishment: but, alas!
My Loss is little to what soon will follow;
Reflect but on yourself, and your own Joys;
Let not this Lethargy for ever hold you.
'Twas rumour'd thro' the City, that you lov'd;
That your Espousals should be solemniz'd;
When on a sudden here you send your Orders
That this bright Favourite, the lov'd *Eudisia*,
Should lose her Head.

Theo. Oh Heav'n and Earth! What say'st thou?
That I have seal'd the Death of my *Eudisia*?

Marc. 'Tis your own Hand and Signet: Yet I swear
Tho' you have giv'n to female Hands your Sway,
And therefore I, as well as the whole Army,
For ever ought to curse all Womankind;
Yet when the Virgin came, as she was doom'd,
And on the Scaffold, for that Purpose rais'd
Without the Walls, appear'd before the Army——

Theo. What! on a Scaffold! ha! before the Army!

Marc. How quick was the Tide of Fury turn'd
To soft Compassion, and relenting Tears? But when
the Axe

Sever'd the brightest Beauty of the Earth
From that fair Body, had you heard the Groan,
Which, like a Peal of distant Thunder, ran
Through all the armed Host, you would have thought,
By the immediate Darkness that fell round us,
Whole Nature was concern'd at such a Suff'ring,
And all the Gods were angry.

Theo. O *Pulcheria*!

Cruel ambitious Sister! this must be
Thy doing. Oh support me, noble *Marcian*!
Now, now's the Time, if thou dar'st strike; behold,
I offer thee my Breast: with my last Breath,
I'll thank thee too, if now thou draw'st my Blood.

Were

Were I to live, thy Counsel shall direct me ;

But 'tis too late ————— [He swoons.

Marc. He faints ! what, ho there ! Lucius !

Enter Lucius.

My Lord the Emperor, *Eudofia* lives ;

She's here, or will be, in a Minute, Moment :

Quick as the Thought, she calls you to the Temple.

Oh, *Lucius*, help — I've gone too far ; but see,

He breathes again — *Eudofia* has awak'd him.

Theo. Did not you name *Eudofia* ?

Marc. Yes, she lives :

I did but feign the Story of her Death,

To find how near you plac'd her to your Heart :

And may the Gods rain all their Plagues upon me,

If ever I rebuke you thus again !

Yet 'tis most certain, that you sign'd her Death,

Not knowing what the wise *Pulcheria* offer'd,

Who left it in my Hand to startle you :

But by my Life and Fame, I did not think

It would have touch'd your Life. O pardon me,

Dear Prince, my Lord, my Emp'r'r, Royal Master !

Droop not because I utter'd some rash Words,

And was a Madman — By th' immortal Gods !

I love you as my Soul : Whate'er I said,

My Thoughts were otherwise ; believe these Tears,

Which do not use to flow : All shall be well.

I swear that there are Seeds in that sweet Temper,

T'atone for all the Crimes in this bad Age.

Theo. I thank thee first for my *Eudofia*'s Life.

What, but my Love, could have call'd back that Life

Which thou hast made me hate ! But oh, methought,

'Twas hard, dear *Marcian*, very hard, from thee,

From him I ever rev'renc'd as my Father,

To hear so harsh a Message ! — But no more :

We're Friends : Thy Hand : Nay, if thou wilt not rise,

And let me fold my Arms about thy Neck,

I'll not believe thy Love : In this forgive me.

Fifst let me wed *Eudofia*, and we'll out ;

We will, my General, and make Amends

For all that's past : Glory and Arms, ye call,

And *Marcian* leads me on —

Marc.

66 THEODOSIUS: Or,

Marc. Let her not rest then ;
 Espouse her strait : I'll strike you at a Heat.
 May this great Humour get large Growth within you ;
 And be encourag'd by the embold'ning Gods !
 O what a Sight will this be to the Soldier,
 To see me bring you dress'd in shining Armour,
 To head the shouting Squadrons — O ye Gods !
 Methinks I hear the echoing Cries of Joy,
 The Sounds of Trumpets, and the Beat of Drums.
 I see each starving Soldier bound from Farth,
 As if a God by Miracle had rais'd him ;
 And, with beholding you, grow fat again :
 Nothing but gazing Eyes, and op'ning Mouths,
 Cheeks red with Joy, and lifted Hands about you ;
 Some wiping the glad Tears that trickle down
 With broken *Io's*, and with sobbing Raptures,
 Crying. To Arms ; he's come ; our Emp'ror's come
 'To win the World. Why is not this far better
 Than lolling in a Lady's Lap, and sleeping,
 Fasting, or praying ? Come, come, you shall be merry :
 And, for *Eudofia*, she is yours already :
Marcian has said it, Sir, she shall be yours.

Theo. Oh *Marcian* ! Oh my Brother ! Father ! all !
 Thou best of Friends ! most faithful Counsellor !
 I'll find a Match for thee too, 'ere I rest,
 To make thee love me. For when thou art with me,
 I'm strong and well ; but when thou'rt gone, I'm nothing.

Enter Athenais, meeting Theodosius.

Theo. Alas ! *Eudofia*, tell me what to say ;
 For my full Heart can scarce bring forth a Word
 Of that which I have sworn to see perform'd.

Athen. I'm perfectly obedient to your Pleasure.

Theo. Well then, I come to tell thee, that *Varants*
 Of all Markind is nearest to my Heart.
 I love him, dear *Eudofia* ; and to prove
 That Love on Trial, all my Blood's too little ;
 Ev'n thee, if I were sure to die this Moment,
 (As Heav'n alone can tell how far my Fate

Is off!) O thou, my Soul's most tender Joy,
With my last Breath I would bequeath him thee.

Athen. Then you are pleas'd, my Lord, to yield me
to him.

Theo. No, my *Eudofia*; no, I will not yield thee,
While I have Life; for Worlds I will not yield thee:
Yet, thus far I am engag'd to let thee know,
He loves thee, *Athenais*, more than ever;
He languishes, despairs, and dies like me:
And I have pass'd my Word, that he shall see thee.

Athen. Ah, Sir, what have you done against yourself,
And me? Why have you pass'd your fatal Word?
Why will you trust me, who am now afraid
To trust myself? Why do you leave me naked
To an Assault, who had made Proof my Virtue,
With this sure Guard, never to see him more,
For oh! with trembling Agonies I speak it,
I cannot see a Prince, whom once I lov'd,
Bath'd in his Grief, and gasping at my Feet,
In all the violent Trances of Despair,
Without a Sorrow that perhaps may end me.

Theo. O ye severer Powers! too cruel Fate!
Did ever Love tread such a Maze before?
Yet, *Athenais*, still I trust thy Virtue;
But if thy bleeding Heart cannot refrain,
Give, give thyself away; yet still remember,
That Moment *Theodosius* is no more —

[Exit *Theo.* with *Attic. Pulc. Leon.*

Athen. Now, Glory! now, if ever thou didst work
In Woman's Mind, assist me — Oh, my Heart!
Why dost thou throb, as if thou wert a breaking?
Down, down, I say; think on thy Injuries,
Thy Wrongs, thy Wrongs! 'Tis well: My Eyes are dry,
And all within my Bosom now is still.

Enter Varanes, leaning on Aranthos.

Ha! is this he? or is it *Varanes'* Ghost?
He looks as if he had bespoke his Grave.
Trembling and pale; I must not dare to view him.
For, Oh, I feel his Melancholy here,
And fear I shall too soon partake his Sickness.

Vara.

68 THEODOSIUS: Or,

Vara. Thus to the angry Gods offending Mortals,
Made sensible by some severe Affliction,
How all their Crimes are register'd in Heav'n,
In that nice Court how no rash Word escapes,
But ev'n extravagant Thoughts are all set down;
Thus the poor Penitents with Fear approach
The rev'rend Shrines, and thus for Mercy bow: [*Kneels.*
Thus melting too, they wash the hallow'd Earth,
And groan to be forgiven ————
Oh, Empress! Oh, *Eudofia*! such you're now.
These are your Titles, and I must not dare
Ever to call you *Athenais* more.

Athen. Rise, rise, my Lord! let me intreat you, rise:
I will not hear you in that humble Posture:
Rise, or I must withdraw — The World will blush
For you and me, should it behold a Prince
Sprung from immortal *Cyrus*, on his Knees
Before the Daughter of a poor Philosopher.

Vara. 'Tis just, ye righteous Gods! my Doom is just,
Nor will I strive to deprecate her Anger.
If possible, I'll aggravate my Crimes,
That she may rage till she has broke my Heart;
For all I now desire, and let the Gods,
Those cruel Gods that join to my Undoing,
Be Witnesses to this unnat'ral Wish!
Is to fall dead without a Wound before her.

Athen. O ye known Sounds! But I must steel my Soul.
Methinks these Robes, my *Delia*, are too heavy.

Vara. Not worth a Word, a Look, nor one Regard!
Is then the Nature of my Fault so heinous,
That when I come to take my eternal Leave,
You'll not vouchsafe to view me? This is Scorn
Which the fair Soul of gentle *Athenais*
Would ne'er have harbour'd ————
Oh, for the Sake of him, whom you ere long
Shall hold as fast as now your Wishes from him,
Give me a patient Hearing; for however
I talk of Death, and seem to loath my Life,
I would delib'rate with my Fate awhile,
With snatching Glances eye thee to the last;

Pause

Pause o'er a Loss like that of *Athenais*,
And partly with my Ruin.

Athen. Speak, my Lord :
To hear you is the Emperor's Command !
And for that Cause I readily obey.

Vara. The Empeaor, the Emperor's Command !
And for that Cause she readily obeys !

I thank you, Madam, that on any Terms
You condescend to hear me —————

Know then, *Eudofia* : Ah, rather let me call thee
By the lov'd Name of *Athenais* still ;

That Name that I so often have invok'd,
And which was once auspicious to my Vows :
So oft at Midnight sigh'd amongst the Groves.
The Rivers Murmur, and the Echo's Burden ;
Which every Bird could sing, and Wind did bear !
By that dear Name, I make this Protestation,
By all that's good on Earth, or blest in Heav'n,
I swear I love thee more, far more, than ever.

With conscious Blushes too, here, help me, Gods ;
Help me to tell her, tho' to my Confusion,
And everlasting Shame ; yet I must tell her,
I lay the *Persian* Crown before her Feet.

Athen. My Lord, I thank you, and t'express those
As nobly as you offer 'em, I return [Thanks
The Gift you make ; nor will I now upbraid you
With the Example of the Emperor :
Not but I know 'tis that that draws you on,
Thus to descend beneath your Majesty,
And swell the Daughter of a poor Philosopher
With Hopes of being great

Vara Ah, Madam ! ah ! you wrong me ! by the Gods,
I had repented, ere I knew the Emp'r —————

Athen You find perhaps too late, that *Athenais*,
However slighted for her Birth and Fortune,
Has something in her Person, and her Virtue,
Worth the Regard of Emperors themselves ;
And, to return the Compliment you gave
My Father, *Leontine*, that poor Philosopher,
Whose utmost Glory is t'have been your Tutor,

I here

70 THEODOSIUS: Or,

I here protest, by Virtue, and by Glory,
I swear by Heav'n, and all the Pow'rs Divine,
Th' abandon'd Daughter of that poor old Man
Shall ne'er be seated on the Throne of *Cyrus*.

Vera O Death to all my Hopes! What hast thou sworn?
To turn me wild? Ah, cursed Throne of *Cyrus*!
Would thou had'st been o'erturn'd, and laid in Dust,
His Crown too thunder-struck; my Father; all
The *Persian* Race, like poor *Darius*, ruin'd,
Blotted, and swept for ever from the World,
When first Ambition blasted thy Remembrance —

Athen. O Heav'n! I had forgot the base Affront
Offer'd by this proud Man; a Wrong so great,
It is remov'd beyond all Hope of Mercy;
He had design'd to bribe my Father's Virtue,
And by unlawful Means —

Fly from my Sight, lest I become a Fury,
And break those Rules of Temp'rance I propos'd:
Fly, fly, *Varanus*! fly this sacred Place,
Where Virtue and Religion are profess'd;
This City will not harbour Infidels,
Traitors to Chastity, licentious Princes.
Be gone, I say, thou canst not here be safe;
Fly to Imperial Libertines abroad:

In Foreign Courts thou'lt find a thousand Beauties
That will comply for Gold; for Gold they'll weep,
For Gold be fond, as *Athenais* was,
And charm thee still, as if they lov'd indeed.

Thou'lt find enough Companions too for Riot:
Luxuriant all, and Royal as thyself,

Tho' thy loud Vices should resound to Heav'n —
Art thou not gone yet?

Vera. No, I'm charm'd to hear you:
O from my Soul I do confess myself
The very Blot of Honour; I'm more black,
Than thou, in all thy Heat of just Revenge,
With all thy glorious Eloquence, canst make me.

Athen. Away, *Varanus*!

Vera. Yes, Madam, I am going. —
Nay, by the Gods, I do not ask thee Pardon,

Nor

The Force of Love.

71

Nor, while I live, will I implore thy Mercy :
But, when I'm dead, if, as thou dost return
With happy *Theodosius* from the Temple,
If, as thou go'st in Triumph thro' the Streets,
'Thou chance to meet the cold *Varanus* there,
Borne by his Friends to his eternal Home ;
Stop then, O *Athenais* ! and behold me :
Say, as thou hang'st about the Emp'ror's Neck,
Alas ! my Lord, this Sight is worth our Pity.
If to those pitying Words thou add a Tear,
Or give one parting Groan ——— If possible,
If the good Gods will grant my Soul the Freedom,
I'll leave my Shroud, and wake from Death to thank
thee.

Athen. He shakes my Resolution from the Bottom :
My bleeding Heart too speaks in his Behalf,
And says my Virtue has been too severe.

Vara. Farewel ! O Empress : No *Athenais* now :
I will not call thee by that tender Name,
Since cold Despair begins to freeze my Bosom,
And all my Pow'rs are now resolv'd on Death.
'Tis said that from my Youth I have been rash,
Chol'ric, and hot ; but let the Gods now judge
By my last Wish, if ever patient Man
Did calmly bear so great a Loss as mine :
Since 'tis so dcom'd by Fate, you must be wedded ;
For your own Peace, when I am laid in Earth,
Forget that e'er *Varanus* had a Being :
Turn all your Soul to *Theodosius*' Bosom.
Continue, Gods, their Days, and make 'em long !
Lucina wait upon their fruitful *Hymen* !
And many Children, beauteous as the Mother,
And pious as the Father, make 'em smile !

Athen. O Heav'ns !

Vara. Farewel ——— I'll trouble you no more :
The Malady, that lodg'd within, grows stronger :
I feel the Shock of my approaching Fate ;
My Heart too trembles at his distant March ;
Nor can I utter more, if you should ask me.
Thy Arm, *Arantbes* ! O farewell for ever ———

Athen.

72 THEODOSIUS: Or,

Athen. Varanus, stay; and, ere you go for ever,
Let me unfold my Heart.

Vara. O Athenais!

What further Cruelty hast thou in store
To add to what I suffer?

Athen. Since 'tis doom'd

That we must part, let's part as Lovers should,
As those that have lov'd long, and lov'd well.

Vara. Art thou so good? O *Athenais*, oh!

Athen. First, from my Soul, I pity and forgive you;
I pardon you that hasty little Error,
Which yet has been the Cause of both our Ruins.
And let this Sorrow witness for my Heart,
How eagerly I wish it had not been;
And, since I cannot keep it, take it all:
Take all the Love, O Prince, I ever bore you;
Or, if 'tis possible, I'll give you more;
Your noble Carriage forces this Confession:
I rage, I burn, I bleed, I die for Love;
I am distracted with this World of Passion.

Vara. Gods! cruel Gods! take Notice I forgive you.

Athen. Alas! my Lord, my weaker tender Sex
Has not your manly Patience, cannot curb
This Fury in; therefore I let it loose;
Spite of my rigid Duty, I will speak
With all the Dearness of a dying Lover.
Farewel most lovely, and most lov'd of Men!
Why comes this dying Paleness o'er thy Face?
Why wander thus thy Eyes? Why dost thou bend,
As if the fatal Weight of Death were on thee.

Vara. Speak yet a little more: For by the Gods!
And as I prize those blessed happy Moments,
I swear, O *Athenais*! all is well;
O never better.

Athen. I doubt thee, dear *Varanus*;
Yet, if thou dy'st, I shall not long be from thee.
Once more farewell, and take these last Embraces.
Oh! I could crush him to my Heart! Farewel:
And as a dying Pledge of my last Love,
Take this, which, all thy Pray'rs could never charm.
What have I done? oh lead me, lead me, *Delia*.

Ah,

Ah, Prince, farewell ! Angels protect and guard thee !

Vara. Turn back, O *Athenais* ! and behold me ;
Hear my last Words, and then farewell for ever.

Thou hast undone me more by this Confession :

You say, you swear, you love me more than ever ;

Yet I must see you marry'd to another :

Can there be any Plague, or Hell, like this ?

O *Athenais* ! Whither shall I turn me ?

You've brought me back to Life ; but oh, what Life ?

T'a Life more terrible than thousand Deaths.

Like one that had been buried in a Trance,

With racking Starts, he wakes, and gazes round,

Forc'd by Despair his whirling Limbs to wound,

And bellow like a Spirit under-ground ;

Still urg'd by Fate, to turn, to tofs, and rave,

Tormented, dash'd, and broken in the Grave.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Athenais *dress'd in Imperial Robes, and crown'd : A Table*
with a Bowl of Poison.

ATHENAIIS.

Midnight Marriage ! Must I to the Temple !
Thus, at the Murd'rer's Hour ? 'Tis won-
d'rous strange !

But so thou say't my Father has commanded ;
And that's a mighty Reason.

Delia. The Emp'ror in Compassion to the Prince,
Who would, perhaps, fly to Extravagance,
If he in publick should resolve t'espouse you,
Contriv'd by this close Marriage to deceive him.

Athen. Go, fetch thy Lute, and sing those Lines I
gave thee.

Lo, now I am alone : yet my Soul shakes :
For where this dreadful Draught may carry me,
The Heav'ns can only tell ; yet I'm resolv'd

D

T.

74 THEODOSIUS: Or

To drink it off in spite of Consequence.
 Whisper him, O some Angel! what I'm doing;
 By Sympathy of Soul let him too tremble,
 To hear my wond'rous Faith, my wond'rous Love;
 Whose Spirit not content with an Ovation
 Of ling'ring Fate, with Triumph thus resolv'd,
 Thus, in the rapid Chariot of the Soul,
 To mount, and dare as never Woman dar'd. [*Drinks.*
 'Tis done: Haste, *Delia*, haste! come bring my Lute,
 And sing my Wastage to immortal Joys.
 Methinks I can't but smile at my own Brav'ry,
 Thus from my lowest Fortune rais'd to Empire,
 Crown'd, and adorn'd! worship'd by half the Earth,
 While a young Monarch dies for my Embraces!
 Yet now to wave the Glories of the World!
 O my *Varanes*! tho' my Birth's unequal,
 My Virtue sure has richly recompens'd,
 And quite out-gone Example!

S O N G.

I.

AH cruel bloody Fate,
 What can'st thou now do more?
 Alas! 'tis all too late,
 Philander to restore:
 Why should the Heav'nly Pow'rs persuade
 Poor Mortals to believe,
 That they guard us here,
 And reward us there,
 Yet all our Joys deceive?

II.

Her Poinyard then she took,
 And held it in her Hand;
 And, with a dying Look,
 Cry'd, Thus I Fate command:
 Philander! Ah! my Love, I come,
 To meet thy Shade below;
 Ah! I come, she cry'd,
 With a Wound so wide,
 There needs no second Blow.

III.

III.

*In purple Waves her Blood
Ran streaming down the Floor ;
Unmov'd she saw the Flood,
And blest her dying Hour :
Philander ! Ah, Philander ! still
The bleeding Phyllis cry'd :
She wept awhile,
And forc'd a Smile,
Then clos'd her Eyes, and dy'd.*

Enter Pulcheria.

Pulch. How fares my dear *Eudoxia* ? Ha ! thou look'st,
Or else the Tapers cheat my Sight, like one
That's fitter for thy Tomb, than *Cæsar's* Bed :
A fatal Sorrow dims thy shaded Eyes,
And, in despite of all thy Ornaments,
Thou seem'st to me the Ghost of *Athenais*.

Athen. And, what's the Punishment, my dear *Pulcheria*,
What Torments are allotted those sad Spirits,
Who, groaning with the Burden of Despair,
No longer will endure the Cares of Life ;
But boldly set themselves at Liberty,
Thro' the dark Caves of Death to wander on,
Like wilder'd Travellers without a Guide,
Eternal Rovers in the gloomy Maze,
Where scarce the Twilight of an Infant Moon,
By a faint Glimmer chequ'ring thro' the Trees,
Reflects to dismal View the walking Ghosts ;
And never hope to reach the blessed Fields ?

Pulch. No more o'that : *Atticus* shall resolve thee.
But see, he waits thee from the Emperor :
Thy Father too attends.

Enter Leontine, Atticus, &c.

Leont. Come, *Athenais* ! Ha ! what now in Tears !
O Fall of Honour ! But no more ; I charge thee,
D 2 I charge

76 THEODOSIUS: Or,

I charge thee, as thou ever hop'st my Blessing,
Or fear'st my Curse, to banish from thy Soul
All Thoughts, if possible, the Memory,
Of that ungrateful Prince that has undone thee.
Attend me to the Temple on this Instant,
To make the Emp'ror thine, this Night to wed him,
And lie within his Arms.

Athen. Yes, Sir, I'll go ———

Let me but dry my Eyes, and I will go :

Eudofia, this unhappy Bride, shall go :

Thus like a Victim, crown'd, and doom'd to bleed,
I'll wait you to the Altar, wed the Emp'ror,
And, if he pleases, lie within his Arms.

Leon. Thou art my Child again.

Athen. But do not, Sir, imagine, any Charms
Or Threat'nings shall compel me
Never to think of poor *Varanes* more :

No, my *Varanes* ! No ———

While I have Breath, I will remember thee :

To thee alone I will my Thought confine,

And all my Meditations shall be thine :

The Image of thy Woes my Soul shall fill ;

Fate, and my End, and thy Remembrance still.

As in some poplar Shade the Nightingale,

With piercing Moans, does her lost Young bewail,

Which the rough Hind, observing as they lay

Warm in their downy Nest, had stol'n away ;

But she in mournful Sounds does still complain,

Sings all the Night, tho' all her Songs are vain,

And still renews her miserable Strain :

So, my *Varanes*, till my Death comes on,

Shall sad *Eudofia* thy dear Loss bemoan.

[*Exeunt Athenais, Atticus, &c.*

S C E N E

S C E N E II

Enter Varanes.

Vara. 'Tis Night, dead Night ; and weary Nature lies
So fast, as if she never were to rise :
No Breath of Wind now whispers thro' the Trees ;
No Noise at Land, nor Murmur in the Seas :
Lean Wolves forget to howl at Night's pale Noon ;
No wakeful Dogs bark at the silent Moon,
Nor bay the Ghosts that glide with Horror by,
To view the Caverns where their Bodies lie :
The Ravens perch, and no Presages give,
Nor to the Windows of the Dying cleave :
The Owls forget to scream ; no Midnight Sound
Calls drowsy Echo from the hollow Ground :
In Vaults the walking Fires extinguish'd lie ;
The Stars, Heav'ns Centry, wink, and seem to die.
Such universal Silence spreads below,
Thro' the vast Shades where I am doom'd to go ;
Nor shall I need a Violence to wound :
The Storm is here, that drives me on the Ground ;
Sure Means to make the Soul and Body part !
A burning Fever, and a broken Heart.
What, ho, *Aranthes* !

Enter Arantes.

I sent thee to th' Apartment of *Athenais* :
I sent thee, did I not ? to be admitted.

Aran. You did, my Lord ; but Oh !

I fear to give you an Account.

Vara. Alas !

Aranthes, I am got on th' other Side
Of this bad World ; and now am past all Fear.
O ye avenging Gods ! is there a Plague
Among your hoarded Bolts, and Heaps of Vengeance,
Beyond the mighty Loss of *Athenais* ?
'Tis Contradiction : Speak then, speak, *Aranthes* :
For all Misfortunes, if compar'd with that,
Will make *Varanes* smile ———

78 THEODOSIUS: Or,

Aran. My Lord, the Empress,
Crown'd, and adorn'd with the Imperial Robes,
At this dead Time of Night, with silent Pomp,
As they design'd from all to keep it secret,
But chiefly sure from you; I say, the Empress
Is now conducted by the General,
Atticus, and her Father, to the Temple,
There to espouse the Emp'ror *Theodosius*.

Vara. Say'st thou? Is't certain? ha!

Aran. Most certain, Sir, I saw 'em in Procession.

Vara. Give me thy Sword. Malicious Fate! O Fortune!
O giddy Chance! O Turn of Love and Greatness!
Marry'd! She has kept her Promise now indeed;
And Oh! her pointed Fame, and nice Revenge,
Have reach'd their End. No, my *Aranthes*! no!
I will not stay the lazy Execution
Of a slow Fever: Give me thy Hand, and swear
By all the Love and Duty that thou ow'st me,
T' observe the last Commands that I shall give thee:
Stir not against my Purpose, as thou fear'st
My Anger and Disdain; nor dare t'oppose me
With troublesome, unnecessary, formal Reasons;
For what my Thought has doom'd, my Hand shall seal.
I charge thee hold it stedfast to my Heart,
Fix'd as the Fate that throws me on the Point.
Tho' I have liv'd a *Persian*, I will fall
As fair, as fearless, and as full resolv'd,
As any *Greek* or *Roman* of 'em all.

Aran. What you command is terrible, but sacred;
And to atone for this too cruel Duty,
My Lord, I'll follow you ———

Vara. I charge thee not:
But, when I'm dead, take the attending Slaves,
And bear me, with my Blood distilling down,
Strait to the Temple: Lay me, O *Aranthes*!
Lay my cold Coarse at *Athenais*' Feet,
And say, Oh why, why do my Eyes run o'er?
Say, with my latest Gasp I groan'd for Pardon.
Just here, my Friend, hold fast, and fix the Sword:
I feel the Artery, where the Life-Blood lies;

It

It heaves against the Point—Now, O ye Gods,
If for the greatly Wretched you have Room,
Prepare my Place; for dauntless, lo! I come.

The Force of Love thus makes the mortal Wound,
And *Athenais* sends me to the Ground [*Kills herself.*]

SCENE III. *The outward Part of the Temple.*

*Enter Pulcheria and Julia at one Door, Marcian and
Lucius at another.*

Pulch. Look, *Julia*, see! the pensive *Marcian* comes:
'Tis to my Wish; I must no longer lose him,
Lest he should leave the Court indeed: He looks
As if some mighty Secret work'd within him,
And labour'd for a Vent. Inspire me Woman!
That what my Soul desires above the World,
May seem impos'd and forc'd on my Affections —

Luc. I say she loves you, and she stays to hear it
From your own Mouth: Now, in the Name of all
The Gods at once, my Lord, why are you silent?
Take Heed, Sir, mark your Opportunity:
For if the Woman lays it in your Way,
And you o'ersee it, she is lost for ever.

Marc. Madam, I come to take my eternal Leave:
Your Doom has banish'd me, and I obey:
The Court and I shake Hands, and now we part,
Never to see each other more; the Court
Where I was born, and bred a Gentleman;
No more, 'till your illustrious Bounty rais'd me,
And drew the Earth-born Vapour to the Clouds:
But, as the Gods ordain'd it, I have lost.
I know not how, thro' Ignorance, your Grace;
And now the Exhalation of my Glory
Is quite consum'd, and vanish'd into Air.

Pulch. Proceed, Sir — — —

Marc. Yet let those Gods that doom'd me to dis-
please you
Be Witnesses how much I honour you! —

Thus,

80 THEODOSIUS: Or,

Thus, worshipping, I swear by your bright Self,
I leave this infamous Court with more Content
Than Fools and Flatt'ers seek it. But, Oh Heav'n,
I cannot go if still your Hate pursues me ;
Yes, I declare it is impossible

To go to Banishment without your Pardon.

Pulch. You have it, *Marcian* ; Is there aught beside ?
That you would speak ? for I am free to hear.

Marc. Since I shall never see you more, what hinders
But my last Words should here protest the Truth ?
Know then, Imperial Princess, matchless Woman !
Since you first cast your Eyes upon my Meanness,
Ev'n till you rais'd me to my envy'd Height,
I have in secret lov'd you ———

Pulch. Is this *Marcian* !

Marc. You frown ; but I am still prepar'd for all :
I say I lov'd you, and I love you still,
More than my Life, and equal to my Glory.
Methinks, the warring Spirit that inspires
This Frame, the very Genius of old *Rome* !
That makes me talk without the Fear of Death,
And drives my daring Soul to Acts of Honour,
Flames in your Eyes : Our Thoughts too are akin,
Ambitious, fierce, and burn alike for Glory.
Now, by the Gods, I lov'd you in your Fury,
In all the Thunder that quite riv'd my Hopes ;
I lov'd you most, ev'n when you did destroy me.
Madam, I've spoke my Heart, and could say more,
But that I see it grieves you ; your high Blood
Frets at the Arrogance, and saucy Pride
Of this bold Vagabond : May the Gods forgive me !
Farewel ; a worthier Gen'ral may succeed me ;
But none more faithful to the Emp'ror's Interest
Than him you're pleas'd to call the Traitor *Marcian*.

Pulc. Come back : You've subtly play'd your Part
indeed :

For first, the Emp'ror, whom you lately school'd,
Restores you your Commission ; next commands you,
As you're a Subject, not to leave the Court :
Next, but, Oh Heav'n ! which way shall I express

His

His cruel Pleasure ? he that is so mild
In all Things else, yet obstinate in this,
Spite of my Tears, my Birth, and my Disdain,
Commands me, as I dread his high Displeasure,
O *Marcian* ! to receive you as my Husband.

Marc. Ha, *Lucius* ! What, what does my Fate intend !

Luc. Pursue her, Sir ; 'tis as I said ; she yields,
And rages that you follow her no faster.

Pulch. Is then at last my great Authority,
And my entrusted Pow'r declin'd to this ?
Yet, oh my Fate ! what Way can I avoid it ?
He charg'd me strait to wait him to the Temple ;
And there resolve, O *Marcian* ! on this Marriage.
Now, gen'rous Soldier, as you're truly noble,
Oh help me forth, lost in this Labyrinth ;
Help me to loose this more than Gordian Knot,
And make me and yourself for ever happy.

Marc. Madam, I'll speak as briefly as I can,
And as a Soldier ought : The only Way
To help this Knot, is yet to tie it faster.
Since then the Emp'ror has resolv'd you mine,
For which I will for ever thank the Gods,
And make this Holiday throughout my Life,
I take him at his Word, and claim his Promise :
The Empire of the World shall not redeem you.
Nay, weep not, Madam : Tho' my Outside's rough,
Yet, by those Eyes, your Soldier has a Heart
Compassionate and tender as a Virgin's :
Ev'n now it bleeds to see those falling Sorrows ;
Perhaps this Grief may move the Emperor
To a Repentance ! Come then to the Trial ;
For by my Arms, my Life, and dearer Honour,
If you go back, when giv'n me by his Hand,
In distant Wars my Fate I will deplore,
And *Marcian's* Name shall ne'er be heard of more.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

SCENE IV. *The Temple.*

Theodosius, Athenais, Atticus, *joining their Hands*——
 Marcian, Pulcheria, Lucius, Julia, Delia, &c. Leontine.

Attic. *The more than Gordian Knot is ty'd,
 Which Death's strong Arm shall ne'er divide ;
 For, when to Bliss ye wasted are,
 Your Spirits shall be wedded there.
 Waters are lft, and Fires will die ;
 But Love alone can Fate defy.*

Enter Arantes, with the Body of Varanes.

[sic ?]
 Aran. Where is the Empress ; Where shall I find Eudo-
 By Fate I'm sent to tell that cruel Beauty,
 She has robb'd the World of Fame ; her Eyes have giv'n
 A Blast to the big Blossom of the War :
 Behold him there, nipt in his flow'ry Morn,
 Compell'd to break his Promise of a Day,
 A Day that Conquest would have made her Boast :
 Behold her Laurel wither'd to the Root,
 Canker'd, and kill'd, by Athenais' Scorn.

Athen. Dead, dead, *Varanes !*

Theo. O y'eternal Pow'rs,
 That guide the World ! Why do you shock our Reason
 With Acts like these, that lay our Thoughts in Dust &
 Forgive me, Heav'n, this Start ; or elevate
 Imagination more, and make it nothing.
 Alas ! alas, *Varanes !* but speak, *Arantes,*
 The Manner of his Fate : Groans choak my Words ;
 But speak. and we will answer thee with Tears.

Aran. His Fever would, no Doubt, by this have done
 What, some few Minutes past, his Sword perform'd :
 He heard from me your Progress to the Temple,
 How you design'd at Midnight to deceive him
 By a clandestine Marriage : But, my Lord,
 Had you beheld his Racks at my Relation ;
 Or, had your Empress seen him in those Torments,

When.

When from his dying Eyes, swol'n to the Brim,
The big round Drops roll'd down his manly Face;
When from his hollow'd Breast a murm'ring Croud
Of Groans rush'd forth, and echo'd, All is well;
Then had you seen him, Oh, ye cruel Gods!
Rush on the Sword I held against his Breast,
And dye it to the Hilt, with these last Words —
Bear me to *Athenais* —

Athen. Give me Way, my Lord.
I have most strictly kept my Promise with you:
I am your Bride, and you can ask no more;
Or, if you did, I'm past the Pow'r to give:
But here! Oh here! on his cold bloody Breast,
Thus let me breathe my last. [mean?

Theo. Oh Empress, what, what can this Transport
Are these our Nuptials? these my promis'd Joys?

Athen. Forgive me, Sir, this last Respect I pay
These sad Remains—And, O thou mighty Spirit!
If yet thou art not mingled with the Stars,
Look down and hear the wretched *Athenais*,
When thou shalt know, before I gave Consent
To this indecent Marriage, I had taken
Into my Veins a cold and deadly Draught,
Which soon would render me, alas! unfit
For the warm Joys of an Imperial Lover,
And make me ever thine, yet keep my Word
With *Theodorus*. Wilt thou not forgive me?

Theo. Poison'd, to free thee from the Emperor!
Oh *Athenais*! thou hast done a Deed
That tears my Heart: What have I done against thee,
That thou should'st brand me thus with Infamy,
And everlasting Shame? Thou might'st have made
Thy Choice without this cruel Act of Death:
I left thee to thy Will; and, in Requitall,
Thou'st murder'd all my Fame —

Athen. Oh pardon me!
I lay my dying Body at your Feet,
And beg, my Lord, with my last Sighs intreat you,
T'impute the Fault, if 'tis a Fault, to Love;
And the Ingratitude of *Athenais*

84 THEODOSIUS, &c.

To her too cruel Stars : Remember too,
I begg'd you would not let me see the Prince,
Prefaging what has happen'd ; yet my Word,
As to our Nuptials, was inviolable.

Theo. Ha ! she is going ! see her languishing Eyes
Draw in their Beams ; the Sleep of Death is on her.

Athen. Farewel, my Lord ! Alas ! alas, *Varanes* !
T'embrace thee now, is not Immodesty ;
Or, if it were, I think my bleeding Heart
Would make me criminal in Death to clasp thee,
Break all the tender Niceties of Honour,
'To fold thee thus, and warm thee into Life :
For, Oh ! what Man, like him, could Woman move ?
Oh Prince belov'd ! Oh Spirit most divine !
Thus by my Death, I give thee all my Love,
And seal my Soul and Body ever thine ——— [*Dies.*

Theo. Oh *Marcian* ! Oh *Pulcheria* ! did not the Pow'r,
Whom we adore, plant all his Thunder-bolts
Against Self-murd'ers, I would perish too :
But, as I am, I swear to leave the Empire :
To thee, my Sister, I bequeath the World ;
And, yet a Gift more Great, the gallant *Marcian*.
On then, my Friend ! now shew thy *Roman* Spirit :
As to her Sex, fair *Athenais* was,
Be thou to thine a Pattern of true Honour.
Thus we'll atone for all the present Crimes,
That yet it may be said in After-times,
No Age with such Examples cou'd compare,
So great, so good, so virtuous, and so fair !

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

F I N I S.

VENICE Preserv'd:

4

O R,

A PLOT Discover'd.

A

TRAGEDY.

Written by Mr. THOMAS OTWAY.



L O N D O N :

Printed for C. BATHURST and T. LOWNDS in Fleet-Street,
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MDCCLXIII.



TO HER GRACE the
DUCHESS of *Portsmouth*.

MADAM,

WERE it possible for me to let the World know, how intirely Your Grace's Goodness has devoted a poor Man to your Service: Were there Words enough in Speech to express the mighty Sense I have of your great Bounty towards me; surely I should write and talk of it for ever: But your Grace has given me so large a Theme, and laid so very vast a Foundation, that Imagination wants Stock to build upon it. I am as one dumb when I would speak of it; and when I strive to write, I want a Scale of Thought sufficient to comprehend the Height of it. Forgive me then, Madam, if (as a poor Peasant once

A 2

made

4 DEDICATION.

made a Present of an Apple to an Emperor) I bring this small Tribute, the humble Growth of my little Garden, and lay it at your Feet. Believe it is paid you with the utmost Gratitude: Believe, that, so long as I have Thought to remember how very much I owe your generous Nature, I will ever have a Heart that shall be grateful for it too. Your Grace, next Heaven, deserves it amply from me: That gave me Life, but on a hard Condition; till your extended Favour taught me to prize the Gift, and took the heavy Burden it was clogged with from me, I mean, hard Fortune. When I had Enemies, that with malicious Power, kept back and shaded me from those royal Beams, whose Warmth is all I have, or hope to live by: Your noble Pity and Compassion found me, where I was cast backward from my Blessing, down in the Rear of Fortune, called me up, placed me in the Shine, and I have felt its Comfort. You have in that restored me to my native Right; for a steady Faith and Loyalty to my Prince was all the Inheritance my Father left me; and, however hardly my ill Fortune deal with me, 'tis what I prize so well, that I never pawn'd it yet, and hope I shall never part with it. Nature and Fortune were certainly in League, when You were born; and as the first took Care to give you Beauty
enough

D E D I C A T I O N. 5

enough to enslave the Hearts of all the World; so the other resolv'd to do its Merit Justice, that none but a Monarch fit to rule the World should e'er possess it; and in it he had an Empire. The young Prince You have given him, by his blooming Virtues early declares the mighty Stock he came from: And as you have taken all the pious Care of a dear Mother, and a prudent Guardian, to give him a noble and generous Education; may it succeed according to his Merits and Your Wishes: May he grow up to be a Bulwark to his illustrious Father, and a Patron to his loyal Subjects; with Wisdom and Learning to assist him, whenever call'd to his Councils; to defend his Right against the Incroachments of Republicans in his Senates; to cherish such Men as shall be able to vindicate the Royal Cause; that good and fit Servants to the Crown may never be lost for want of a Protector. May he have Courage and Conduct fit to fight his Battles Abroad, and terrify his Rebels at Home: And, that all these may be yet more sure, may he never, during the Spring-time of his Years, when those growing Virtues ought with Care to be cherish'd in order to their Ripening; may he never meet with vicious Natures, or the Tongues of faithless, fordid, insipid Flatterers, to blast 'em. To

6 DEDICATION.

conclude, may he be as great as the Hand of Fortune (with his Honour) shall be able to make him : And may Your Grace, who are so good a Mistress, and so noble a Patroness, never meet with a less grateful Servant, than,

M A D A M,

Your Grace's

intirely devoted Creature,

THO. OTWAY.

P^rO.

P R O L O G U E.

*I*N these distracted Times, when each Man dreads
 The bloody Stratagems of busy Heads :
 When we have fear'd three Years we know not what,
 'Till Witnesses began to die o' th' Rot ;
 What made our Poet meddle with a Plot ?
 Was't that he fancy'd, for the very Sake
 And Name of Plot, his trifling Play might take ?
 For there's not in't one Inch-board Evidence ;
 But 'tis, he says, to Reason plain and Sense ;
 And that he thinks a plausible Defence.
 Were Truth by Sense and Reason to be try'd,
 Sure all our Swearers might be laid aside ;
 No ; of such Tools our Author has no Need,
 To make his Plot, or make his Play succeed ;
 He of black Bills has no prodigious Tales,
 Or Spanish Pilgrims cast ashore in Wales :
 Here's not one murder'd Magistrate, at least,
 Kept rank, like Ven'son for a City Feast,
 Grown four Days stiff, the better to prepare
 And fit his pliant Limbs to ride in Chair.
 Yet here's an Army rais'd, tho' under Ground,
 But no Man seen, nor one Commission found :
 Here is a Traytor too, that's very old,
 Turbulent, subtle, mischievous, and bold,
 Bloody, revengeful ; and—to crown his Part,
 Loves Fumbling with a Wench with all his Heart :
 'Till, after having many Changes past,
 In spite of Age (thanks t' Heaven) is hang'd at last :
 Next is a Senator that keeps a Whore,
 In Venice none a higher Office bore,
 To Lewdness ev'ry Night the Leacher ran ;
 Shew me, all London, such another Man ;
 Match him at Mother Cresswell's, if you can.
 O Poland ! Poland ! had it been thy Lot,
 T' have heard in Time of this Venetian Plot,
 Thou surely chosen hadst one King from thence,
 And honour'd them, as thou hast England since.

Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Duke of <i>Venice</i> .		Mr. <i>D. Williams</i> .
<i>Priuli</i> , Father to <i>Belvidera</i> , a	}	Mr. <i>Bowman</i> .
Senator.		
<i>Antonia</i> , a fine Speaker in the	}	Mr. <i>Leigh</i> .
Senate.		
<i>Bedamar</i> , the <i>Spanish</i> Ambaf-	}	Mr. <i>Gillo</i> .
sador.		
<i>Jaffier</i> ,	} Confpirators.	Mr. <i>Betterton</i> .
<i>Pierre</i> ,		Mr. <i>Smith</i> .
<i>Renau't</i> ,		Mr. <i>Wiltshire</i> .
<i>Spinesa</i> ,		Mr. <i>Percival</i> .
<i>Theodore</i> ,		
<i>Eliot</i> ,		
<i>Revilido</i> ,		
<i>Durand</i> ,		
<i>Mezzano</i> ,		
<i>Bramweil</i> ,		
<i>Ternon</i> ,		
<i>Brabe</i> ,		

W O M E N.

<i>Belvidera</i> ,	Mrs. <i>Barry</i> .
<i>Aquilina</i> ,	Mrs. <i>Currer</i> .
Two Women, Attendants on <i>Belvidera</i> .	
Two Women, Servants to <i>Aquilina</i> .	
The Council of Ten.	
Officer, Guard, Friar, Executioner, and Rabble.	

V E N I C E

VENICE Preserv'd:

O R,

A P L O T Discover'd.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

Enter PRIULI and JAFFIER.

P R I U L I.

NO more! I'll hear no more; be gone and leave me.

Jaff. Not hear me! by my Suffering, but you shall!

My Lord, my Lord! I'm not that abject Wretch
You think me: Patience! where's the Distance throws
Me back so far, but I may boldly speak
In Right, tho' proud Oppression will not hear me?

Pri. Have you not wrong'd me?

Jaff. Could my Nature e'er
Have brook'd Injustice, or the doing Wrongs,
I need not now thus low have bent myself
To gain a Hearing from a cruel Father.
Wrong'd you!

Pri. Yes, wrong'd me in the nicest Point,
The Honour of my House; you've done me Wrong.
You

You may remember (for I now will speak,
 And urge its Baseness) when you first came Home
 From Travel, with such Hopes as made you look'd on
 By all Men's Eyes, a Youth of Expectation;
 Pleas'd with your growing Virtue, I receiv'd you;
 Courted, and sought to raise you to your Merits:
 My House, my Table, nay, my Fortune too,
 My very Self was yours, you might have us'd me
 To your best Service; like an open Friend
 I treated, trusted you, and thought you mine:
 When, in Requital of my best Endeavours,
 You treacherously practis'd to undo me,
 Seduc'd the Weakness of my Age's Darling,
 My only Child, and stole her from my Bosom:
 Oh! *Belvidera*!

Jaff. 'Tis to me you owe her.
 Childless you had been else, and in the Grave
 Your Name extinct; no more *Priuli* heard of.
 You may remember, scarce five Years are past,
 Since in your Brigantine you sail'd to see
 The *Adriatick* wedded by our Duke;
 And I was with you: Your unskilful Pilot
 Dash'd us upon a Rock; when to your Boat
 You made for Safety: Enter'd first yourself;
 Th' affrighted *Belvidera*, following next,
 As she stood trembling on the Vessel's Side,
 Was by a Wave wash'd off into the Deep;
 When instantly I plung'd into the Sea,
 And, buffeting the Billows to her Rescue,
 Redeem'd her Life with half the Loss of mine.
 Like a rich Conquest, in one Hand I bore her,
 And with the other dash'd the saucy Waves,
 That throng'd and press'd to rob me of my Prize:
 I brought her, gave her to your despairing Arms:
 Indeed you thank'd me; but a nobler Gratitude
 'Rose in her Soul: For from that Hour she lov'd me,
 'Till for her Life she paid me with herself.

Pri. You stole her from me; like a Thief you stole
 her,
 At dead of Night; that cursed Hour you chose

To rifle me of all my Heart held dear.
May all your Joys in her prove false like mine ;
A sterile Fortune, and a barren Bed,
Attend you both ; continual Discord make
Your Days and Nights bitter and grievous still :
May the hard Hand of a vexatious Need
Oppress and grind you ; till at last you find
The Curse of Disobedience all your Portion.

Jaff. Half of your Curse you have bestow'd in vain ;
Heav'n has already crown'd our faithful Loves
With a young Boy, sweet as his Mother's Beauty :
May he live to prove more gentle than his Grandfire,
And happier than his Father.

Pri. Rather live
To bate thee for his Bread, and din your Ears
With hungry Cries ; whilst his unhappy Mother
Sits down and weeps in Bitterness of Want.

Jaff. You talk, as if 'twould please you.

Pri. 'Twould, by Heaven !
Once she was dear indeed ; the Drops that fell
From my sad Heart, when she forgot her Duty,
The Fountain of my Life was not so precious :
But she is gone ; and, if I am a Man,
I will forget her.

Jaff. Would I were in my Grave.

Pri. And she too with thee :
For, living here, you're but my curs'd Remembrancers,
I once was happy.

Jaff. You use me thus, because you know my Soul
Is fond of *Belvidera* : You perceive
My Life feeds on her, therefore thus you treat me.
Oh ! could my Soul ever have found Satiety ;
Were I that Thief, the Doer of such Wrongs
As you upbraid me with, what hinders me,
But I might send her back to you with Contumely,
And court my Fortune where she would be kinder ?

Pri. You dare not do't.

Jaff. Indeed, my Lord, I dare not.
My Heart, that awes me, is too much my Master :
Three Years are past, since first our Vows were plighted,
During

During which Time, the World must bear me witness,
 I've treated *Belvidera* like your Daughter,
 The Daughter of a Senator of *Venice* :
 Distinction, Place, Attendance, and Observance,
 Due to her Birth, she always has commanded :
 Out of my little Fortune I've done this ;
 Because (tho' hopeless e'er to win your Nature)
 The World might see I lov'd her for herself,
 Not as the Heiress of the great *Priuli*.

Pri. No more.

Jaff. Yes, all, and then adieu for ever.
 There's not a Wretch, that lives on common Charity,
 But's happier than me : For I've known
 The luscious Sweets of Plenty ; every Night
 Have slept with soft Content about my Head,
 And never wak'd but to a joyful Morning :
 Yet now must fall like a full Ear of Corn,
 Whose Blossom 'scap'd, yet's wither'd in the Ripening.

Pri. Home, and be humble, study to retrench ;
 Discharge the lazy Vermin of thy Hall,
 Those Pageants of thy Folly :
 Reduce the glist'ring Trappings of thy Wife
 To humble Weeds, fit for thy little State :
 Then to some suburb Cottage both retire ;
 Drudge to feed loathsome Life ; get Brats and starve—
 Home, Home, I say. ————— [Exit.

Jaff. Yes, if my Heart would let me —————
 This proud, this swelling Heart : Home I would go,
 But that my Doors are hateful to my Eyes,
 Fill'd and damm'd up with gaping Creditors,
 Watchful as Fowlers when their Game will spring :
 I've now not fifty Ducats in the World,
 Yet still I'm in Love, and pleas'd with Ruin.
 Oh ! *Belvidera* ! Oh ! she is my Wife —————
 And we will bear our wayward Fate together,
 But ne'er know Comfort more.

Enter Pierre.

Pier. My Friend, Good-morrow,
 How fares the honest Part'ner of my Heart ?
 What, melancholy ? not a Word to spare me !

Jaff.

Jaff. I'm thinking, *Pierre*, how that damn'd starving
Call'd Honesty, got Footing in the World. [Quality,

Pier. Why, powerful Villainy first set it up,
For its own Ease and Safety; Honest Men
Are the soft easy Cushions, on which Knaves
Repose and fatten: Were all Mankind Villains,
They'd starve each other; Lawyers would want Practice,
Cut-throats Rewards: Each Man would kill his Brother
Himself; none would be paid or hang'd for Murder:
Honesty! 'twas a Cheat invented first
To bind the Hands of bold deserving Rogues,
That Fools and Cowards might sit safe in Power,
And lord it uncontroul'd above their Betters.

Jaff. Then Honesty is but a Notion?

Pier. Nothing else,
Like Wit, much talk'd of, not to be defin'd:
He that pretends to most too has least Share in't:
'Tis a ragged Virtue. Honesty! no more on't.

Jaff. Sure thou art honest?

Pier. So indeed Men think me;
But they are mistaken, *Jaffier*: I am a Rogue
As well as they;
A fine gay bold-fac'd Villain, as thou seest me.
'Tis true, I pay my Debts, when they're contracted;
I steal from no Man; would not cut a Throat
To gain Admission to a great Man's Purse,
Or a Whore's Bed; I'd not betray my Friend
To get his Place or Fortune; I scorn to flatter
A blown-up Fool above me to crush the Wretch beneath
Yet, *Jaffier*, for all this I am a Villain. [me:

Jaff. A Villain!

Pier. Yes, and a most notorious Villain;
To see the Sufferings of my Fellow-creatures,
And own myself a Man: To see our Senators
Cheat the deluded People with a Shew
Of Liberty, which yet they ne're must taste of.
They say, by them our Hands are free from Fetters,
Yet whom they please they lay in basest Bonds;
Bring whom they please to Infamy and Sorrow;
Drive us like Wrecks down the rough Tide of Power,
Whilst no Hold is to save us from Destruction.

All that bear this are Villains : and I one,
Not to rouse up at the greatest Call of Nature,
And check the Growth of these domestic Spoilers,
That make us Slaves, and tell us 'tis our Charter.

Jaff. Oh! *Aquilina*! Friend, to lose such Beauty,
The dearest Purchase of thy noble Labours!
She was thy Right by Conquest, as by Love.

Pier. Oh! *Jaffier*! I had so fix'd my Heart upon her,
That wherefoe'er I fram'd a Scheme of Life
For Time to come, she was my only Joy,
With which I wish'd to sweeten future Cares;
I fancy'd Pleasures, none, but one that loves
And doats as I did, can imagine like 'em:
When in the Extremity of all these Hopes,
In the most charming Hour of Expectation,
Then, when our eager Wishes soar the highest,
Ready to stoop and grasp the lovely Game,
A haggard Owl, a worthless Kite of Prey,
With his foul Wings sail'd in, and spoil'd my Quarry.

Jaff. I know the Wretch, and scorn him as thou
hat'st him.

Pier. Curse on the common Good that's so protected,
Where every Slave, that heaps up Wealth enough
To do much Wrong, becomes the Lord of Right:
I, who believ'd no Ill could e'er come near me,
Found in the Embraces of my *Aquilina*
A wretched old, but itching Senator,
A wealthy Fool, that had bought out my Title:
A Rogue that uses Beauty like a Lamb-skin,
Barely to keep him warm; that filthy Cuckow too
Was, in my Absence, crept into my Nest,
And spoiling all my Brood of noble Pleasure.

Jaff. Didst thou not chace him thence?

Pier. I did, and drove
The rank old-bearded *Hirco* stinking Home:
The Matter was complain'd of in the Senate,
I summon'd to appear, and censur'd basely,
For violating something they call *Privilege*——
This was the Recompence of my Service:
Would I'd been rather beaten by a Coward,
A Soldier's Mistress, *Jaffier*, is his Religion;

When

When that's profan'd, all other Ties are broken :
That even dissolves all former Bonds of Service ;
And from that Hour I think myself as free
To be the Foe, as e'er the Friend of *Venice*—
Nay, dear Revenge, whene'er thou call'st, I'm ready.

Jaff. I think no Safety can be here for Virtue,
And grieve, my Friend, as much as thou, to live
In such a wretched State as this of *Venice*,
Where all agree to spoil the publick Good ;
And Villains fatten with the brave Man's Labours.

Pier. We've neither Safety, Unity, nor Peace, my
Friend,

For the Foundation's lost of common Good ;
Justice is lame as well as blind amongst us ;
The Laws (corrupted to their Ends that make 'em)
Serve but for Instruments of some new Tyranny,
That every Day starts up to enslave us deeper.
Now could this glorious Cause but find out Friends
To do it right, oh *Jaffier* ! then might'st thou
Not wear these Seals of Woe upon thy Face ;
The proud *Priuli* should be taught Humanity,
And learn to value such a Son as thou art.
I dare not speak, but my Heart bleads this Moment.

Jaff. Curse be the Cause, tho' I thy Friend be Part
Let me partake the Troubles of thy Bosom, [on't :
For I am us'd to Mis'ry, and perhaps
May find a Way to sweeten't to thy Spirit.

Pier. Too soon 'twill reach thy Knowledge—

Jaff. Then from thee
Let it proceed. There's Virtue in thy Friendship,
Would make the saddest Tale of Sorrow pleasing,
Strengthen my Constancy, and welcome Ruin.

Pier. Then thou art ruin'd !

Jaff. That I long since knew ;
I and ill Fortune have been long acquainted.

Pier. I pass'd this very Moment by thy Doors,
And found them guarded by a Troop of Villains ;
The Sons of publick Rapine were destroying.
They told me, by the Sentence of the Law
They had Commission to seize all thy Fortune :
Nay more, *Priuli's* cruel Hand had sign'd it.
Here stood a Russian with a horrid Face,

Lording it o'er a Pile of massy Plate,
 Tumbled into a Heap for publick Sale;
 There was another making villainous Jest
 At thy Undoing, he had ta'en Possession
 Of all thy ancient most domestick Ornaments
 Rich Hangings intermix'd and wrought with Gold:
 The very Bed, which on thy Wedding-Night
 Receiv'd thee to the Arms of *Belvidera*;
 The Scene of all thy Joys was violated
 By the coarse Hands of filthy Dungeon Villains,
 And thrown amongst the common Lumber.

Jaff. Now thank Heav'n——

Pier. Thank Heav'n! for what?

Jaff. That I'm not worth a Ducat. [Venice,

Pier. Curse thy dull Stars, and the worst Fate of
 Where Brothers, Friends, and Fathers are all false;
 Where there's no Truth, no Truth; where Innocence
 Stoops under vile Oppressions, and Vice lords it.
 Hadst thou but seen, as I did, how at last
 Thy beauteous *Belvidera*, like a Wretch
 That's doom'd to Banishment, came weeping forth,
 Shining thro' Tears, like *April*-Suns in Showers,
 That labour to o'ercome the Cloud that loads 'em;
 Whilst two young Virgins, on whose Arms she lean'd,
 Kindly look'd up, and at her Grief grew sad,
 As if they catch'd the Sorrows that fell from her;
 E'en the lewd Rabble, that were gather'd round
 To see the Sight, stood mute when they beheld her;
 Govern'd their roaring Throats, and grumbled Pity;
 I could have hugg'd the greasy Rogues; They pleas'd

Jaff. I thank thee for this Story from my Soul, [me.
 Since now I know the worst that can befall me:

Ah, *Pierre*! I have a Heart that could have borne
 The roughest Wrong my Fortune could have done me;
 But when I think what *Belvidera* feels,
 The Bitterness her tender Spirits taste of.

I own myself a Coward: Bear my Weakness;
 If, throwing thus my Arms about thy Neck,
 I play the Boy, and blubber in thy Bosom:
 Oh! I shall drown thee with my Sorrows.

Pier. Burn,

First burn, and level *Venice* to thy Ruin.
 What ! Starve like Beggars Brats in frosty Weather
 Under a Hedge, and whine ourselves to Death !
 Thou, or thy Cause, shall never want Assistance,
 Whilst I have Blood or Fortune fit to serve thee :
 Command my Heart ; thou'rt every Way its Master.

Jaff. No, there's a secret Pride in bravely doing.

Pier. Rats die in Holes and Corners, Dogs run mad ;
 Man knows a braver Remedy for Sorrow ;
 Revenge, the Attribute of Gods ; they stamp'd it
 With their great Image on our Natures. Die !
 Consider well the Cause, that calls upon thee ;
 And, if thou'rt base enough, die then : Remember
 Thy *Belvidera* suffers, *Belvidera* !
 Die——Damn first——what ! Be decently interr'd
 In a Church-Yard, and mingle thy brave Dust
 With stinking Rogues, that rot in dirty Winding-
 sheets,

Surfeit—slain Fools, the common Dung o'th' Soil !

Jaff. Oh !

Pier. Well said, out with't, swear a little——

Jaff. Swear ! By Sea and Air ; by Earth, by Heav'n
 and Hell,

I will revenge my *Belvidera*'s Tears.

Hark thee, my Friend——*Priuli*——is——a Senator.

Pier. A Dog.

Jaff. Agreed.

Pier. Shoot him.

Jaff. With all my Heart.

No more ; Where shall we meet at Night ?

Pier. I'll tell thee ;

On the *Rialto*, every Night at Twelve
 I take my Evening's Walk of Meditation :
 There we two'll meet, and talk of precious
 Mischief——

Jaff. Farewel.

Pier. At Twelve.

Jaff. At any Hour ; my Plagues
 Will keep me waking. [Ex. Pierre.
 Tell me why, good Heaven,
 Thou mad'st me what I am, with all the Spirit,
 Aspiring Thoughts and elegant Desires,

That fill the happiest Man? Ah rather why
 Didst thou not form me sordid as my Fate,
 Base-minded, dull, and fit to carry Burdens?
 Why have I Sense to know the Curse that's on me?
 Is this just Dealing, Nature? *Belvidera!*

Enter Belvidera.

Poor *Belvidera!*

Bel. Lead me, lead me, my Virgins,
 To that kind Voice. My Lord, my Love, my Refuge!
 Happy my Eyes, when they behold thy Face!
 My heavy Heart will leave its doleful Beating
 At Sight of thee, and bound with sprightly Joys.
 Oh smile! as when our Loves were in their Spring,
 And chear my fainting Soul.

Jaff. As when our Loves
 Were in their Spring! has then our Fortune chang'd?
 Art thou not *Belvidera*, still the same,
 Kind, good, and tender, as my Arms first found thee?
 If thou art alter'd, where shall I have Harbour?
 Where ease my loaded Heart? Oh! where complain?

Bel. Does this appear like Change, or Love decay-
 When thus I throw myself into thy Bosom, [ing,
 With all the Resolution of strong Truth?
 Beats not my Heart, as 'twould alarm thine
 To a new Charge of Bliss? I joy more in thee,
 Than did thy Mother when she hugg'd thee first,
 And blest the Gods for all her Travel past.

Jaff. Can there in Woman be such glorious Faith?
 Sure all ill Stories of thy Sex are false!
 Oh Woman! lovely Woman! Nature made thee
 To temper Man: We had been Brutes without you:
 Angels are painted fair to look like you:
 There's in you all that we believe of Heaven,
 Amazing Brightness, Purity and Truth,
 Eternal Joy, and everlasting Love.

Bel. If Love be Treasure, we'll be wond'rous rich;
 I have so much, my Heart will surely break with it:
 Vows can't express it. When I would declare
 How great's the Joy, I'm dumb with the big Thought:
 I swoon, I sigh, and labour with my Longing.
 O! lead me to some Desert wide and wild,

Barren

*H. have no reason to
 think so*

Barren as our Misfortunes, where my Soul
May have its Vent, where I may tell aloud
To the high Heav'ns and ev'ry list'ning Planet,
With what a boundless Shock my Bosom's fraught;
Where I may throw my eager Arms about thee,
Give loose to Love, with Kisses kindling Joy,
And let off all the Fire that's in my Heart.

Jaff. Oh *Belvidera* ! doubly I'm a Beggar,
Undone by Fortune, and in Debt to thee.
Want, worldly Want, that hungry meagre Fiend,
Is at my Heels, and chaces me in View.
Can'st thou bear Cold and Hunger ? Can these Limbs,
Fram'd for the tender Offices of Love,
Endure the bitter Gripes of smarting Poverty ?
When banish'd by our Miseries abroad
(As suddenly we shall be) to seek out
In some fair Climate, where our Names are Strangers,
For charitable Succour ; wilt thou then,
When in a Bed of Straw we shrink together,
And the bleak Winds shall whistle round our Heads ;
Wilt thou then talk thus to me ? Wilt thou then
Hush my Cares thus, and shelter me with Love ?

Bel. Oh ! I will love thee, even in Madness love thee ;
Tho' my distracted Senses should forsake me,
I'd find some Intervals, when my poor Heart
Should 'swage itself, and be let loose to thine.
Tho' the bare Earth be all our Resting-place,
Its Roots our Food, some Clift our Habitation,
I'll make this Arm a Pillow for thine Head ;
As thou fighting ly'st, and swell'd with Sorrow,
Creep to thy Bosom, pour the Balm of Love
Into thy Soul, and kiss thee to thy Rest ;
Then praise our God, and watch thee till the Morning.

Jaff. Hear this, you Heav'ns ! and wonder how you
made her :

Reign, reign, ye Monarchs that divide the World,
Busy Religion ne'er will let you know
Tranquillity and Happiness like mine ;
Like gaudy Ships, the obsequious Billows fall,
And rise again, to lift you in your Pride ;
They wait but for a Storm, and then devour you :

I in my private Bark already wreck'd,
 Like a poor Merchant driven to unknown Land,
 'That had by Chance pack'd up his choicest Treasure
 In one dear Casket, and sav'd only that ;
 Since I must wander farther on the Shore,
 Thus hug my little, but my precious Store,
 Resolv'd to scorn, and trust my Fate no more. *Ex.* }

A C T II. S C E N E I.

Enter Pierre and Aquilina.

Aqui. **B**Y all thy Wrongs, thou'rt dearer to my Arms
 Than all the Wealth of *Venice* : Prithee stay,
 And let us love to Night.

Pier. No : There's Fool,
 There's Fool about thee : When a Woman sells
 Her Flesh to Fools, her Beauty's lost to me ;
 'They leave a tainted Sully, where they've pass'd ;
 There's such a baneful Quality about 'em,
 E'en spoils Complexions with their Nauseousness ;
 They infect all they touch : I cannot think
 Of tasting any Thing that a Fool has pall'd. [*much*]

Aqui. I loath and scorn that Fool thou mean'st as
 Or more than thou canst ; but the Beast has Gold,
 That makes him necessary ; Power too,
 'To qualify my Character, and poise me
 Equal with peevish Virtue, that beholds
 My Liberty with Envy : In their Hearts
 They're loose as I am ; but an ugly Power
 Sits in their Faces, and frights Pleasures from them.

Pier. Much good may't do you, Madam, with your
 Senator.

Aqui. My Senator ! why, canst thou think that
 E'er fill'd thy *Aquilina's* Arms with Pleasure ? [*Wretch*
 Think'st thou, because I sometimes give him Leave
 To foil himself at what he is unfit for ;
 Because I force myself t'endure and suffer him,
 Think'st thou I love him ? No, by all the Joys
 Thou ever gav'st me, his Presence is my Penance ;

The

or, *A Plot Discover'd.*

21

The worst Thing an old Man can be's a Lover,
A mere *Memento mori* to poor Woman :
I never lay by his decrepid Side,
But all that Night I ponder'd on my Grave.

Pier. Would he were well sent thither.

Aqui. That's my Wish too :

For then, my *Pierre*, I might have Cause, with Pleasure,
To play the Hypocrite : Oh ! how I could weep
Over the dying Dotard, and kiss him too,
In hopes to smother him quite ; then, when the Time
Was come to pay my Sorrows at his Funeral,
(For he has already made me Heir to Treasures
Would make me out-act a real Widow's Whining)
How could I frame my Face to fit my Mourning !
With wringing Hands attend him to his Grave,
Fall swooning on his Hearse ; take mad Possession
E'en of the dismal Vault, where he lay buried ;
There, like the *Ephesian* Matron, dwell, till thou,
My lovely Soldier, com'st to my Deliverance ;
Then, throwing up my Veil, with open Arms
And laughing Eyes, run to new dawning Joy.

Pier. No more ; I've Friends to meet me here to
Night,

And must be private. As you prize my Friendship,
Keep up your Coxcomb ; let him not pry nor listen,
Nor frisk about the House, as I have seen him,
Like a tame mumping Squirrel with a Bell on ;
Curs will be abroad to bite him, if you do.

Aqui. What Friends to meet ! mayn't I be of your
Council ?

Pier. How ! A Woman ask Questions out of Bed !
Go to your Senator ; ask him what passes
Amongst his Brethren : He'll hide nothing from you :
But pump not me for Politicks. No more.
Give Order, that whoever in my Name
Comes here, receive Admittance. So good Night.

Aqui. Must we ne'er meet again ! embrace no more ?
Is Love so soon and utterly forgotten ? [on t.

Pier. As you henceforward treat your Fool, I'll think

Aqui. Curs'd be all Fools, and doubly curs'd myself,
The worst of Fools—I die if he forsakes me ;
And how to keep him Heaven or Hell instruct me. [F.

SCENE, *the Rialto.**Enter Jaffier.*

Jaff. I'm here; and thus the Shades of Night around
 I look as if all Hell were in my Heart, [me
 And I in Hell. Nay, surely 'tis so with me! —
 For, every Step I tread, methinks some Fiend
 Knocks at my Breast, and bids it not be quiet.
 I've heard how desperate Wretches, like myself,
 Have wander'd out at this dead Time of Night,
 To meet the Foe of Mankind in his Walk:
 Sure I'm so curs'd, that, tho' of Heav'n forsaken,
 No Minister of Darknes cares to tempt me.
 Hell, Hell, why sleep'st thou?

Enter Pierre.

Pier. Sure I've staid too long:
 The Clock has struck, and I may lose my Profelyte.
 Speak, who goes there?

Jaff. A Dog, that comes to howl
 At yonder Moon. What's he, that asks the Question?

Pier. A Friend to Dogs, for they are honest Crea-
 And ne'er betray their Masters, never fawn [tures,
 On any that they love not. Well met, Friend

Jaffier!

Jaff. The same. O *Pierre*, thou'rt come in Season,
 I was just going to pray.

Pier. Ah; that's mechanick;
 Priest's make a Trade on't, and yet starve by't too;
 No praying; it spoils Business, and Times precious.
 Where's *Belvidera*? —

Jaff. For a Day or two
 I've lodg'd her privately, till I see farther
 What Fortune will do with me. Prithee, Friend,
 If thou would'st have me fit to hear good Counsel,
 Speak not of *Belvidera* —

Pier. Speak not of her!

Jaff. Oh no!

Pier. Nor name her? May be I wish her well.

Jaff. Whom well?

Pier. Thy Wife, thy lovely *Belvidera*.

I hope

I hope a Man may wish his Friend's Wife well,
And no Harm done.

Jaff. Y'are merry, *Pierre.*

Pier. I am so :

Thou shalt smile too, and *Belvidera* smile ;
We'll all rejoice : here's something to buy Pins ;
[*Gives him a Purse.*]

Marriage is chargeable.

Jaff. I but half wish'd
To see the Devil, and he's here already. Well !
What must this buy, Rebellion, Murder, Treason ?
Tell me, which Way I must be damn'd for this.

Pier. When last we parted, we'd no Qualms like
these,

But entertain'd each other's Thoughts like Men,
Whose Souls were well acquainted. Is the World
Reform'd since our last Meeting ; what new Miracles
Have happen'd ? Has *Priuli's* Heart relented ?
Can he be honest ?

Jaff. Kind Heav'n, let heavy Curses
Gall his old Age ; Cramps, Aches rack his Bones,
And bitterest Disquiet ring his Heart.
Oh ! let him live, till Life become his Burden ;
Let him groan under't long, linger an Age
In the worst Agonies and Pangs of Death,
And find its Ease, but late.

Pier. Nay, could'st thou not
As well, my Friend, have stretch'd the Curse to all
The Senate round, as to one single Villain ?

Jaff. But Curses stick not : Could I kill with Cursing,
By Heav'n I know not thirty Heads in *Venice*
Should not be blasted : Senators should rot
Like Dogs on Dunghills : But their Wives and Daugh-
Die of their own Diseases. Oh ! for a Curse [ters
To kill him !

Pier. Daggers, Daggers are much better.

Jaff. Ha !

Pier. Daggers.

Jaff. But where are they ?

Pier. Oh ! a Thousand
May be dispos'd of in honest Hands in *Venice.*

Jaff. Thou talk'st in Clouds.

Pier. But yet a Heart half wrong'd,
As thine has been, would find the Meaning, *Jaffier.*

Jaff. A thousand Daggers all in honest Hands!
And have I not a Friend will stick one here?

Pier. Yes, if I thought thou wert not to be cherish'd
T' a nobler Purpose, I would be that Friend,
But thou hast better Friends; Friends whom thy Wrongs
Have made thy Friends; Friends worthy to be call'd so.
I'll trust thee with a Secret: There are Spirits
This Hour at work. But as thou'rt a Man,
Whom I have pick'd and chosen from the World,
Swear that thou wilt be true to what I utter;
And when I've told thee that which only Gods,
And Men like Gods, are privy to, then swear
No Chance or Change shall wrest it from thy Bosom.

Jaff. When thou would'st bind me, is there Need
of Oaths? [Counters]

(Green-sickness Girls lose Maidenheads with such
For thou'rt so near my Heart, that thou may'st see
Its Bottom, sound its Strength and Firmness to thee:
Is Coward, Fool, or Villain in my Face?
If I seem none of these, I dare believe
Thou would'st not use me in a little Cause,
For I am fit for Honour's roughest Task;
Nor never yet found Fooling was my Province:
And for a villainous inglorious Enterprize
I know thy Heart so well, I dare lay mine
Before thee, set it to what Point thou wilt.

Pier. Nay, 'tis a Cause thou wilt be fond of, *Jaffier*;
For it is founded on the noblest Basis,
Our Liberties, our natural Inheritance;
'There's no Religion, no Hypocrisy in't;
We'll do the Business, and ne'er fast and pray for't
Openly act a Deed the World may gaze
With Wonder at, and envy when 'tis done.

Jaff. For Liberty!

Pier. For Liberty, my Friend;
'Thou shalt be freed from base *Priuli's* Tyranny,
And thy sequester'd Fortunes heal'd again:
I shall be free from those opprobrious Wrongs,

That

That press me now, and bend my Spirit downward ;
All *Venice* free, and every growing Merit
Succeed to its just Right : Fools shall be pull'd
From Wisdom's Seat ; those baleful unclean Birds,
Those lazy Owls, who (perch'd near Fortune's Top)
Sit only watchful with their heavy Wings
To cuff down new fledg'd Virtues, that would rise
To nobler Heights, and make the Grove harmonious.

Jaff. What can I do ?

Pier. Canst thou not kill a Senator ?

Jaff. Were there one wise or honest, I could kill him
For herding with that Nest of Fools or Knaves.
By all my Wrongs, thou talk'st as if Revenge
Were to be had ; and the brave Story warms me.

Pier. Swear then !

Jaff. I do, by all those glittering Stars,
And yon great ruling Planet of the Night,
By all good Powers above and ill below,
By Love and Friendship dearer than my Life,
No Pow'r or Death shall make me false to thee.

Pier. Here we embrace, and I'll unlock my Heart.
A Council's held hard by, where the Destruction
Of this great Empire's hatching : There I'll lead thee,
But be a Man, for thou art to mix with Men
Fit to disturb the Peace of all the World,
And rule it when 'tis wildest——

Jaff. I give thee Thanks
For this kind Warning : Yes, I'll be a Man ;
And charge thee *Pierre*, whene'er thou feelst my Fears]
Betray me less, to rip this Heart of mine
Out of my Breast, and shew it for a Coward's.
Come, let's be gone, for from this Hour I chace
All little Thoughts, all tender human Follies
Out of my Bosom : Vengeance shall have Room :
Revenge !

Pier. And Liberty !

Jaff. Revenge ! Revenge——

*The SCENE changes to Aquilina's House, the Greek
Courtesan.*

Enter Renault.

Ren. Why was my Choice Ambition, the worst Ground
A Wretch

A Wretch can build on ? 'tis indeed, at a Distance,
 A good Prospect, tempting to the View ;
 The Height delights us, and the Mountain-top
 Looks beautiful, because 'tis nigh to Heav'n ;
 But we ne'er think how sandy's the Foundation,
 What Storm will batter, and what Tempest shake us.
 Who's there ?

Enter Spinosa.

Spin. Renault, Good-morrow, for by this Time
 I think the Scale of Night has turn'd the Balance,
 And weighs up Morning ? Has the Clock struck Twelve ?

Ren. Yes ; Clocks will go as they are set : But Man,
 Irregular Man's ne'er constant, never certain :
 I've spent at least three precious Hours of Darknes
 In waiting dull Attendance ; 'tis the Curse
 Of diligent Virtue to be mixt, like mine,
 With giddy Tempers, Souls but half resolv'd.

Spin. Hell seize that Soul amongst us, it can frighten.

Ren. What's then the Cause that I am here alone ?
 Why are we not together ?

Enter Eliot.

O, Sir, welcome !

You are an *Englishman* : When Treason's hatching,
 One might have thought you'd not have been behind-
 hand.

In what Whore's Lap have you been lolling ?
 Give but an *Englishman* his Whore and Ease,
 Beef, and a Sea-coal Fire, he's yours for ever.

Eli. Frenchman, you are saucy.

Ren. How ?

Enter Bedamar the Ambassador. Theodore, Bramveil,
 Durand, Erabe, Revillido, Mezzana, Ternon, Re-
 troü, *Conspirators.*

Bed. At Difference, fie !

Is this a Time for Quarrels ? Thieves and Rogues
 Fall out and brawl : Should Men of your high Calling,
 Men separated by the Choice of Providence
 From the gross Heap of Mankind, and set here
 In this Assembly as in one great Jewel,
 T' adorn the bravest Purpose it e'er smil'd on ;
 Should you, like Boys, wrangle for Trifles ?

Ren. Boys !

Bed.

Bed. *Renault*, thy Hand,

Ren. I thought I'd given my Heart
Long since to every Man that mingles here ;
But grieve to find it trusted with such Tempers,
That can't forgive my forward Age its Weakness.

Bed. *Eliot*, thou once had'st Virtue ; I have seen
Thy stubborn Temper bend with God-like Goodness,
Not half thus courted : 'Tis thy Nation's Glory,
To hug the Foe that offers brave Alliance.
Once more embrace, my Friends—we'll all embrace—
United thus, we are the mighty Engine
Must twist this rooted Empire from its Basis.
Totters not it already ?

Eli. Would 'twere tumbling.

Bed. Nay, it shall down : This Night we seal its Ruin.

Enter Pierre.

Oh ! *Pierre*, thou art welcome.
Come to my Breast, for by its Hopes thou look'st
Lovely dreadful, and the Fate of *Venice*
Seems on thy Sword already. Oh ! my *Mars* !
The Poets, that first feign'd a God of War,
Sure prophesy'd of thee.

Pier. Friends, Was not *Brutus*,
(I mean that *Brutus*, who in open Senate
Stabb'd the first *Cæsar* that usurp'd the World)
A gallant Man ?

Ren. Yes, and *Cataline* too ;
Tho' Story wrong his Fame : For he conspir'd
To prop the reeling Glory of his Country ;
His Cause was good.

Bed. And our's as much above it,
As, *Renault*, thou'rt superior to *Cetbegus*,
Or *Pierre*, to *Cassius*.

Pier. Then to what we aim at,
When do we start ? or must we talk for ever ?

Bed. No, *Pierre*, the Deed's near Birth : Fate seems
to have set
The Business up, and given it to our Care :
I hope there's not a Heart or Hand amongst us,
But is firm and ready.

All. *All.*

We'll

We'll die with *Bedamar*.

Bed. O Men

Matchless ! as will your Glory be hereafter :
The Game is for a matchless Prize, if won :
If lost, disgraceful Ruin.

Ren. Who can lose it ?

The public Stock's a Beggar ; one *Venetian*
Trusts not another : Look into their Stores
Of general Safety ; empty Magazines,
A tatter'd Fleet, a murmuring unpaid Army,
Bankrupt Nobility, a harass'd Commonalty,
A factious, giddy, and divided Senate,
Is all the Strength of *Venice* : Let's destroy it ;
Let's fill their Magazines with Arms to awe them,
Man out their Fleet, and make their Trade maintain it ;
Let loose their murmuring Army on their Masters
To pay themselves with Plunder ; lop their Nobles
To the base Roots, whence most of them first sprung ;
Enslave the Rout, whom Smarting will make humble ;
Turn out their droning Senate, and possess
That Seat of Empire which our Souls were fram'd for.

Pier. Ten thousand Men are armed at your Nod,
Commanded all by Leaders fit to guide
A Battle for the Freedom of the World :
This wretched State has starv'd them in its Service ;
And, by your Bounty quicken'd, they're resolv'd
To serve your Glory ; and revenge their own :
They've all their different Quarters in this City,
Watch for the Alarm and grumble 'tis so tardy.

Bed. I doubt not, Friend, but thy unwearied Diligence
Has still kept waking, and it shall have Ease ;
After this Night it is resolv'd we meet
No more, till *Venice* owns us for her Lords.

Pier. How lovely the *Adriatic* Whore,
Dress'd in her Flames, will shine ! devouring Flames !,
Such as shall burn her to the watry Bottom,
And hiss in her Foundation.

Bed. Now if any
Amongst us, that owns this glorious Cause,
Have Friends or Interest he'd wish to save,
Let it be told : The general Doom is seal'd,

But

But I'd forego the Hopes of a World's Empire,
Rather than wound the Bowels of my Friend.

Pier. I must confess, you there have touch'd my
I have a Friend, hear it! such a Friend! [Weakness,
My Heart was ne'er shut to him. Nay I tell you:
He knows the very Business of this Hour;
But he rejoices in the Cause, and loves it:
We've chang'd a Vow to live and die together,
And he's at Hand to ratify it here.

Ren. How! all betray'd.

Pier. No—I've dealt nobly with you,
I've brought my All into the public Stock:
I'd but one Friend, and him I'll share amongst you:
Receive and cherish him; or if, when seen
And search'd, you find him worthless, as my Tongue
Has lodg'd this Secret in his faithful Breast,
To ease your Fears I wear a Dagger here
Shall rip it out again, and give you Rest.
Come forth, thou only Good I e'er could boast of.

Enter Jaffier with a Dagger.

Bed. His Presence bears the Shew of manly Virtue.

Jaff. I know you'll wonder all, that thus uncall'd,
I dare approach this Place of fatal Councils;
But I'm amongst you, and by Heav'n it glads me
To see so many Virtues thus united
To restore Justice, and dethrone Oppression.
Command this Sword, if you would have it quiet,
Into this Breast; but, if you think it worthy
To cut the Throats of Reverend Rogues in Robes,
Send me into the curs'd assembled Senate:
It shrinks not, tho' I meet a Father there.
Would you behold this City flaming? Here's
A Hand shall bear a lighted Torch at Noon
To th' Arsenal, and set its Gates on Fire.

Ren. You talk this well, Sir.

Jaff. Nay——by Heaven I'll do this.
Come, come, I read Distrust in all your Faces;
You fear me a Villain, and indeed it's odd
To hear a Stranger talk thus, at first Meeting,
Of Matters that have been so well debated;
But I come ripe with Wrongs, as you with Councils;
I hate

I hate this Senate, am a Foe to *Venice* ;
 A Friend to none, but Men resolv'd like me
 To push on Mischief. Oh ! did you but know me,
 I need not talk thus !

Bed. *Pierre*, I must embrace him,
 My Heart beats to this Man, as if it knew him.

Ren. I never lov'd these Huggers.

Jaff. Still I see
 The Cause delights me not. Your Friends survey me
 As I were dangerous——But I come arm'd
 Against all Doubts, and to your Trust will give
 A Pledge, worth more than all the World can pay for,
 My *Belvidera*. Ho ! my *Belvidera* !

Bed. What Wonder next ?

Jaff. Let me intreat you,
 As I have henceforth Hope to call you Friends,
 That all but the Ambassador, this
 Grave Guide of Councils, with my Friend that owns me,
 Withdraw a While to spare a Woman's Blushes.

[*Exeunt all but Bed. Ren. Jaff. Pier.*

Bed. *Pierre*, whither will this Ceremony lead us ?

Jaff. My *Belvidera* ! *Belvidera* !

Enter Belvidera.

Belv. Who ?

Who calls so loud at this late peaceful Hour ?
 That Voice was wont to come in gentle Whispers,
 And fill my Ears with the soft Breath of Love :
 Thou hourly Image of my Thoughts, where art thou ?

Jaff. Indeed 'tis late.

Belv. Oh ? I have slept and dreamt,
 And dreamt again : Where hast thou been, thou Loiterer ?
 Tho' my Eyes clos'd, my Arms have still been open'd :
 Stretch'd every Way betwixt my broken Slumbers,
 To search if thou wer't come to crown my Rest :
 There's no Repose without thee : Oh ! the Day
 Too soon will break, and wake us to our Sorrow :
 Come, come to Bed, and bid thy Cares Good-night.

Jaff. Oh ! *Belvidera* ! we must change the Scene,
 In which the past Delights of Love were tasted :
 The Poor sleeps little ; we must learn to watch
 Our Labours late and early every Morning ;

'Midst

'Midst Winter Frosts, thin clad and fed with Sparing,
Rise to our Toils, and drudge away the Day.

Belv. Alas ! where am I ! whither is't you lead me !
Methinks I read Distraction in your Face,
Something less gentle than the Fate you tell me.
You shake and tremble too ! your Blood runs cold !
Heav'ns guard my Love, and bless his Heart with Pa-
tience.

Jaff. That I have Patience, let our Fate bear Witness,
Who has ordain'd it so, that thou and I,
(Thou, the divinest Good Man e'er possess'd,
And I, the wretched'st of the Race of Man)
This very Hour without one Tear must part.

Belv. Part ! must we part ? Oh ! am I then forsaken ?
Why drag you from me ? whither are you going ?
My Dear ! my Life ! my Love !

Jaff. Oh ! Friend !

Belv. Speak to me.

Jaff. Take her from my Heart,
She'll gain such Hold else, I shall ne'er get loose ;
I charge thee take her, but with tender'st Care
Relieve her Troubles, and assuage her Sorrows.

Ren. Rise, Madam, and command amongst your
Servants.

Jaff. To you, Sirs, and your Honours, I bequeath her,
And with her this, when I prove unworthy——

[*Gives a Dagger.*

You know the rest——Then strike it to her Heart ;
And tell her, he who three whole happy Years
Lay in her Arms, and each Night repeated
The passionate Vows still of increasing Love,
Sent that Reward for all her Truth and Sufferings.

Belv. Nay, take my Life, since he has sold it cheaply ;
Or send me to some distant Clime your Slave !
But let it be far off, lest my Complaining
Should reach his guilty Ears, and shake his Peace.

Jaff. No, *Belvidera*, I've contriv'd thy Honour :
Trust to my Faith, and be but Fortune kind
To me, as I'll preserve that Faith unbroken,
When next we meet, I'll lift thee to a Height
Shall gather all the gazing World about thee,

To wonder what strange Virtue plac'd thee there.

But, if we ne'er meet more—

Belv. O! thou unkind one;

Ne'er meet more! have I deserv'd this from you?

Look on me, tell me, tell me; speak thou dear Deceiver.

Why am I separated from thy Love?

If I am false, accuse me; but if true,

Don't, prithee don't, in Poverty forsake me;

But pity the sad Heart, that's torn with Parting.

Yet hear me? yet recal me - [*Ex. Ren. Bed. and Belv.*]

Jaff. Oh! my Eyes,

Look not that Way, but turn yourselves a While

Into my Heart, and be wean'd altogether.

My Friend, where art thou?

Pier. Here, my Honour's Brother.

Jaff. Is Belvidera gone?

Pier. *Renault* has led her

Back to her own Apartment; but, by Heav'n,

Thou must not see her more, till our Work's over.

Jaff. No?

Pier. Not for your Life.

Jaff. O! *Pierre*, wer't thou but she,

How I would pull thee down into my Heart,

Gaze on thee till my Eye-strings crack'd with Love;

Till all my Sinews with its Fire extended,

Fix'd me upon the Rack of ardent Longing:

Then, swelling, fighting, raging to be blest,

Come like a panting Turtle to thy Breast;

On thy soft Bosom hovering, bill and play,

Confess the Cause why last I fled away;

Own 'twas a Fault, but swear to give it o'er,

And never follow false Ambition more.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Aquilina and her Maid.

Aqui. **T**ELL him I am gone to Bed ; tell him I am not at home ; tell him I've better Company with me, or any Thing ; tell him, in short, I will not see him, the eternal troublesome vexatious Fool : He's worse Company than an ignorant Physician — I'll not be disturb'd at these unreasonable Hours.

Maid. But, Madam ! He's here already, just enter'd the Doors.

Aqui. Turn him out again, you unnecessary, useless, giddy-brain'd Ass : If he will not be gone, set the House a Fire, and burn us both : I'd rather meet a Toad in my Dish, than an old hideous Animal in my Chamber to Night.

Enter Antonio.

Ant. *Nacky, Nacky, Nacky*——how dost do, *Nacky* ? Hurry, durry. I am come, little *Nacky* ; past Eleven o' Clock, a late Hour ; Time in all Conscience to go to Bed. *Nacky*——*Nacky*, did I say ? Ah, *Nacky, Aquilina, lina, lina, quilina, quilina, quilina, Aquilina, Naquilina, Naquilina, Acky, Acky, Nacky, Nacky, Queen Nacky*——come, let's us to Bed——you Fubbs, you Pugg you——you little Puffs——Purree, Tuzzy——I am a Senator.

Aqui. You are a Fool, I am sure.

Ant. May be so too, Sweetheart : Never the worse Senator for all that. Come, *Nacky, Nacky*, let's have a Game at Romps, *Nacky*.

Aqui. You would do well, Signor, to be troublesome here no longer, but leave me to myself ; be sober and go Home, Sir.

Ant. Home, *Madona* !

Aqui. Ay, Home, Sir. Who am I ?

Ant. *Madona*, as I take it, you are my—you are—thou art my little *Nicky, Nacky*——that's all.

Aqui. I find you are resolv'd to be troublesome ; and so to make short of the Matter in few Words, I hate you, detest

detest you, loath you, I am weary of you, sick of you—hang you, you are an old, silly, impertinent, impotent, sollicitous Coxcomb ; crazy in your Head, and lazy in your Body, love to be meddling with every thing, and, if you had no Money, you are good for nothing.

Ant. Good for nothing ! Hurry durry, I'll try that presently. Sixty one Years old, and good for nothing ! that's brave : [*To the Maid*] Come, come, come Mrs. *Fiddle-Faddle*, turn you out for a Season : Go, turn out, I say, it is our Will and Pleasure to be private some Moments—out, out, when you are bid too—[*Puts her out and locks the Door*] Good for nothing you say ?

Aqui. Why, what are you good for ?

Ant. In the first Place, Madam, I am old, and consequently very wise, very wise, *Madona*, d'ye mark that ? In the second Place, take Notice if you please, that I am a Senator, and, when I think fit, can make Speeches, *Madona*. Hurry durry, I can make a Speech in the Senate-House now and then—would make your Hair stand an End. *Madona*.

Aqui. What care I for your Speeches in the Senate-House ; if you would but be silent here, I should thank you.

Ant. Why I can make Speeches to thee too, my lovely *Madona* ; for Example——My cruel Fair one.

[*Takes out a Purse of Gold, and at every Pause shakes it.* Since it is my Fate, that you should with your Servant angry prove ; tho' late at Night——I hope 'tis not too late with this to gain Reception for my Love—There's for thee, my little *Nicky Nacky*—take it, here take it—I say take it, or I'll throw it at your Head—how now, Rebel !

Aqui. Truly my illustrious Senator, I must confess your Honour is at present most profoundly eloquent indeed.

Ant. Very well : Come, now let's sit down and think upon't a little——come, sit, I say——sit down by we a little, my *Nicky Nacky*, ha——[*Sits down*] Hurry durry——good for nothing——

Aqui. No, Sir, if you please, I can know my Distance, and stand.

Ant.

Ant. Stand ! How, *Nacky* up and I down ! Nay, then let me exclaim with the Poet,

*Shew me a Cause more pitiful who can,
A standing Woman and a falling Man.*

Hurry durry—not fit down—see this, ye Gods.
You won't fit down ?

Aqui. No, Sir.

Ant. Then look you now, suppose me a Bull, a *Basan-Bull*, the Bull of Bulls, or any Bull. Thus up I get and with my Brows thus bent—I broo, I say I broo, I broo, I broo. You won't fit down will you—I broo—

[Bellows like a Bull, and drives her about.]

Aqui. Well, Sir, I must endure this. *[She sits down.]* Now your Honour has been a Bull, pray what Beast will your Worship please to be next ?

Ant. Now I'll be a Senator again, and thy Lover, little *Nicky Nacky*. *[He sits by her.]* Ah ! Toad, Toad, Toad, Toad ! spit in my Face a little, *Nacky*,—spit in my Face prithee, spit in my Face never so little : Spit but a little bit—spit, spit, spit, spit when you are bid, I say ; do, prithee spit—now, now, now, spit ; what you won't spit, will you ? Then I'll be a Dog.

Aqui. A Dog, my Lord !

Ant. Ay, a Dog—and I'll give thee this t'other Purse to let me be a Dog—and use me like a Dog a little. Hurry durry—I will—here 'tis—*[Gives the Purse.]*

Aqui. Well, with all my Heart. But let me beseech your Dogship to play your Tricks over as fast as you can, that you may come to flinking the sooner, and be turn'd out of Doors as you deserve.

Ant. Ay, ay—no matter for that—that shan't move—*[He gets under the Table.]* Now, bough, waugh waugh, bough waugh—*[Barks like a Dog.]*

Aqui. Hold, hold, hold, Sir, I beseech you : What is't you do ? If Curs bite, they must be kick'd, Sir : Do you see, kick'd thus.

Ant. Ay, with all my Heart : Do, kick, kick on, now I am under the Table, kick again—kick harder—harder yet, bough waugh waugh, waugh, bough—

odd

odd I'll have a Snap at thy Shins—bough waugh waugh, waugh, bough—odd, she kicks bravely——

Aqui. Nay, then I'll go another Way to work with you : And I think here's an Instrument fit for the Purpose !

[*Fetches a Whip and a Bell.*]

What, bite your Mistress, Sirrah ! out of Doors you Dog, to Kennel, and be hang'd—bite your Mistress by the Legs, you Rogue——

[*She whips him.*]

Ant. Nay, prithee *Nacky*, now thou art too loving : Hurry durry, odd, I'll be a Dog no longer.

Aqui. Nay, none of your Fawning and Grinning : But be gone, or here's the Discipline : What bite your Mistress by the Leg, you Mungrel ! out of Doors—hout, hout, to Kennel, Sirrah, go.

Ant. This is very barbarous Usage, *Nacky*, very barbarous ; look you, I will not go—I will not stir from the Door, that I resolve—hurry durry, what shut me out ?

[*She whips him out.*]

Aqui. Ay, if you come here any more to Night, I'll have my Footman lug you, you Cur ; What, bite your poor Mistress *Nacky*, Sirrah !

Enter Maid.

Maid. Heav'ns ! Madam, what's the Matter ?

[*He howls at the Door like a Dog.*]

Aqui. Call my Footmen hither presently.

Enter two Footmen.

Maid. They're here already, Madam, all the House is alarm'd with a strange Noise, that nobody knows what to make of.

Aqui. Go, all of you, and turn that troublesome Beast in the next Room out of my House—If ever I see him within these Walls again without my Leave for his Admittance, you sneaking Rogues—I'll have you poison'd, all poison'd like Rats ; every Corner of the House shall stink of one of you : Go, and learn hereafter to know my Pleasure. So ; now for my *Pierre*.

Thus, when the Godlike Lover is displeas'd,

We sacrifice our Fool, and he's appeas'd. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E

SCENE II.

Enter Belvidera.

Belv. I am sacrific'd ! I'm sold ! betray'd to Shame !
Inevitable Ruin has inclos'd me !
No sooner was I to my Bed repair'd
To weigh and (weeping) ponder my Condition,
But the old hoary Wretch, to whose false Care
My Peace and Honour was intrusted, came
(Like *Tarquin*) ghastly with infernal Lust.
Oh ! thou *Roman Lucrece* ! thou could'st find Friends
to vindicate thy Wrong ;
I never had but one, and he's prov'd false :
He that should guard my Virtue, has betray'd it ;
Left me ! Undone me ! Oh that I could hate him !
Where shall I go ? Oh whither, whither wander !

Enter Jaffier.

Jaff. Can *Belvidera* want a Resting-place,
When these poor Arms are ready to receive her !
Oh ! 'tis in vain to struggle with Desires.
Strong is my Love to thee ; for, every Moment
I'm from thy Sight, the Heart within my Bosom
Mourns like a tender Infant in its Cradle,
Whose Nurse had left it : Come, and with the Songs
Of gentle Love persuade it to its Peace.

Belv. I fear the stubborn Wanderer will not own
'Tis grown a Rebel, to be rul'd no longer, [me ;
Scorns the indulgent Bosom that first lull'd it ;
And, like a disobedient Child, disdains
The soft Authority of *Belvidera*.

Jaff. There was a Time——

Belv. Yes, yes, there was a Time
When *Belvidera's* Tears, her Cries, and Sorrows,
Were not despis'd ; when if she chanc'd to sigh,
Or look but sad ;——there was indeed a Time
When *Jaffier* would have ta'en her in his Arms,
Eas'd her declining Head upon his Breast,
And never left her till he found the Cause.
But let her now weep Seas,
Cry till she rend the Earth, sigh till she burst

C

Her

Her Heart asunder ; still she bears it all,
Deaf as the Wind, and as the Rocks unshaken.

Jaff. Have I been deaf ? Am I that Rock unmov'd,
Against whose Root Tears beat, and Sighs are sent ?
In vain have I beheld thy Sorrows calmly !
Witness against me, Heav'ns, have I done this ?
Then bear me in a Whirlwind back again,
And let that angry dear One ne'er forgive me.
Oh ! thou too rashly censur'st of my Love !
Could'st thou but think how I have spent this Night,
Dark and alone, no Pillow to my Head,
Rest in my Eyes, nor Quiet in my Heart !
Thou would'st not, *Belvidera*, surely thou would'st not
Talk to me thus, but like a pitying Angel,
Spreading thy Wings, come settle on my Breast,
And hatch warm Comforts there, e're Sorrows freeze it.

Belv. Why then, poor Mourner, in what baleful
Corner

Hast thou been talking with that Witch, the Night ?
On what cold Stone hast thou been stretch'd along,
Gathering the grumbling Winds about thy Head,
To mix with theirs the Accent of thy Woes ?
Oh ! now I find the Cause my Love forsakes me :
I am no longer fit to bear a Share
In his Concernments : My weak female Virtue
Must not be trusted : 'Tis too frail and tender.

Jaff. Oh ! *Portia* ! *Portia* ! What a Soul was thine ?

Belv. That *Portia* was a Woman ; and when *Brutus*,
Big with the Fate of *Rome*, (Heav'n guard thy Safety !)
Conceal'd from her the Labours of the Mind ;
She let him see her Blood was great as his.
Flow'd from a Spring as noble, and a Heart
Fit to partake his Troubles, as his Love.
Fetch, fetch that Dagger back, the dreadful Dower
Thou gav'st last Night in parting with me ; strike it
Here to my Heart, and, as the Blood flows from it,
Judge if it run not pure as *Cato's* Daughter's.

Jaff. Thou art too good, and I indeed unworthy,
Unworthy so much Virtue : Teach me how
I may deserve such matchless Love as thine,
And see with what Attention I'll obey thee.

Belv. Do not despise me : That's the All I ask.

Jaff.

Jaff. Despise thee ! Hear me——

Belv. Oh ! Thy charming Tongue
Is but too well acquainted with my Weakness ;
Knows, let it name but Love, my melting Heart
Dissolves within my Breast ; till with clos'd Eyes
I reel into thy Arms, and all's forgotten.

Jaff. What shall I do ?

Belv. Tell me, be just, and tell me,
Why dwells that busy Cloud upon thy Face ?
Why am I made a Stranger ? Why that Sigh,
And I not know the Cause ? Why when the World
Is wrapp'd in Rest, why chuses then my Love
To wander up and down in horrid Darkeness,
Loathing his Bed, and these desiring Arms ?
Why are these Eyes blood-shot with tedious Watching ?
Why starts he now, and looks as if he wish'd
His Fate were finish'd ? Tell me, ease my Fear ;
Lest, when we next Time meet, I want the Power
To search into the Sickness of thy Mind,
But talk as widely then, as thou look'st now.

Jaff. Oh ! *Belvidera* !

Belv. Why was I last Night deliver'd to a Villain ?

Jaff. Ha ! a Villain ?

Belv. Yes, to a Villain ! Why at such an Hour
Meets that Assembly, all made up of Wretches,
That look as Hell had drawn them into League ?
Why, I in this Hand, and in that a Dagger,
Was I deliver'd with such dreadful Ceremonies ?

“ *To you, Sirs, and to your Honour I bequeath her,*

“ *And with her this : When'er I prove unworthy—*

“ *You know the rest—then strike it to her Heart.*

Oh ! why's that rest conceal'd from me ? must I
Be made the Hostage of a hellish Trust ?

For such I know I am ; that's all my Value :

But, by the Love and Loyalty I owe thee,
I'll free thee from the Bondage of these Slaves ;
Straight to the Senate, tell 'em all I know,
All that I think, all that my Fears inform me.

Jaff. Is this the Roman Virtue ? this the Blood
That boasts its Purity with *Cato's* Daughter !
Would she have e'er betray'd her *Brutus* ?

Belv. No :

For *Brutus* trusted her : Wert thou so kind,
What would not *Belvidera* suffer for thee ?

Jaff. I shall undo myself, and tell thee all.

Belv. Look not upon me as I am a Woman,
But as a Bone, thy Wife, thy Friend ; who long
Has had Admission to thy Heart, and there
Study'd the Virtues of thy gallant Nature :
Thy Constancy, thy Courage, and thy Truth,
Have been my daily Lesson : I have learn'd em.
And, bold as thou, can suffer or despise
The worst of Fates for thee, and with thee share 'em.

Jaff. Oh ! thou divinest Power ! look down and hear
My Prayers ! instruct me to reward this Virtue !
Yet think a little, e're thou tempt me further ;
Think I've a Tale to tell will shake thy Nature,
Melt all this boasted Constancy thou talk'st of,
Into vile Tears and despicable Sorrows :
Then if thou should'st betray me !

Belv. Shall I swear !

Jaff. No, do not swear : I would not violate
Thy tender Nature with so rude a Bond :
But as thou hop'st to see me live my Days,
And love thee long, lock this within thy Breast :
I've bound myself by all the strictest Sacraments,
Divine and Human —

Belv. Speak !

Jaff. To kill thy Father —

Belv. My Father !

Jaff. Nay, the Throats of the whole Senate
Shall bleed, my *Belvidera* : He, amongst us,
That spares his Father, Brother, or his Friend,
Is damn'd. How rich and beauteous will the Face
Of Ruin look, when these wide Streets run Blood ?
I, and the glorious Partners of my Fortune,
Shouting, and striding o'er the prostrate Dead
Still to new Waste ; whilst thou far off in Safety,
Smiling, shalt see the Wonders of our Daring ;
And, when Night comes, with Praise and Love re-
ceive me.

Belv. Oh !

Jaff.

Jaff. Have a Care, and shrink not even in Thought :
For if thou dost ———

Belv. I know it, thou wilt kill me.
Do, strike thy Sword into this Bosom : Lay me
Dead on the Earth, and then thou wilt be safe.
Murder my Father ! tho' his cruel Nature
Has persecuted me to my Undoing :
Driven me to basest Wants ; can I behold him,
With Smiles of Vengeance, butcher'd in his Age ?
The sacred Fountain of my Life destroy'd ?
And can'st thou shed the Blood, that gave me Being ?
Nay, be a Traytor too, and sell thy Country ?
Can thy great Heart descend so vilely low,
Mix with hir'd Slaves, Bravoës, and common Stabbers,
Nose-flitters, Alley-lurking Villains ! join
With such a Crew, and take a Russian's Wages
To cut the Throats of Wretches as they sleep ?

Jaff. Thou wrong'st me, *Belvidera* ! I've engag'd
With Men of Souls ; fit to reform the Ills
Of all Mankind : There's not a Heart amongst them
But's stout as Death, yet honest as the Nature
Of Man first made, e're Fraud and Vice were Fashions.

Belv. What's he, to whose curs'd Hands last Night
thou gav'st me ?
Was that well done ? Oh ! I could tell a Story,
Would rouse thy Lion Heart out of its Den,
And make it rage with terrifying Fury.

Jaff. Speak on, I charge thee.

Belv. Oh ! my Love, if e'er
Thy *Belvidera*'s Peace deserv'd thy Care,
Remove me from this Place : Last Night, last Night !

Jaff. Distract me not, but give me all the Truth.

Belv. No sooner wert thou gone, and I alone,
Left in the Power of that old Son of Mischief ;
No sooner was I lain on my sad Bed,
But that vile Wretch approach'd me, loose, unbutton'd,
Ready for Violation : Then my Heart
Throbb'd with its Fears : Oh ! how I wept and sigh'd !
And shrunk and trembled ! wish'd in vain for him
That should protect me ! Thou, alas, wert gone.

Jaff. Patience, sweet Heav'n, till I make Vengeance
sure.

Belv. He drew the hideous Dagger forth, thou gav'st
And with upbraiding Smiles he said, *Behold it, [him,*
This is the Pledge of a false Husband's Love :

And in my Arms then press'd, and would have clasp'd
But with my Cries I scar'd his Coward Heart, [me ;
'Till he withdrew, and mutter'd Vows to Hell.

These are thy Friends ! with these thy Life, thy Honour,
Thy Love all stak'd, and all will go to Ruin.

Jaff. No more ; I charge thee keep this Secret close ;
Clear up thy Sorrows, look as if thy Wrongs
Were all forgot, and treat him like a Friend,
As no Complaint were made. No more ; retire,
Retire, my Life, and doubt not of my Honour ;
I'll heal its Failings, and deserve thy Love.

Belv. Oh ! should I part with thee, I fear thou wilt
In Anger leave me, and return no more.

Jaff. Return no more ! I would not live without thee
Another Night to purchase the Creation.

Belv. When shall we meet again ?

Jaff. Anon at Twelve
I'll steal myself to thy expecting Arms,
Come like a travell'd Dove, and bring thee Peace.

Belv. Indeed !

Jaff. By all our Loves.

Belv. 'Tis had to part :
But sure no Falshood ever look'd so fairly.
Farewel ; remember Twelve.

[*Exit.*

Jaff. Let Heav'n forget me,
When I remember not thy Truth, thy Love.
How curs'd is my Condition, toss'd and jostled
From every Corner ; Fortune's common Fool,
The Jest of Rogues, an instrumental Ass,
For Villains to lay Loads of Shame upon,
And drive about just for their Ease and Scorn.

Enter Pierre.

Pier. Jaffer !

Jaff. Who calls ?

Pier. A Friend, that could have wish'd
T'have found thee otherwise employ'd : What, hunt
A Wife on the dull Soil ! sure a staunch Husband
Of all Hounds is the dullest. Wilt thou never,
Never

Never be wean'd from Caudles and Confections ?
What feminine Tales hast thou been list'ning to,
Of unair'd Shirts, Catarrhs and Tooth-ach, got
By thin-fold Shoes ? Damnation ! that a Fellow,
Chosen to be a Sharer in the Destruction
Of a whole People, should sneak thus in Corners
To ease his fulsome Lusts, and fool his Mind.

Jaff. May not a Man then trifle out an Hour
With a kind Woman, and not wrong his Calling !

Pier. Not in a Cause like ours.

Jaff. Then, Friend, our Cause
Is in a damn'd Condition : For, I'll tell thee,
That Canker-worm, call'd *Leachery*, has touch'd it ;
'Tis tainted vilely : Would'st thou think it ? *Renault*
(That mortify'd old wither'd Winter Rogue)
Loves simple Fornication like a Priest ;
I found him out for watering at my Wife ;
He visited her last Night, like a kind Guardian :
Faith, she has some Temptation, that's the Truth on't.

Pier. He durst not wrong his Trust.

Jaff. 'Twas something late though,
To take the Freedom of a Lady's Chamber.

Pier. Was she in Bed ?

Jaff. Yes, Faith ! in Virgin-sheets
White as her Bosom, *Pierre*, dish'd neatly up,
Might tempt a weaker Appetite to taste.
Oh ! how the old Fox stunk, I warrant thee,
When the rank Fit was on him.

Pier. Patience guide me !

He us'd no Violence ?

Jaff. No, no, out on't, Violence !
Play'd with her Neck ! brush'd her with his grey Beard,
Struggl'd and touz'd, tickl'd her till she squeak'd a little,
May be, or so—but not a Jot of Violence—

Pier. Damn him.

Jaff. Ay, so say I : But hush, no more on't ;
All hitherto is well, and I believe
Myself no Monster yet : Tho' no Man knows
What Fate he's born to. Sure 'tis near the Hour
We all should meet for our concluding Orders :
Will the Ambassador be here in Person ?

Pier.

Pier. No : he has sent Commission to that Villain
To give the executing Charge : [Renault
I'd have thee be a Man, if possible,
And keep thy Temper ; for a brave Revenge
Ne'er comes too late.

Jaff. Fear not, I am as cool as Patience.
Had he compleated my Dishonour, rather
Than hazard the Success our Hopes are ripe for,
I'd bear it all with mortifying Virtue.

Pier. He's yonder, coming this Way thro' the Hall ;
His Thoughts seem full.

Jaff. Prithee retire and leave me
With him alone : I'll put him to some Trial ;
See how his rotten Part will bear the Touching.

Pier. Be careful then. [Exit.

Jaff. Nay, never doubt, but trust me.
What, be a Devil ! take a damning Oath
For shedding native Blood ! Can there be a Sin
In merciful Repentance ? Oh ! this Villain !

Enter Renault.

Ren. Perverse and peevish : What a Slave is Man
To let his itching Fleth thus get the better of him ?
Dispatch the Tool her Husband — that were well.
Who's there ?

Jaff. A Man.

Ren. My Friend, my near Ally,
The Hostage of your Faith, my beauteous Charge, is
very well.

Jaff. Sir, are you sure of that ?
Stand she in perfect Health ? Beats her Pulse even ?
Neither too hot nor cold ?

Ren. What means that Question ?

Jaff. Oh ! Women have fantastick Constitutions,
Inconstant as their Wishes, always wavering,
And never fix'd : Was it not boldly done
Even at first Sight to trust the Thing I lov'd
(A tempting Treasure too) with Youth so fierce
And vigorous as thine ? But thou art honest.

Ren. Who dare accuse me ?

Jaff. Curs'd be he that doubts
Thy Virtue ; I have try'd it, and declare,

Were

Were I to chuse a Guardian of my Honour,
I'd put it in thy keeping : For I know thee.

Ren. Know me !

Jaff. Ay, know thee : There's no Falshood in thee,
Thou look'st just as thou art : let us embrace.

Now would'st thou ent my Throat, or I cut thine.

Ren. You dare not do't.

Jaff. You lye, Sir.

Ren. How !

Jaff. No more.

'Tis a base World, and must reform that's all.

*Enter Spinosa, Theodore, Eliot, Revellido, Durand,
Bramveil, and the rest of the Conspirators.*

Ren. *Spinosa, Theodore.*

Spin. The same.

Ren. You are welcome.

Spin. You are trembling, Sir.

Ren. 'Tis a cold Night, indeed ; I am aged,
Full of Decay, and natural Infirmities ; [*Pier. re-enters.*
We shall be warm, my Friends, I hope To-morrow.

Pier. 'Twas not well done ; thou should'st hav;
And not have gaul'd him. [*stroak'd him.*

Jaff. Damn him, let him chew on't.
Heav'n ! Where am I ? beset with curfed Friends,
That wait to damn me ! What a Devil's Man,
When he forgets his Nature ——— hush, my Heart.

Ren. My Friends, 'tis late : Are we assembled all ?
Where's *Theodore* ?

Theo. At hand.

Ren. *Spinosa.*

Spin. Here.

Ren. *Bramveil.*

Bram. I am ready.

Ren. *Durand and Brabe.*

Dur. Command us ;

We are both prepar'd.

*Rep. Mexxana, Revelido,
Ternon, Retrofi :* Oh ! You're Men I find,
Fit to behold your Fate, and meet her Summons :
To-morrow's rising Sun must see you all
Deck'd in your Honours. Are the Soldiers ready ?

All. All, all.

Ren. You, *Durand*, with your Thousand must possess
St. Mark's; you Captain, know your Charge already ;
 'Tis to secure the Ducal Palace : You,
Brabe, with a hundred more, must gain the *Secque* :
 With the like Number, *Bramveil*, to the *Procurale*.
 Be all this done with the least Tumult possible,
 'Till in each Place you post sufficient Guards :
 Then sheathe your Swords in every Breast you meet.

Jaff. Oh ! reverend Cruelty ! damn'd bloody Villain !

Ren. During this Execution, *Durand*, you
 Must in the Midst keep your Battalia fast ;
 And, *Theodore*, be sure to plant the Cannon
 That may command the Streets ; whilst *Revellido*,
Maxzano, *Ternon*, and *Retrofi* guard you.
 This done, we'll give the general Alarm,
 Apply Petards, and force the Ars'nal Gates ;
 Then fire the City round in several Places,
 Or with our Cannon (if it dare resist)
 Batter to Ruin. But above all I charge you,
 Shed Blood enough, spare neither Sex nor Age,
 Name nor Condition ; if there lives a Senator
 After To-morrow, though the dullest Rogue
 That e'er said nothing, we have lost our Ends :
 If possible, let's kill the very Name
 Of Senator, and bury it in Blood.

Jaff. Merciless horrid Slave——Ay, Blood enough !
 Shed Blood enough, old *Renault* ! how thou charm'st
 me !

Ren. But one thing more, and then Farewell, till Fate
 Join us again, or separate us ever :
 First let's embrace. Heav'n know's who next shall thus
 Wing ye together : But let us all remember,
 We wear no common Cause upon our Sword :
 Let each Man think, that on his single Virtue
 Depends the Good and Fame of all the rest ;
 Eternal Honour, or perpetual Infamy.
 Let us remember, through what dreadful Hazards
 Propitious Fortune hitherto hath led us :
 How often on the Brink of some Discovery
 Have we stood tottering, yet still kept our Ground
 So well, that the busiest Searchers ne'er could follow
 Those subtle Tracks, which puzzled all Suspicion ?
 You droop, Sir.

Jaff.

Jaff. No : with most profound Attention
I've heard it all, and wonder at thy Virtue.

Ren. Tho' there be yet few Hours 'twixt them and
Are not the Senate lull'd in full Security, [Ruin,
Quiet and satisfy'd, as Fools are always ?
Never did so profound Repose fore-run
Calamity so great : Nay, our good Fortune
Has blinded the most piercing of Mankind,
Strengthen'd the fearfullest, charm'd the most suspectful,
Confounded the most subtle : For we live,
We live my Friends, and quickly shall our Life
Prove fatal to these Tyrants : Let's consider,
That we destroy Oppression, Avarice,
A People nurs'd up equally with Vices
And loathsome Lusts, which Nature most abhors,
And such as without Shame she cannot suffer.

Jaff. Oh ! *Belvidera*, take me to thy Arms,
And shew where's my Peace, for I have lost it. [*Exit.*

Ren. Without the least Remorse then let's resolve
With Fire and Sword t'exterminate these Tyrants ;
And when we shall behold these curs'd Tribunals
Stain'd by the Tears and Sufferings of the Innocent,
Burning with Flames rather from Heav'n than ours,
The raging, furious, and un pitying Soldier
Pulling his reeking Dagger from the Bosoms
Of gasping Wretches ; Death in every Quarter,
With all that sad Disorder can produce
To make a Spectacle of Horror ; then,
Then let us call to mind, my dearest Friends,
That there is nothing pure upon the Earth ;
That the most valu'd Things have most Alloys,
And that in Change of all those vile Enormities,
Under whose Weight this wretched Country labours,
The Means are only in our Hands to crown them.

Pier. And may those Powers above, that are propitious
To gallant Minds, record this Cause and bless it.

Ren. Thus happy, thus secure of all we wish for,
Should there, my Friends, be found amongst us one
False to this glorious Enterprize, what Fate.
What Vengeance were enough for such a Villain ?

Eli. Death here without Repentance, Hell hereafter.

Ren. Let that be my Lot, if, as here I stand,
 Lifted by Fate among her darling Sons,
 Tho' I had one only Brother, dear by all
 The strictest Ties of Nature; tho' one Hour
 Had given us Birth, one Fortune fed our Wants,
 One only Love, and that but of each other,
 Still fill'd our Minds: Could I have such a Friend
 Join'd in this Cause, and had but Ground to fear
 He meant foul Play; may this right Hand drop from
 If I'd not hazard all my future Peace, [me,
 And stab him to the Heart before you. Who?
 Who would do less? would'st thou not, *Pierre*, the same?

Pier. You've singled me, Sir, out for this hard Ques-
 As if 'twere started only for my Sake; [tion,
 Am I the Thing you fear? Here, here's my Bosom,
 Search it with all your Swords: Am I a Traytor?

Ren. No: But I fear your late commended Friend
 Is little less: Come, Sirs, 'tis now no Time
 To trifle with our Safety. Where's this *Jaffier*?

Sp.n. He left the Room just now in strange Disorder.

Ren. Nay, there is Danger in him: I observ'd him;
 During the Time I took for Explanation,
 He was transported from most deep Attention
 To a Confusion which he could not smother.
 His Looks grew full of Sadness and Surprize,
 All which betray'd a wavering Spirit in him,
 That labour'd with Reluctancy and Sorrow.
 What's requisite for Safety must be done
 With speedy Execution; he remains
 Yet in our Power: I for my own Part wear
 A Dagger——

Pier. Well.

Ren. And I could wish it——

Pier. Where?

Ren. Bury'd in his Heart.

Pier. Away; we're yet all Friends;
 No more of this, 'twill breed ill Blood among us.
Spin. Let us all draw our Swords and search the
 House,

Pull him from the dark Hole where he sits brooding
 O'er his cold Fears, and each Man kill his Share of him.

Pier. Who talks of killing? who's he'll shed the Blood,
 That's

That's dear to me? Is't you? or you, Sir?

What, not one speak? How you stand gaping all

On your grave Oracle, your wooden God there!

Yet not a Word! Then, Sir, I'll tell y' a Secret;

Suspicion's but at best a Coward's Virtue. [To Ren.

Ren. A Coward! ——— [Handles his Sword.

Pier. Put up thy Sword, old Man,

Thy Hand shakes at it. Come, let's heal this Breach;

I am too hot: We yet may all live Friends.

Spin. Till we are safe, our Friendship cannot be so.

Pier. Again! Who's that?

Spin. 'Twas I.

Theod. And I.

Rev. And I.

Eli. And all.

Ren. Who are on my Side?

Spin. Every honest Sword,

Let's die like Men, and not be sold like Slaves.

Pier. One such Word more, by Heav'n I'll to the Se-

And hang ye all like Dogs, in Clusters. [nate,

Why weep your Coward Swords half out their Shells?

Why do you not all brandish them like mine?

You fear to die, and yet dare talk of killing.

Ren. Go to the Senate and betray us! haste,

Secure thy wretched Life; we fear to die

Less than thou dar'st be honest.

Pier. That's rank Falshood;

Fear'st not thou Death? Fie, there's a knavish Itch

In that salt Blood, an utter Foe to Smarting.

Had *Jaffier's* Wife prov'd kind, he'd still been true.

Faugh——how that stinks?

Thou die! thou kill my Friend, or thou, or thou,

With that lean, wither'd Face!

Away, disperse all to your several Charges,

And meet To-morrow where your Honour calls you;

I'll bring that Man, whose Blood you so much thirst for,

And you shall see him venture for you fairly——

Hence, hence, I say. [Exit Renault angrily.

Spin. I fear we have been to blame,

And done too much.

Theod. 'Twas too far urg'd against the Man you lov'd.

Rev.

Rev. Here take our Swords, and crush them with your

Spin. Forgive us, gallant Friend.

[Feet.

Pier. Nay, now you've found

The Way to melt, and cast me as you will :

I'll fetch this Friend, and give him to your Mercy :

Nay, he shall die, if you will take him from me.

For your Repose, I'll quit my Heart's best Jewel ;

But would not have him torn away by Villains,

A spiteful Villainy.

Spin. No, may you both

For ever live, and fill the World with Fame. [cord ?

Pier. Now ye're too kind. Whence rose all this Dis-

Oh ! What a dangerous Precipice have we 'scap'd !

How near a Fall was all we'd long been building !

What an eternal Blot had stain'd our Glories,

If one, the bravest and the best of Men,

Had fall'n a Sacrifice to rash Suspicion,

Butcher'd by those whose Cause he came to cherish !

O ! could you know him all, as I have known him,

How good he is, how just, how true, how brave,

You would not leave this Place till you had seen him ;

Humbled yourselves before him, kiss'd his Feet,

And gain'd Remission for the worst of Follies.

Come but To-morrow, all your Doubts shall end,

And to your Loves me better recommend,

That I've preserv'd your Fame, and sav'd my Friend.

[Exeunt.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Jaffier and Belvidera.

Jaff. **W**Here dost thou lead me? Ev'ry Step I move,
Methinks I tread upon some mangled Limb
Of a rack'd Friend : O my charming Ruin !
Where are we wandering ?

Belv. To eternal Honour.

You do a Deed shall chronicle thy Name,
Among the glorious Legends of those few,

That

That have fav'd sinking Nations : Thy Renown
Shall be the future Song of all the Virgins,
Who by thy Piety have been preserv'd
From horrid Violation ? Every Street
Shall be adorn'd with Statues to thy Honour,
And at thy Feet this great Inscription written,
Remember him that propp'd the Fall of Venice.

Jaff. Rather, remember him, who, after all
The sacred Bonds of Oaths and holier Friendship,
In fond Compassion to a Woman's Tears,
Forgot his Manhood, Virtue, Truth, and Honour,
To sacrifice the Bosom that reliev'd him.
Why wilt thou damn me ?

Belv. Oh ! Inconstant Man !
How will you promise ! How will you deceive !
Do, return back, and replace me in my Bondage,
Tell all thy Friends how dang'rously thou lov'dst me,
And let thy Dagger do its bloody Office.
Oh ! that kind Dagger, *Jaffier*, how 'twill look
Struck thro' my Heart, drench'd in my Blood to th' Hilt ;
Whilst these poor dying Eyes shall with their Tears
No more torment thee, then thou wilt be free :
Or, if thou think'st it nobler, let me live,
Till I'm a Victim to the hateful Lust
Of that infernal Devil, that old Fiend,
That's damn'd himself, and would undo Mankind.
Last Night, my Love !

Jaff. Name it not again :
It shews a beastly Image to my Fancy,
Will wake me into Madness. Oh ! the Villain !
That durst approach such Purity as thine
On Terms so vile : Destruction, swift Destruction,
Fall on my coward Head, and make my Name
The common Scorn of Fools, if I forgive him :
If I forgive him ! If I not revenge
With utmost Rage, and most unstaying Fury,
Thy Suffering, thou dear Darling of my Life.

Belv. Delay no longer then, but to the Senate,
And tell the dismal'st Story ever utter'd :
Tell 'em what Bloodshed, Rapines, Desolations,
Have been prepar'd : How near's the fatal Hour.

Save thy poor Country, save the reverend Blood
 Of all its Nobles, which To-morrow's Dawn
 Must else see shed : Save the poor tender Lives
 Of all those little Infants, which the Swords
 Of Murderers are whetting for this Moment :
 Think thou already hear'st their dying Screams,
 Think that thou see'st their sad distracted Mothers
 Kneeling before thy Feet, and begging Pity :
 With torn dishevel'd Hair, and streaming Eyes,
 Their naked mangled Breasts besmear'd with Blood ;
 And even the Milk, with which their fondled Babes
 Softly they hush'd, dropping in Anguish from 'em :
 Think thou see'st this, and then consult thy Heart.

Jaff. Oh !

Belv. Think too, if you lose this present Minute,
 What Miseries the next Day brings upon thee :
 Imagine all the Horrors of that Night ;
 Murder and Rapine, Waste and Desolation,
 Confus'dly raging : Think what then may prove
 My Lot ; the Ravisher may then come safe,
 And 'midst the Terror of the publick Ruin
 Do a damn'd Deed ; perhaps may lay a Train
 To catch thy Life : Then where will be Revenge,
 The dear Revenge that's due to such a Wrong ?

Jaff. By all Heav'n's Powers, prophetick Truth dwells
 in thee,

For ev'ry Word thou speak'st strikes thro' my Heart,
 Like a new Light, and shews it how't has wander'd.
 Just what thou'lt made me, take me, *Belvidera*,
 And lead me to the Place where I'm to say
 This bitter Lesson ; where I must betray
 My Truth, my Virtue, Constancy, and Friends :
 Must I betray my Friend ? Ah ! take me quickly ;
 Secure me well before that Thought's renew'd ;
 If I relapse once more, all's lost for ever.

Belv. Hast thou a Friend more dear than *Belvidera* ?

Jaff. No ; thou art my Soul itself, Wealth, Friend-
 ship, Honour,

All present Joys, and Earnest of all future
 Are summ'd in thee : Methinks when in thy Arms,
 Thus leaning on thy Breast, one Minute's more

Than

Than a long thousand Years of vulgar Hours.
 Why was such Happiness not given me pure?
 Why dash'd with cruel Wrongs, and bitter Warnings?
 Come, lead me forward now like a tame Lamb
 To Sacrifice. Thus, in his fatal Garlands
 Deck'd fine and pleas'd, the Wanton skips and plays,

*Trots by th' enticing flatt'ring Priestess' Side,
 And, much transported with its little Pride,
 Forgets his dear Companions of the Plain;
 'Till, by her bound, he's on the Altar lain,
 Yet then too hardly bleats, such Pleasure's in the Pain.* }

Enter Officer, and six Guards.

Off. Stand, who goes there?

Belv. Friends.

Jaff. Friends, *Belvidera*? hide me from my Friends;
 By Heav'n, I'd rather see the Face of Hell,
 Than meet the Man I love.

Off. But what Friends are you?

Jaff. Friends to the Senate, and the State of *Venice*.

Off. My Orders are to seize on all I find
 At this late Hour, and bring 'em to the Council,
 Who are now sitting.

Jaff. Sir, you shall be obey'd.

Hold, Brute, stand off, none of your Paws upon me.
 Now the Lot's cast, and Fate do what thou wilt.

[Exeunt guarded.]

SCENE II. *The Senate-house.*

*Where appear sitting the Duke of Venice, Priuli, Antonio,
 and eight other Senators.*

Duke. Antony, Priuli, Senators of Venice,
 Speak, why are we assembled here this Night;
 What have you to inform us of, concerns
 The State of *Venice*'s Honour, or its Safety?

Pri. Could Words express the Story I've to tell you,
 Fathers, these Tears were useless, these sad Tears
 That fall from my old Eyes; but there is Cause
 We all should weep, tear off these Purple Robes,
 And wrap ourselves in Sackcloth, sitting down.

On

On the sad Earth, and cry aloud to Heav'n:
Heav'n knows if yet there be an Hour to come,
E're *Venice* be no more.

All Sen. How!

Pri. Nay, we stand
Upon the very Brink of gaping Ruin.
Within this City's form'd a dark Conspiracy
To massacre us all, our Wives and Children,
Kindred and Friends, our Palaces and Temples
To lay in Ashes: Nay, the Hour too fix'd;
The Swords, for aught I know, drawn e'en this Moment,
And the wild Waste begun. From unknown Hands
I had this Warning: But, if we are Men,
Let's not be tamely butcher'd, but do something
That may inform the World, in After-ages,
Our Virtue was not ruin'd, tho' we were. [*A Noise without.*
Room, Room, make Room for some Prisoners—

Sen. Let's raise the City.

Enter Officer and Guards.

Pri. Speak there. What Disturbance?

Off. Two Prisoners have the Guards seiz'd in the Streets,
Who say, they come to inform this reverend Senate
About the present Danger.

Enter Jaffier and Belvidera guarded.

All. Give 'em Entrance—Well, who are you?

Jaff. A Villain.

Ant. Short and pithy:
The Man speaks well.

Jaff. Would every Man, that hears me,
Would deal so honestly, and own his Title.

Duke. 'Tis rumour'd, that a Plot has been contriv'd
Against this State; that you have a Share in't too.
If you are a Villain, to redeem your Honour
Unfold the Truth, and be restor'd with Mercy.

Jaff. Think not, that I to save my Life came hither;
I know its Value better; but in Pity
To all those Wretches, whose unhappy Dooms
Are fix'd and seal'd. You see me here before you,
The sworn and covenanted Foe of *Venice*:
But use me as my Dealings may deserve,
And I may prove a Friend.

Duke.

Duke. The Slave capitulates ;
Give him the Tortures.

Jaff. That you dare not do,
Your Fear won't let you, nor the longing Itch
To hear a Story which you dread the Truth of :
Truth, which the Fear of Smart shall ne'er get from me.
Cowards are scar'd with Threat'nings ; Boys are whipt
Into Confessions : But a steady Mind
Acts of itself, ne'er asks the Body-Counsel.
Give him the Tortures ! Name but such a Thing
Again, by Heav'n I'll shut these Lips for ever.
Not all your Racks, your Engines, or your Wheels,
Shall force a Groan away, that you may guess at.

Ant. A bloody-minded Fellow, I'll warrant ;
A damn'd bloody-minded Fellow.

Duke. Name your Conditions.

Jaff. For myself full Pardon,
Besides the Life of two and twenty Friends.

[*Delivers a List.*

Whose Names are here enroll'd : Nay, let their Crimes
Be ne'er so monstrous, I must have the Oaths
And sacred Promise of this reverend Council,
That in a full Assembly of the Senate
The Thing I swear be ratify'd. Swear this,
And I'll unfold the Secret of your Danger.

All. We'll swear.

Duke. Propose the Oath.

Jaff. By all the Hopes
You have of Peace and Happiness hereafter,
Swear.

All. We all swear.

Jaff. To grant me what I've ask'd,
Ye swear ?

All. We swear.

Jaff. And, as ye keep the Oath,
May you and your Posterity be bless'd,
Or curs'd for ever.

All. Else be curs'd for ever.

Jaff. Then here's the List, and with't the full Disclosure
Of all that threatens you. [*Delivers another Paper.*
Now, Fate, thou hast caught me.

Ant.

Ant. Why, what a dreadful Catalogue of Cut-throats is here ! I'll warrant you not one of these Fellows but has a Face like a Lion. I dare not so much as read their Names over.

Duke. Give Order, that all diligent Search be made To seize these Men ; their Characters are publick. The Paper intimates their Rendezvous To be at the House of the fam'd *Grecian* Courtezan, Call'd *Aquilina* ; see the Place secur'd.

Ant. What ? my *Nicky Nacky* ! Hurry, durry ! *Nicky Nacky* in the Plot——I'll make a Speech. Most Noble Senators,

What headlong Apprehensions drive you on,
Right, noble, wise, and truly solid Senators,
To violate the Laws and Rights of Nations ?
The Lady is a Lady of Renown :
'Tis true, she holds a House of fair Reception,
And, tho' I say't myself, as many more
Can say as well as I.

2. *Sen.* My Lord, long Speeches
Are frivolous here, when Dangers are so near us :
We all well know your Interest in that Lady ;
The World talks loud on't.

Ant. Vexily I have done ;
I say no more.

Duke But, since he has declar'd
Himself concern'd, pray, Captain, take great Caution
To treat the Fair One as becomes her Character,
And let her Bed-chamber be search'd with Decency.
You, *Jaffier*, must with Patience bear till Morning
To be our Prisoner.

Jaff. Would the Chains of Death
Had bound me safe, e'er I had known this Minute.
I've done a Deed will make my Story hereafter
Quoted in Competition with all ill Ones ;
The Story of my Wickedness shall run
Down thro' the low Traditions of the Vulgar,
And Boys be taught to tell the Tale of *Jaffier*.

Duke. Captain, withdraw your Prisoner.

Jaff. Sir, if possible, [me ;
Lead me where my own Thoughts themselves may lose
Where

Where I may doze out what I've left of Life,
Forget myself, and this Day's Guilt and Falshood.
Cruel Remembrance, how shall I appease thee ?

[*Ex. guarded. Noise without.*]

More Traytors ; Room, Room, make Room there.

Duke. How's this, Guards ?

Where are our Guards ? Shut up the Gates, the Treason's
Already at our Doors. [*Enter Officer.*]

Off. My Lords, more Traytors
Seiz'd in the very Act of Consultation ;
Furnish'd with Arms and Instruments of Mischief.
Bring in the Prisoners.

*Enter Pierre, Renault, Theodore, Eliot, Revellido, and
other Conspirators in Fetters.*

Pier. You, my Lords and Fathers
(As you are pleas'd to call yourselves) of *Venice* ;
If you sit here to guide the Course of Justice,
Why these disgraceful Chains upon the Limbs
That have so often labour'd in your Service ?
Are these the Wreaths of Triumph ye bestow,
On those, that bring you Conquests Home, and Honours ?

Duke. Go on ; you shall be heard, Sir.

Ant. And be hang'd too, I hope.

Pier. Are these the Trophies I've deserv'd for fighting
Your Battles with confederated Powers ?

When Winds and Seas conspir'd to overthrow you ;
And brought the Fleets of *Spain* to your own Harbours ;
When you, great Duke, shrunk trembling in your Paiace,
And saw your Wife, the *Adriatick*, plough'd
Like a lewd Whore, by bolder Prows than yours,
Stepp'd not I forth, and taught your loose *Venetians*
The Task of Honour, and the Way of Greatness ?

Rais'd you from your capitulating Fears

To stipulate the Terms of su'd-for Peace ?

And this my Recompence ! If I'm a Traytor,
Produce my Charge ; or shew the Wretch that's base
And brave enough, to tell me I'm a Traytor. [*enough*]

Duke. Know you one *Jaffier* ? [*All the Consp. murmur.*]

Pier. Yes, and know his Virtue,

His Justice, Truth, his general Worth, and Sufferings
From a hard Father, taught me first to love him.

Enter

Enter Jaffier guarded.

Duke. See him brought forth.

Pier. My Friend too bound ! nay then
Our Fate has conquer'd us, and we fall.
Why droops the Man whose Welfare's so much mine,
They're but one thing ! These reverend Tyrants, *Jaffier*,
Call us Traytors : Art thou one, my Brother ?

Jaff. To thee I am the falsest, veriest Slave
That e'er betray'd a generous, trusting Friend,
And gave up Honour to be sure of Ruin :
All our fair Hopes, which Morning was to have crown'd,
Has this curs'd Tongue o'erthrown.

Pier. So, then all's over :
Venice has lost her Freedom, I my Life ;
No more ; farewell.

Duke. Say ; will you make Confession
Of your vile Deeds, and trust the Senate's Mercy ?

Pier. Curs'd be your Senate : Curs'd your Constitution:
The Curse of growing Factions and Divisions
Still vex your Councils, shake your publick Safety,
And make the Robes of Government you wear
Hateful to you, as these base Chains to me.

Duke. Pardon, or Death !

Pier. Death ! honourable Death !

Ren. Death's the best Thing we ask, or you can give.

All Consp. No shameful Bonds, but honourable Death.

Duke. Break up the Council : Captain, guard your
Prisoners.

Jaffier, you're free, but these must wait for Judgment.

[*Ex. All the Senators.*]

Pier. Come, where's my Dungeon ? Lead me to my
It will not be the first Time I have lodg'd hard [Straw :
To do the Senate Service.

Jaff. Hold one Moment.

Pier. Who's he disputes the Judgment of the Senate ?
Presumptuous Rebel——on—— [Strikes *Jaff.*

Jaff. By Heav'n, you stir not.

I must be heard, I must have Leave to speak :
Thou hast disgrac'd me, *Pierre*, by a vile Blow :
Had not a Dagger done thee nobler Justice ?
But use me as thou wilt, thou can'st not wrong me,
For

For I am fallen beneath the basest Injuries :
Yet look upon me with an Eye of Mercy,
With Pity and with Charity behold me ;
Shut not thy Heart against a Friend's Repentance ;
But, as there dwells a godlike Nature in thee,
Listen with Mildness to my Supplications.

Pier. What whining Monk art thou ? what holy Cheat,
That would'st inroach upon my credulous Ears,
And can'st thus vilely ? hence ! I know thee not ;
Dissemble and be nasty : Leave, Hypocrite,

Jaff. Not know me, *Pierre !*

Pier. No, know thee not ; what art thou ?

Jaff. *Jaffier*, thy Friend, thy once lov'd, valu'd Friend !
Tho' now deserv'dly scorn'd, and us'd most hardly.

Pier. Thou *Jaffier !* thou my once lov'd, valu'd Friend !
By Heav'ns thou ly'st ; the Man so call'd, my Friend,
Was generous, honest, faithful, just, and valiant,
Noble in Mind, and in his Person lovely,
Dear to my Eyes, and tender to my Heart :
But thou a wretched, base, false, worthless Coward,
Poor even in Soul, and loathsome in thy Aspect :
All Eyes must shun thee, and all Hearts detest thee.
Prithee avoid, nor longer cling thus round me,
Like something baneful, that my Nature's chill'd at.

Jaff. I have not wrong'd thee, by these Tears I have
But still am honest, true, and, hope too, valiant ; [not,
My Mind still full of thee ; therefore still noble.
Let not thy Eyes then shun me, nor thy Heart
Detest me utterly : Oh ! look upon me,
Look back and see my sad, sincere Submission !
How my Heart swells, as e'en 'twould burst my Bosom ;
Fond of its Goal, and labouring to be at thee ;
What shall I do ? what say to make thee hear me ?

Pier. Hast thou not wrong'd me ? dar'st thou call thyself
That once lov'd, valu'd Friend of mine,
And swear thou hast not wrong'd me ? Whence these
Chains ?

Whence the vile Death, which I may meet this Moment ?
Whence this Dishonour, but from thee, thou false one ?

Jaff.—All's true ; yet grant one Thing, and I've done
asking.

Pier. What's that ?

Jaff.

Jaff. To take thy Life on such Conditions
The Council have propos'd : 'Thou and thy Friends
May yet live long, and to be better treated.

Pier. Life! ask my Life! confess! record myself
A Villain for the Privilege to breathe,
And carry up and down this cursed City
A discontented and repining Spirit,
Burdenfome to itself, a few Years longer,
To lose it, may be, at last, in a lewd Quarrel
For some new Friend, treacherous and false as thou art!
No, this vile World and I have long been jangling,
And cannot part on better Terms than now,
When only Men like thee are fit to live in't.

Jaff. By all that's just——

Pier. Swear by some other Powers,
For thou hast broke that sacred Oath too lately.

Jaff. Then by that Hell I merit, I'll not leave thee,
Till to thyself at least thou'rt reconcil'd,
However thy Resentment deal with me.

Pier. Not leave me!

Jaff. No; thou shalt not force me from thee :
Use me reproachfully, and like a Slave ;
Tread on me, buffet me, heap Wrongs on Wrongs
On my poor Head ; I'll bear it all with Patience
Shall weary out thy most unfriendly Cruelty :
Lie at thy Feet and kiss 'em, tho' they spurn me,
Till wounded by my Sufferings thou relent,
And raise me to thy Arms with dear Forgiveness.

Pier. Art thou not——

Jaff. What ?

Pier. A Traytor ?

Jaff. Yes.

Pier. A Villain ?

Jaff. Granted.

Pier. A Coward, a most scandalous Coward,
Spiritlefs, void of Honour, one who has sold
Thy everlasting Fame for shameless Life ?

Jaff. All, all, and more, much more : my Faults
are numberless.

Pier. And would'st thou have me live on Terms like
thine ?

Base as thou'rt false——

Jaff.

Jaff. No ; 'tis to me that's granted :
The Safety of thy Life was all I aim'd at,
In Recompence for Faith and Trust so broken.

Pier. I scorn it more, because preserv'd by thee ;
And as when first my foolish Heart took Pity
On thy Misfortunes, fought thee in thy Miseries,
Reliev'd thy Wants, and rais'd thee from thy State
Of Wretchedness, in which thy Fate had plung'd thee,
To rank thee in my List of noble Friends ;
All I receiv'd, in Surety for thy Truth,
Were unregarded Oaths, and this, this Dagger,
Given with a worthless Pledge thou since hast stol'n,
So I restore it back to thee again ;
Swearing by all those Powers which thou hast violated,
Never from this curs'd Hour to hold Communion,
Friendship, or Interest with thee, tho' our Years
Were to exceed those limited the World.

Take it — Farewel — for now I owe thee nothing.

Jaff. Say thou wilt live then.

Pier. For my Life, dispose it
Just as thou wilt, because 'tis what I'm tir'd with.

Jaff. Oh *Pierre* !

Pier. No more.

Jaff. My Eyes won't lose the Sight of thee,
But languish after thine, and ake with Gazing.

Pier. Leave me — Nay, then thus, thus I throw thee
from me ;

And Curses great as is thy Falshood catch thee. [*Exit.*

Jaff. Amen.

He's gone, my Father, Friend, Preserver,
And here's the Portion he has left me, [*Holds the Dagger up.*
This Dagger: Well remember'd, with this Dagger
I gave a solemn Vow of dire Importance ;
Parted with this and *Belvidera* together.
Have a Care, Mem'ry drive that Thought no farther ;
No, I'll esteem it as a Friend's last Legacy,
Treasure it up within this wretched Bosom,
Where it may grow acquainted with my Heart,
That, when they meet, they start not from each other.
So, now for Thinking : A Blow, call'd Traytor, Villain,
Coward, dishonourable Coward, fough !

Oh! for a long sound Sleep, and so forget it.
Down, busy Devil.

Enter Belvidera.

Belv. Whither shall I fly?
Where hide me and my Miseries together?
Where's now the *Roman* Constancy I boasted?
Sunk into trembling Fears and Desperation.
Not daring to look up to that dear Face
Which us'd to smile, even on my Faults, but, down
Bending these miserable Eyes to Earth,
Must move in Penance, and implore much Mercy.

Jaff. Mercy! kind Heav'n has surely endless Stores
Hoarded for thee, Blessings yet untasted:
Let Wretches, loaded hard with Guilt, as I am,
Bow with the Weight, and groan beneath the Burden,
Creep with a Remnant of that Strength they've left
Before the Footstool of that Heav'n they've injur'd.
Oh! *Belvidera*! I'm the wretched'st Creature
E'er crawl'd on Earth: Now, if thou'ast Virtue, help me,
Take me into thy Arms, and speak the Words of Peace
To my divided Soul, that wars within me,
And raises every Sense to my Confusion:
By Heav'n I'm tottering on the very Brink
Of Peace; and thou art all the Hold I've left.

Belv. Alas! I know thy Sorrows are most mighty:
I know thou'ast Cause to mourn, to mourn, my *Jaffier*,
With endless Cries, and never-ceasing Wailing;
Thou'ast lost——

Jaff. Oh! I've lost what can't be counted;
My Friend too, *Belvidera*, that dear Friend,
Who next to thee was all my Health rejoic'd in,
Has us'd me like a Slave, shamefully us'd me:
'Twould break thy pitying Heart to hear the Story.
What shall I do? Resentment, Indignation,
Love, Pity, Fear, and Mem'ry how I've wrong'd him,
Distract my Quiet with the very Thought on't,
And tear my Heart to Pieces in my Bosom.

Belv. What has he done?

Jaff. Thou'dst hate me, should I tell thee.

Belv. Why?

Jaff. Oh! he has us'd me! yet by Heav'n I bear it;
He

He has us'd me, *Belvidera*! But first swear
That, when I've told thee, thou wilt not loath me utterly,
Tho' vilest Blots and Stains appear upon me;
But still at least with charitable Goodness
Be near me in the Pangs of my Affliction;
Nor scorn me, *Belvidera*, as he has done.

Belv. Have I then e'er been false, that now I'm
doubted?

Speak, what's the Cause, I'm grown into Distrust?
Why thought unfit to hear my Love's Complaining?

Jaff. Oh!

Belv. Tell me.

Jaff. Bear my Failings, for they're many,
Oh! my dear Angel! in that Friend I've lost
All my Soul's Peace; for every Thought of him
Strikes my Sense hard, and dead's it in my Brains;
Would'st thou believe it?

Belv. Speak.

Jaff. Before we parted,
E're yet his Guards had led him to his Prison,
Full of severest Sorrows for his Sufferings,
With Eyes o'erflowing, and a bleeding Heart.
Humbling myself almost beneath my Nature,
As at his Feet I kneel'd, and su'd for Mercy;
Forgetting all our Friendship, all the Dearness
In which we've liv'd so many Years together,
With a reproachful Hand he dash'd a Blow:
He struck me, *Belvidera*, by Heav'n he struck me!
Buffetted, call'd me Traytor, Villain, Coward.
Am I a Coward? Am I a Villain? Tell me:
Thou'rt the best Judge, and mad'st me, if I am so.
Damnation! Coward!

Belv. Oh! forgive him, *Jaffier*;
And, if his Sufferings wound thy Heart already,
What will they do To-morrow?

Jaff. Hah!

Belv. To-morrow,
When thou shalt see him stretch'd in all the Agonies
Of a tormenting and a shameful Death;
His bleeding Bowels, and his broken Limbs,
Insulted o'er by a vile butchering Villain,

What will thy Heart do then! Oh! sure 'twill stream
Like my Eyes now.

Jaff. What means thy dreadful Story?
Death, and To-morrow? Broken Limbs and Bowels?
Insulted o'er by a vile butchering Villain?
By all my Fears I shall start out to Madness
With bravely guessing, if the Truth's hid longer.

Belv. The faithful Senators, 'tis they've decreed it:
They say, according to our Friend's Request,
They shall have Death, and no ignoble Bondage:
Declare their promis'd Mercy all as forfeited:
False to their Oaths, and deaf to Intercession;
Warrants are pass'd for publick Death To-morrow.

Jaff. Death! doom'd to die! condemn'd unheard!
unpleaded!

Belv. Nay, cruel'st Racks and Torments are preparing
To force Confession from their dying Pangs.
Oh! do not look so terribly upon me!
How your Lips shake, and all your Face disorder'd!
What means my Love?

Jaff. Leave me, I charge thee leave me——Strong
Temptations

Wake in my Heart.

Belv. For what?

Jaff. No more, but leave me.

Belv. Why?

Jaff. Oh! by Heav'n I love thee with that Fondness,
I would not have thee stay a Moment longer,
Near these curs'd Hands: Are they not cold upon thee?

*[Pulls the Dagger half out of his
Bosom, and puts it back again.]*

Belv. No, everlasting Comfort's in thy Arms.
To lean thus on thy Breast is softer Ease,
Than downy Pillows deck'd on Leaves of Roses.

Jaff. Alas! thou think'st not of the Thorns 'tis fill'd
with:

Fly, e're they gaul thee: There's a lurking Serpent
Ready to leap, and sting thee to the Heart:
Art thou not terrify'd?

Belv. No.

Jaff. Call to Mind

What

What thou hast done, and whither thou hast brought me.

Belv. Hah!

[*Mischief?*]

Jaff. Where's my Friend? my Friend, thou smiling
Nay, shrink not, now 'tis too late; thou should'st have fled
When thy Guilt first had Cause; for dire Revenge
Is up, and raging for my Friend. He groans!
Hark how he groans! his Screams are in my Ears
Already; see, they've fix'd him on the Wheel,
And now they tear him—Murder! perjur'd Senate!
Murder—oh!—hark thee, Traitors, thou hast done this;
Thanks to thy Tears, and false persuading Love.
How her Eyes speak! O thou bewitching Creature!

[*Fumbling for his Dagger.*]

Madness can't hurt thee: Come thou little Trembler,
Creep even into my Heart, and there lie safe;
'Tis thy own Citadel——hah——yet stand off.
Heav'n must have Justice, and my broken Vows
Will sink me else beneath its reaching Mercy.
I'll wink, and then 'tis done——

Belv. What means the Lord

Of me, my Life and Love? What's in thy Bosom,
Thou grasp'st at so? Nay, why am I thus treated?

[*Draws the Dagger, offers to stab her.*]

What wilt thou do? Ah! do not kill me, *Jaffier*:
Pity these panting Breasts, and trembling Limbs,
That us'd to clasp thee when thy Looks were milder,
That yet hang heavy on my unpurg'd Soul;
And plunge it not into eternal Darkness.

Jaff. Know, *Belvidera*, when we parted last,
I gave this Dagger with thee, as in Trust
To be thy Portion, if I e'er prov'd false.
On such Condition was my Truth believ'd:
But now 'tis forfeited, and must be paid for.

[*Offers to stab her again.*]

Belv. Oh! Mercy!

[*Kneeling.*]

Jaff. Nay, no Struggling.

Belv. Now then kill me.

[*Leaps upon his Neck, and kisses him.*]

While thus I c'ing about thy cruel Neck,
Kiss thy revengeful Lips, and die in Joys
Greater than any I can guess hereafter.

Jaff. I am, I am a Coward, witness't Heav'n,
Witness it, Earth, and ev'ry Being witness:
'Tis but one Blow! Yet my immortal Love,
I cannot longer bear a Thought to harm thee.

[He throws away the Dagger, and embraces her.]

The Seal of Providence is sure upon thee;
And thou wert born for yet unheard-of Wonders:
O! thou wert either born to save or damn me.
By all the Power that's given thee o'er my Soul,
By thy resistless Tears and conquering Smiles,
By the victorious Love that still waits on thee;
Fly to thy cruel Father, save my Friend,
Or all our future Quiet's lost for ever.
Fall at his Feet, cling round his reverend Knees:
Speak to him with thy Eyes, and with thy Tears
Melt his hard Heart, and wake dead Nature in him,
Crush him in th'Arms, torture him with thy Softness;

*Nor, till thy Prayers are granted, set him free,
But conquer him as thou hast conquer'd me.*

[Exit.]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Priuli solus.

Pri. **W**HY, cruel Heav'n, have my unhappy Days
Been lengthen'd to this sad one? Oh! Dis-
And deathless Infamy is fall'n upon me. *[honour]*
Was it my Fault? Am I a Traytor? No.
But then, my only Child, my Daughter wedded;
There my best Blood runs foul, and a Disease
Incurable has seiz'd upon my Memory,
To make it rot and stink to After-ages.
Curs'd be the fatal Minute when I got her;
Or would that I'd been any Thing but Man,
And rais'd an Issue which would ne'er have wrong'd me.
The miserablest Creatures (Man excepted)
Are not the less esteem'd, tho' their Posterity
Degenerate from the Virtues of their Fathers:
The vilest Beasts are happy in their Offspring,

While

While only Man gets Traytors, Whores, and Villains.
Curs'd be the Name, and some swift Blow from Fate
Lay his Head deep, where mine may be forgotten.

Enter Belvidera in a long Mourning Veil.

Belv. He's there, my Father, my inhuman Father,
That for three Years has left an only Child
Expos'd to all the Outrages of Fate,
And cruel Ruin! — oh! —

Pri. What Child of Sorrow

Art thou, that com'st wrapt up in Weeds of Sadness,
And mov'st as if thy Steps were towards a Grave?

Belv. A Wretch who from the very Top of Happiness
Am fallen into the lowest Depths of Misery,
And want your pitying Hand to raise me up again.

Pri. Indeed thou talk'st as thou hadst tasted Sorrows?
Would I could help thee.

Belv. 'Tis greatly in your Power:
The World too speaks you charitable; and I,
Who ne'er ask'd Alms before, in that dear Hope
Am come a Begging to you, Sir.

Pri. For what?

Belv. Oh! well regard me, is this Voice a strange one?
Consider too, when Beggars once pretend
A Case like mine, no little will content 'em.

Pri. What would'st thou beg for?

Belv. Pity and Forgiveness. [*Throws up her Veil*]
By the kind tender Names of Child and Father,
Hear my Complaints, and take me to your Love.

Pri. My Daughter!

Belv. Yes, your Daughter, by a Mother
Virtuous and noble, faithful to your Honour,
Obedient to your Will, kind to your Wishes,
Dear to your Arms. By all the Joys she gave you,
When in her blooming Years she was your Treasure,
Look kindly on me; in my Face behold
The Lineaments of her's you've kiss'd so often,
Pleading the Cause of your poor cast-off Child.

Pri. Thou art my Daughter.

Belv. Yes—and you've oft told me,
With Smiles of Love and chaste paternal Kisses,
I'd much Resemblance of my Mother.

Pri. Oh !

Hadst thou inherited her matchless Virtues,
I'd too been blest'd.

Belv. Nay, do not call to Memory
My Disobedience, but let Pity enter
Into your Heart, and quite deface the Impression.
For could you think how mine's perplex'd, what Sadness,
Fears and Despairs distract the Peace within me.
Oh ! you would take me into your dear, dear Arms,
Hover with strong Compassion o'er your young One,
To shelter me with a protecting Wing
From the black gather'd Storm, that's just, just breaking.

Pri. Don't talk thus.

Belv. Yes, I must ; and you must hear too,
I have a Husband.

Pri. Damn him.

Belv. Oh ! do not curse him ;
He would not speak so hard a Word towards you
On any Terms, howe'er he deal with me.

Pri. Ha ! what means my Child ?

Belv. Oh ! there's but this short Moment
'Twixt me and Fate : You send me not with Curses
Down to my Grave ; afford me one kind Blessing
Before we part : Just take me in your Arms,
And recommend me with a Prayer to Heav'n,
That I may die in Peace ; and when I'm dead —

Pri. How my Soul's catch'd !

Belv. Lay me, I beg you, lay me
By the dear Ashes of my tender Mother,
She would have pity'd me, had Fate yet spar'd her.

Pri. By Heav'n, my aking Heart forebodes much
Mischief.

Tell me thy Story, for I'm still thy Father.

Belv. No : I'm still contented.

Pri. Speak.

Belv. No Matter.

Pri. Tell me,

By yon blest'd Heav'n, my Heart runs o'er with Fond-

Belv. Oh !

[ness.

Pri. Utter't.

Belv. Oh ! my Husband, my dear Husband,

Carries

Carries a Dagger in his once kind Bosom,
To pierce the Heart of your poor *Belvidera*.

Pri. Kill thee!

Belv. Yes, kill me. When he pass'd his Faith
And Covenant against your State and Senate,
He gave me up as Hostage for his Truth:
With me a Dagger, and a dire Commission,
Whene'er he fail'd, to plunge it thro' this Bosom.
I learnt the Danger, chose the Hour of Love
T'attempt his Heart, and bring it back to Honour.
Great Love prevail'd, and blest'd me with Success;
He came, confess'd, betray'd his dearest Friends
For promis'd Mercy. Now they're doom'd to suffer,
Gall'd with Remembrance of what then was sworn,
If they are lost, he vows t'appease the Gods
With this poor Life, and make my Blood th'Atone-

Pri. Heav'ns!

[ment.

Belv. Think you saw what pass'd at our last Parting:
Think you beheld him like a raging Lion,
Pacing the Earth, and tearing up his Steps,
Fate in his Eyes, and roaring with the Pain
Of burning Fury: Think you saw his own Hand
Fix'd on my Throat, whilst the extended other
Grasp'd a keen threat'ning Dagger: Oh! 'twas thus
We last embrac'd, when, trembling with Revenge,
He dragg'd me to the Ground, and at my Bosom
Presented horrid Death; cry'd out, my Friends,
Where are my Friends? swore, wept, rag'd, threaten'd,
lov'd;

For he yet lov'd, and that dear Love preserv'd me
To this last Trial of a Father's Pity.
I fear not Death, but cannot bear a Thought
That that dear Hand should do the unfriendly Office.
If I was ever then your Care, now hear me;
Fly to the Senate, save the promis'd Lives
Of his dear Friends, e're mine be made the Sacrifice.

Pri. Oh! my Heart's Comfort!

Belv. Will you not, my Father?

Weep not, but answer me.

Pri. By Heav'n I will.

Not one of 'em but what shall be immortal.

Canst thou forgive me all my Follies past,
 I'll henceforth be indeed a Father; never
 Never more thus expose, but cherish thee,
 Dear as the vital Warmth that feeds my Life,
 Dear as these Eyes that weep in Fondness o'er thee :
 Peace to thy Heart. Farewel.

Belv. Go, and remember

'Tis *Belvidera's* Life her Father pleads for. [*Ex. severally.*

Enter Antonio.

Hum, hum, ha !

Signor *Priuli*, my Lord *Priuli*, my Lord, my Lord,
 my Lord : Now we Lords love to call one another by
 our Titles. My Lord, my Lord, my Lord,—Pox on
 him, I am a Lord as well as he. And so let him fid-
 dle—I'll warrant him he's gone to the Senate-house,
 and I'll be there too soon enough for somebody. Odd
 —here's a tickling Speech about the Plot, I'll prove
 there's a Plot with a Vengeance,—Would I had it
 without Book; let me see——

Most reverend Senators,

That there is a Plot, surely by this Time no Man that
 hath Eyes or Understanding in his Head will presume to
 doubt; 'tis as plain as the Light in the Cucumber—no
 —hold there——Cucumbers does not come in yet—'tis
 as plain as the Light in the Sun, or as the Man in the
 Moon, even at Noon-day. It is indeed a Pumpkin-
 Plot, which, just as it was mellow, we have gather'd, and
 now we have gather'd it, prepar'd and dress'd it, shall
 we throw it like a pickled Cucumber, out at the Win-
 dow ? No : That it is not only a bloody, horrid, exe-
 crable, damnable, and audacious Plot, but it is, as I
 may so say, a faucy Plot : And we all know, most Re-
 verend Fathers, that what is Sauce for a Goose is Sauce
 for a Gander : Therefore, I say, as those blood-thirsty
 Ganders of the Conspiracy would have destroy'd us
 Geese of the Senate, let us make haste to destroy them :
 so I humbly move for Hanging—Hah ! hurry, durry,
 —I think this will do ; though I was something out
 at first, about the Sun and the Cucumber.

Enter Aquilina.

Aquil. Good morrow, Senator.

Ant.

Ant. *Nacky*, my dear *Nacky* ; Morrow, *Nacky*, odd I am very brisk, very merry, very pert, very jovial——
ha a a a a——kiss me, *Nacky* ; how dost thou do,
my little tory rory Strumpet ? Kiss me, I say, Hussy,
kiss me.

Aqui. Kiss me, *Nacky* ! hang you, Sir Coxcomb, hang
you, Sir.

Ant. Haity taity, is it so indeed ? With all my Heart,
Faith——*Hey, then up go we.* Faith, *Hey——then up go*
we, dum dum derum dump. [Sings.

Aqui. Signor.

Ant. Madona.

Aqui. Do you intend to die in your Bed ?

Ant. About threescore Years hence much may be
done, my Dear.

Aqui. You'll be hang'd, Signor.

Ant. Hang'd, Sweet-heart, prithee be quiet ; hang'd
quoth-a, that's a merry Conceit with all my Heart ; why
thou jok'st, *Nacky* ; thou art given to Joking, I'll swear ;
well, I protest, *Nacky*, nay, I must protest, and will pro-
test, that I love Joking dearly, Man. And I lov: thee
for Joking, and I'll kiss thee for Joking, and towse thee
for Joking ; and odd, I have a devilish Mind to take thee
aside about that Business for Joking too, odd I have ; and
Hey, then up go we, dum dum derum dump. [Sings.

Aqui. See you this, Sir ? [Draws a Dagger.

Ant. O Laud, a Dagger ! Oh ! Laud ! it is naturally
my Aversion, I cannot endure the Sight on't ; hide it
for Heaven's sake, I cannot look that Way till it be gone
——hide it, hide it, oh ! oh ! hide it.

Aqui. Yes, in your Heart I'll hide it.

Ant. My Heart ! what, hide a Dagger in my Heart's
Blood !

Aqui. Yes, in thy Heart, thy Throat, thou pamper'd
Devil ;

Thou hast help'd to spoil my Peace, and I'll have Ven-
geance

On thy curs'd Life for all the bloody Senate,
The perjur'd faithless Senate : Where's my Lord,
My Happiness, my Love, my God, my Heroe,
Doom'd by thy accursed Tongue among the rest,

T'ra shameful Rack? By all the Rage that's in me,
I'll be whole Years in murdering thee.

Ant. Why, *Nacky*?

Wherefore so passionate? What have I done; what's
the Matter, my dear *Nacky*? Am not I thy Love, thy
Happiness, thy Lord, thy Heroe, thy Senator, and e-
very Thing in the World, *Nacky*.

Aqui. Thou! think'st thou, thou art fit to meet my
To bear the eager Clasps of my Embraces? [Joys:
Give me *Pierre*, or——

Ant. Why, he's to be hang'd, little *Nacky*;
Truss'd up for Treason, and so forth, Child.

Aqui. Thou ly'st; stop down thy Throat that hellish
Sentence,
Or 'tis thy last: Swear that my Love shall live,
Or thou art dead.

Ant. Ah! h h h.

Aqui. Swear to recall his Doom;
Swear at my Feet, and tremble at my Fury.

Ant. I do; now if she would but kick a little bit, one
Ah! h h h. [Kick now.

Aqui. Swear, or——

Ant. I do by these dear fragrant Foots [Nacky.
And little Toes, sweet as, e e e e, my *Nacky*, *Nacky*,

Aqui. How! [and Troth.

Ant. Nothing but untie thy Shoe strings a little, Faich
That's all, that's all, as I hope to live, *Nacky*, that's all.

Aqui. Nay, then——

Ant. Hold; hold, thy Love, thy Lord, thy Heroe
Shall be preserv'd and safe.

Aqui. Or may this Poniard
Rust in thy Heart,

Ant. With all my Soul.

Aqui. Farewel. [Ex. *Aquil.*

Ant. Adieu: Why, what a bloody-minded inveterate
fermagant Strumpet have I been plagu'd with! oh! h h!
Yet more! nay, then I die, I die—I'm dead already.

[Stretches out himself.

Enter Jaffier.

Jaff. Final Destruction seize on all the World,
Bend down, ye Heav'ns, and, strutting round this Earth,
Crush

Crush the vile Globe into its first Confusion ;
Scorch it with elemental Flames to one curs'd Cinder,
And all us little Creepers in't call'd Men
Burn, burn to nothing : But let *Venice* burn
Hotter than all the rest : Here kindle Hell,
Ne'er to extinguish ; and let Souls hereafter
Groan here in all those Pains, which mine feels now.

Enter Belvidera.

Bel. My Life ———

[*Meeting him.*

Jaff. My Plague ———

[*Turning from her.*

Belv. Nay, then I see my Ruin :

If I must die !

Jaff. No, Death's this Day too busy ;
Thy Father's ill-tim'd Mercy came too late.
I thank thee for thy Labours though, and him too :
But all my poor betray'd unhappy Friends
Have Summons to prepare for Fate's black Hour :
And yet I live.

Belv. Then be the next my Doom :
I see thou hast pass'd my Sentence in thy Heart,
And I'll no longer weep or plead against it,
But with the humblest, most obedient Patience
Meet thy dear Hands, and kiss 'em when they wound
Indeed I am willing, but I beg thee do it [me.
With some Remorse ; and when thou giv'st the Blow,
View me with Eyes of a relenting Love,
And shew me Pity, for 'twill sweeten Justice.

Jaff. Shew Pity to thee ?

Belv. Yes, and when thy Hands,
Charg'd with my Fate, come trembling to the Deed,
As thou hast done a Thousand Thousand dear Times
To this poor Breast, when kinder Rage hath brought
thee,

When our stung Hearts have leap'd to meet each other,
And melting Kisses seal'd our Lips together ;
When Joys have left me gasping in thy Arms :
So let my Death come now, and I'll not shrink from't.

Jaff. Nay, *Belvidera*, do not fear my Cruelty,
Nor let the Thoughts of Death perplex thy Fancy ;
But answer me to what I shall demand,
With a firm Temper and unshaken Spirit.

Belv. I will when I've done weeping——

Jaff.

Jaff. Fie, no more on't——
How long is't since that miserable Day
We wedded first?

Belv. Oh! h h!

Jaff. Nay, keep in thy Tears,
Lest they unman me too.

Belv. Heav'n knows I cannot;
The Words you utter sound so very sadly
The Streams will follow——

Jaff. Come, I'll kiss 'em dry then.

Belv. But was't a miserable Day?

Jaff. A curs'd one.

Belv. I thought it otherwise; and you've oft sworn,
In the transporting Hours of warmest Love,
When sure you spoke the Truth, you've sworn you

Jaff. 'Twas a rash Oath. [blest'd it.

Belv. Then why am I not curs'd too?

Jaff. No, *Belvidera*, by th'eternal Truth,
I doat with too much Fondness.

Belv. Still so kind!
Still then do you love me?

Jaff. Nature, in her Workings,
Inclines not with more Ardour to Creation,
Than I do now towards thee: Man ne'er was blest'd,
Since the first Pair met, as I have been.

Belv. Then sure you will not curse me?

Jaff. No, I'll bless thee.
I came on Purpose, *Belvidera*, to bless thee.
'Tis now, I think, three Years, we've liv'd together.

Belv. And may no fatal Minute ever part us,
Till reverend grown for Age and Love, we go
Down to one Grave, as our last Bed, together;
There sleep in Peace, till an eternal Morning.

Jaff. When will that be? [Sighing.

Belv. I hope long Ages hence.

Jaff. Have I not hitherto (I beg thee tell me
Thy very Fears) us'd thee with tender't Love?
Did e'er my Soul rise up in Wrath against thee?
Did I e'er frown, when *Belvidera* smil'd?
Or, by the least unfriendly Word betray
Abating Passion? Have I ever wrong'd thee?

Belv. No.

Jaff.

Jaff. Has my Heart, or have my Eyes e're wander'd
To any other Woman?

Belv. Never, never—I were the worst of false Ones,
should I accuse thee.

I own I've been too happy, blest'd above
My Sex's Charter.

Jaff. Did I not say I came to bless thee?

Belv. Yes.

Jaff. Then hear me, bounteous Heaven;
Pour down your Blessings on this beauteous Head,
Where everlasting Sweets are always springing,
With a continual giving Hand: Let Peace,
Honour, and Safety always hover round her;
Feed her with Plenty, let her Eyes ne'er see
A Sight of Sorrow, nor her Heart know Mourning:
Crown all her Days with Joy, her Nights with Rest,
Harmless as her own Thoughts; and prop her Virtue
To bear the Loss of one that too much lov'd;
And comfort her with Patience in our Parting.

Belv. How, Parting, Parting!

Jaff. Yes, for ever Parting;
I have sworn, *Belvidera*, by yon Heav'n,
That best can tell how much I lose, to leave thee,
We part this Hour for ever.

Belv. Oh! call back
Your cruel Blessing; stay with me and curse me!

Jaff. No, 'tis resolv'd.

Belv. Then hear me too, just Heav'n:
Pour down your Curses on this wretched Head
With never-ceasing Vengeance; let Despair,
Danger, and Infamy, nay all, surround me;
Starve me with Wantings; let my Eyes ne'er see
A Sight of Comfort, nor my Heart know Peace,
But dash my Days with Sorrow, Nights with Horrors
Wild as my own Thoughts now, and let loose Fury
To make me mad enough for what I lose,
If I must lose him. If I must? I will not,
Oh! turn and hear me!

Jaff. Now hold, Heart, or never.

Belv. By all the tender Days we've liv'd together,
By all our charming Nights and Joys that crown'd 'em,
Pity

Pity my sad Condition ; speak, but speak.

Jaff. Oh ! h h !

Belv. By these Arms that now cling round thy Neck,
By this dear Kifs, and by Ten Thousand more,
By these poor streaming Eyes——

Jaff. Murder ! unhold me :
By th' immortal Destiny that doom'd me

[*Draws his Dagger.*

To this curs'd Minute, I'll not live one longer ;
Resolve to let me go, or see me fall——

Belv. Hold, Sir, be patient.

Jaff. Hark, the dismal Bell [Passing-Bell tolls.
Tolls out for Death ! I must attend its Call too ;
For my poor Friend, my dying *Pierre*, expects me :
He sent a Message to require I'd see him
Before he dy'd, and take his last Forgiveness.
Farewel, for ever.

Belv. Leave thy Dagger with me,
Bequeath me something——Not one Kifs at Parting ;
Oh ! my poor Heart, when wilt thou break ?

[*Going out ; looks back at him.*

Jaff. Yet stay :

We have a Child, as yet a tender Infant ;
Pe a kind Mother to him when I'm gone,
Breed him in Virtue, and the Paths of Honour,
But never let him know his Father's Story ;
I charge thee guard him from the Wrongs my Fate
May do his future Fortune, or his Name.

Now——nearer yet—— [Approaching each other.

Oh ! that my Arms were riveted
Thus round thee ever ! But my Friends ! my Oath !
This, and no more.

[*Kisses her.*

Belv. Another, sure another,
For that poor little One you've ta'en such Care of,
I'll give't him truly.

Jaff. So now farewel.

Belv. For ever ?

Jaff. Heav'n knows for ever ; all good Angels guard
thee. [Exit.

Belv. All ill ones sure had Charge of me this Moment.
Curs'd be my Days, and doubly curs'd my Nights,
Which

Which I must now mourn out in widow'd Tears ;
 Blasted by every Herb, and Fruit, and Tree ;
 Curs'd be the Rain that falls upon the Earth,
 And may the general Curse reach Man and Beast !
 Oh ! give me Daggers, Fire or Water :
 How I could bleed, how burn, how drown, the Waves
 Huzzing and foaming round my sinking Head,
 Till I descended to the peaceful Bottom !
 Oh ! there's all Quiet, here all Rage and Fury :
 The Air's too thin, and pierces my weak Brain ;
 I long for thick substantial Sleep : Hell ! Hell !
 Burst from the Center, rage and roar aloud,
 If thou art half so hot, so mad as I am.

Enter Priuli and Servants.

Who's there ?

[They seize her.]

Pri. Run, seize, and bring her safely home,
 Guard her as you would do Life : Alas, poor Creature !

Belv. What to my Husband ? then conduct me
 quickly ;

Are all Things ready ? Shall we die most gloriously ?
 Say not a Word of this to my old Father :

Murmuring Streams, soft Shades, and springing Flowers,
 Lutes, Laurels, Seas of Milk, and Ships of Amber. *[Ex.]*

SCENE opening discovers a Scaffold, and a Wheel
 prepar'd for the Executing of Pierre ; then enter Of-
 ficers, Pierre and Guards, a Friar, Executioner, and a
 great Rabble.

Off. Room, Room there—stand all by, make Room
 for the Prisoner.

Pier. My Friend not yet come ?

Friar. Why are you so obstinate ?

Pier. Why you so troublesome, that a poor Wretch
 can't die in Peace,

But you, like Ravens, will be croaking round him ?

Friar. Yet Heav'n—

Pier. I tell thee, Heav'n and I are Friends :

I ne'er broke Peace with't yet by cruel Murders,

Rapine, or Perjury, or vile Deceiving :

But liv'd in moral Justice towards all Men :

Nor am a Foe to the most strong Believers,

Howe'er my own short-sighted Faith confines me.

Friar.

Friar. But an All-seeing Judge——

Pier. You say my Conscience

Must be my Accuser ; I have search'd that Conscience,
And find no Records there of Crimes that scare me.

Friar. 'Tis strange you should want Faith.

Pier. You want to lead

My Reason blind-fold, like a hamper'd Lion,
Check'd of its nobler Vigour ; then when bated
Down to obedient Tameness, make it couch,
And shew strange Tricks, which you call Signs of Faith.
So silly Souls are gull'd, and you get Money.
Away ; no more : Captain, I'd have hereafter
This Fellow write no Lyes of my Conversion,
Because he has crept upon my troubled Hours.

Enter Jaffier.

Jaff. Hold : Eyes be dry ;
Heart, strengthen me to bear
This hideous Sight, and humble me : Take
The last Forgiveness of a dying Friend,
Betray'd by my vile Falshood to his Ruin.
Oh ! *Pierre !*

Pier. Yet nearer.

Jaff. Crawling on my Knees,
And prostrate on the Earth, let me approach thee :
How shall I look up to thy injur'd Face,
That always us'd to smile with Friendship on me ;
It darts an Air of so much manly Virtue,
That I, methinks, look little in thy Sight,
And Stripes are fitter for me than Embraces.

Pier. Dear to my Arms, tho' thou'st undone my Fame,
I can't forget to love thee : Prithee, *Jaffier*,
Forgive that filthy Blow my Passion dealt thee :
I am now preparing for the Land of Peace,
And fain would have the charitable Wishes
Of all good Men, like thee, to bless my Journey.

Jaff. Good ! I am the vilest Creature, worse than e'er
Suffer'd the shameful Fate thou'rt going to taste of.
Why was I sent for to be us'd thus kindly ?
Call, call me Villain, as I am ; describe
The foul Complexion of my hateful Deeds ;
Lead me to th'Rack, and stretch me in thy Stead,

I've

I've Crimes enough to give it its full Load,
And do it Credit: Thou wilt but spoil the Use on't,
And honest Men hereafter bears its Figure
About 'em as a Charm from treacherous Friendship.

Offi. The Time grows short, your Friends are dead
already.

Jaff. Dead!

Pier. Yes, dead, *Jaffier*; they've all dy'd like Men too!
Worthy their Character.

Jaff. And what must I do?

Pier. Oh! *Jaffier*!

Jaff. Speak aloud thy burthen'd Soul,
And tell thy Troubles to thy tortur'd Friend.

Pier. Friend! Could'st thou yet be a Friend, a ge-
nerous Friend,

I might hope Comfort from thy noble Sorrows.
Heav'n knows I want a Friend.

Jaff. And a kind one,
That would not thus scorn my repenting Virtue,
Or think, when he's to die, my Thoughts are idle.

Pier. No! Live, I charge thee, *Jaffier*.

Jaff. Yes, I will live:
But it shall be to see thy Fall reveng'd
At such a Rate as *Venice* long shall groan for.

Pier. Wilt thou?

Jaff. I will, by Heav'n.

Pier. Then still thou'rt noble,
And I forgive thee. Oh! — yet — shall I trust thee?

Jaff. No; I've been false already.

Pier. Do'st thou love me?

Jaff. Rip up my Heart, and satisfy thy Doubtings.

Pier. Curse on this Weakness. [*He weeps.*]

Jaff. Tears! Amazement! Tears!
I never saw thee melted thus before;
And know there's something labouring in thy Bosom
That must have Vent: Tho' I'm a Villain, tell me.

Pier. See'st thou that Engine? [*Pointing to the Wheel.*]

Jaff. Why?

Pier. Is't fit a Soldier, who has liv'd with Honour,
Fought Nations Quarrels, and been crown'd with Con-
Be expos'd a common Carcase on a Wheel? [*quest,*

Jaff.

Jaff. Hah!

Pier. Speak: Is't fitting?

Jaff. Fitting?

Pier. Yes, is't fitting?

Jaff. What's to be done?

Pier. I'd have thee undertake

Something that's noble to preserve my Memory
From the Disgrace that's ready to attain it.

Off. The Day grows late, Sir.

Pier. I'll make haste. Oh! *Jaffier!*

Tho' thou'st betray'd me, do me some Way Justice.

Jaff. No more of that: Thy Wishes shall be satisfy'd;
I have a Wife, and she shall bleed: my Child too
Yield up his little Throat, and all
T' appease thee——

[*Going away, Pierre holds him.*

Pier. No—this—no more. [He whispers *Jaffier.*

Jaff. Hah! Is't then so?

Pier. Most certainly.

Jaff. I'll do't.

Pier. Remember.

Off. Sir.

Pier. Come, now I'm ready.

[*He and Jaffier ascend the Scaffold.*

Captain, you should be a Gentleman of Honour;
Keep off the Rabble, that I may have Room
To entertain my Fate, and die with Decency.

Come. [*Takes off his Gown, Executioner prepares to*
[*bind him.*

Friar. Son.

Pier. Hence, Tempter.

Off. Stand off, Priest.

Pier. I thank you, Sir,

You'll think on't!

[*to Jaffier.*

Jaff. 'Twon't grow stale before To-morrow.

Pier. Now, *Jaffier!* now I'm going. Now——

[*Executioner having bound him.*

Jaff. Have at thee,

Thou honest Heart, then—here——

[*Stabs him.*

And this is well too.

[*Then stabs himself.*

Friar. Damnable Deed!

Pier. Now thou hast indeed been faithful.

This

This was done nobly — We have deceiv'd the Senate.

Jaff. Bravely.

Pier. Ha, ha, ha — oh! oh!

[*Dies.*

Jaff. Now, ye curs'd Rulers,

Thus of the Blood y've shed I make Libation,
And sprinkle it mingling: May it rest upon you,
And all your Race; be henceforth Peace a Stranger
Within your Walls; let Plagues and Famine waste
Your Generations — Oh! poor *Belvidera*!

Sir, I have a Wife, bear this in Safety to her,
A Token that with my dying Breath I blest'd her,
And the dear little Infant behind me.

I'm sick — I'm quiet.

[*Jaffier dies.*

Off. Bear this News to the Senate,
And guard their Bodies till there's farther Orders:
Heav'n grant I die so well. [*Scene shuts upon them.*

Soft Musick. Enter *Belvidera* distracted, led by two of
her Women, Priuli and Servants.

Pri. Strengthen her Heart with Patience, pitying
Heav'n.

Belv. Come, come, come, come, come, nay, come
to Bed.

Prithee, my Love. The Winds: hark how they whistle;
And the Rain beats: Oh! how the Weather shrinks
me!

You are angry now, who cares? Pish, no indeed.

Chuse then, I say you shall not go, you shall not.

Whip your Ill-nature; get you gone then; oh!

[*Jaffier's Ghost arises.*

Are you return'd? See, Father, here he's come again,

Am I to blame to love him? O thou dear one.

[*Ghost sinks.*

Why do you fly me? Are you angry still then?

Jaffier, where art thou? Father, why do you do thus?

Stand off, don't hide him from me. He's there some-
where.

Stand off, I say: What gone? Remember't, Tyrant:

I may revenge myself for this Trick, one Day,

I'll do't — I'll do't. *Renault's* a nasty Fellow;

Hang him, hang him, hang him.

Enter

Enter Officers and others.

Pri. News, what News? [*Officer whispers Priuli.*]

Off. Most sad, Sir;

Jaffier, upon the Scaffold, to prevent
A shameful Death, stabb'd *Pierre*, and next himself :
Both fell together.

Pri. Daughter.

Belv. Ha ! look there ! [*The Ghosts of Jaffier
and Pierre rise together, both bloody.*]

My Husband bloody, and his Friend too ! Murder !
Who has done this ? Speak to me, thou sad Vision ;

[*Ghosts sink.*]

On these poor trembling Knees I beg it : Vanish'd—
Here they went down : Oh ! I'll dig, dig the Den up.
You shan't delude me thus. Ho, *Jaffier*, *Jaffier*,
Peep up, and give me but a Look. I have him !
I've got him, Father : Oh ! now how I'll smuggle him !
My Love ! my Dear ! my Blessing ! help me ! help me !
They have hold on me, and drag me to the Bottom.
Nay—now they pull so hard—farewel— [*She dies.*]

Maid. She's dead,
Breathless and dead.

Pri. Then guard me from the Sight on't :
Lead me into some Place that's fit for Mourning ;
Where the free Air, Light, and the chearful Sun
May never enter : Hang it round with Black ;
Set up one Taper, that may light a Day,
As long as I've to live : And there all leave me :

*Sparing no Tears, when you this Tale relate,
But bid all cruel Fathers dread my Fate.*

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]



EPILOGUE.

THE Text is done, and now for Application,
 And when that's ended, pass your Approbation.
 Though the Conspiracy's prevented here,
 Methinks I see another-hatching there :
 And there's a certain Faction fain would sway,
 If they had Strength enough, and damn this Play :
 But this the Author bid me boldly say,
 If any take this Plainness in ill Part,
 He's glad on't from the Bottom of his Heart :
 Poets in Honour of the Truth should write,
 With the same Spirit brave Men for it fight.
 And though against him causeless Hatreds rise,
 And daily where he goes of late he spies
 The Scowles of fullen and revengeful Eyes ;
 'Tis what he knows, with much Contempt, to bear,
 And serves a Cause too good to let him fear.
 He fears no Poison from an incens'd Drab,
 No Russian's five Foot Sword, nor Rascal's Stab ;
 Nor any other Snares of Mischief laid,
 Not a Rose-Alley Cudgel Ambuscade.
 From any private Cause where Malice reigns,
 Or general Pique all Blockheads have to Brains ;
 Nothing shall damn his Pen, when Truth does call,
 No, not the † Picture-mangler at Guildhall.
 The Rebel-Tribe, of which that Vermin's one,
 Have now set forward, and their Course begun ;

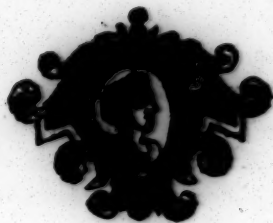
† The Rascal that cut the Duke of York's Picture.

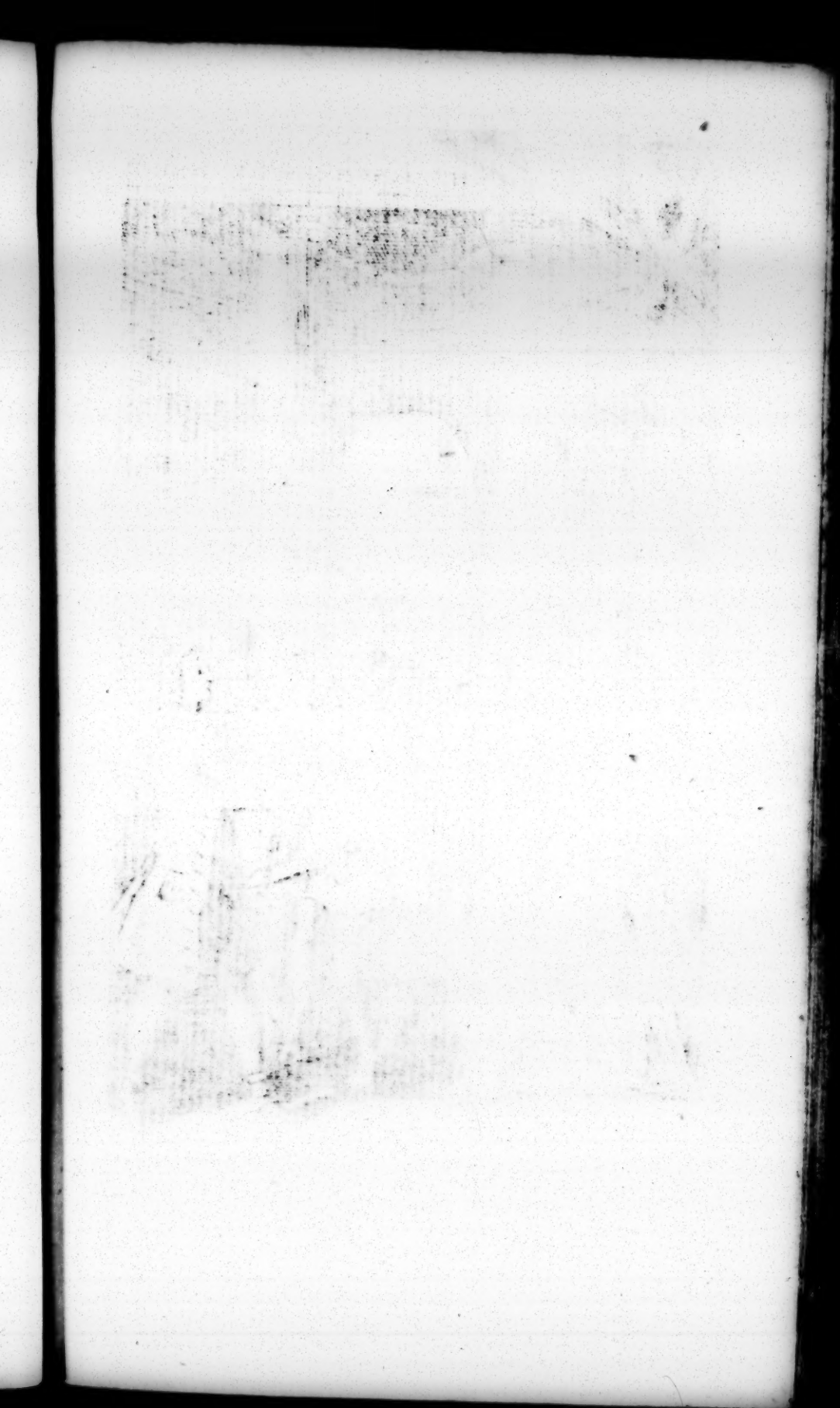
And

*And while that Prince's Figure they deface,
As they before had massacred his Name,
Durst their base Fears but look him in the Face,
They'd use his Person as they've us'd his Fame :*

*A Face in which such Line'ments they read
Of that great Martyr's, whose rich Blood they shed,
That their rebellious Hate they still retain,
And in his Son would murder him again.
With Indignation then let each brave Heart
Rouse, and unite, to take his injur'd Part ;
'Till Royal Love and Goodness call him Home,
And Songs of Triumph meet him as he come :
'Till Heav'n his Honour and our Peace restore,
And Villains never wrong his Virtue more.*

F I N I S.







THE
TRAGEDY
OF
Z A R A.

As it is acted at the
THEATRE-ROYAL,
IN DRURY-LANE.

By His MAJESTY's Servants.

By AARON HILL, *Esq*;

The SECOND EDITION.

L O N D O N:

Printed for T. LOWNDS, at his Circulating Library,
near Salisbury Court, Fleetstreet.

MDCCLXIII.



To his ROYAL HIGHNESS the

P R I N C E.

S I R,

*W*Riters, who mean no *Int'rest*, but their *Arts* ;
Of *undepending* Minds, and *steadfast* Hearts,
Disclaiming *Hopes*, will empty *Forms* neglect ;
Nor need PERMISSION—to address *Respect*.

Frank, as the manly Faith of *ancient* Time,
Let *Truth*, for once, approach the *Great*, in *Rhime* !
Nor Publick Benefit, misguided, *stray*,
Because a *Private* *Wisher* points its Way.

If wond'ring, *here*, your Greatness condescends
To ask, *What's HE*, *who*, *thus*, *uncall'd*, attends ?
Smile, at a *Suitor*, who, in Courts, untrac'd,
Pleas'd, if o'erlook'd, thus, owns his humble *Taste*.—

Vow'd an *Unenvier*, of the busier *Great* ;
Too plain for *Flatt'ry* ; and, too calm for *Hate* :
Hid to be *Happy* ; who surveys, *unknown*,
The pow'rless *Cottage*, and the peaceless *Throne*,
A silent *Subject* to His own *Control* :
Of active *Passions*, but, unyielding *Soul* ;

To His Royal Highness the PRINCE

Engross'd by NO Pursuits, *amus'd*, by *All*;
But, *deaf*, as *Adders*, to *Ambition's* Call:
Too *Free*, for *Pow'r*, (or *Prejudice*), to *WIN*,
And, *safely*, lodging *Liberty*, *WITHIN*.

Pardon, *Great Prince*! th' unfashionable Strain,
That shuns to *Dedicate*; nor seeks to *gain*:
That (*self-resigning*) knows no narrow View;
And, but for *Publick Blessings*, courts, ev'n *YOU*!

Late, a bold *Tracer* of your *measur'd* Mind,
(While, by the mournful *SCENE*, to Grief inclin'd)
I saw your *Eloquence* of *Eyes* confess
Soft *Sense* of *BELVIDERA's* deep Distress,
Prophetic, thence, *fore-deem'd* the rising Years;
And *bail'd* a *HAPPY NATION*, in *YOUR Tears*!

Oh!—*nobly*, touch'd!—th' inspiring *Pleasure chuse*,
Snatch, from the *sable Wave*, the sinking *MUSE*!
Charming, *be charm'd*! the *Stage's* Anguish *heal*:
And teach a languid People *how* to *feel*.

Then her full *Soul*, shall *TRAGIC Pow'r* impart,
And reach *Three Kingdoms* in their *Prince's Heart*!
Lightness, disclaim'd, shall *blush* itself away:
And reas'ning *SENSE* resume forgotten Sway.
Love, Courage, Loyalty, Taste, Honour, Truth,
Flash'd from the *Scene*, re-charm our list'ning Youth:
And, *Virtues*, (by *YOUR Influence form'd*) sustain
The future *Glories* of their *Founder's* Reign.

Nor,

To His Royal Highness the PRINCE

Nor, let due Care of a *protected Stage*,
Misjudg'd *Amusement*, but *spare Hours* engage :
Strong, *serious*, TRUTHS, the manly *Muse* displays ;
And leads charm'd *Reason* through those *flow'ry Ways*.
While HISTORY's cold Care but *Facts* enrolls,
The MUSE (pervasive) saves the pictur'd *Souls* !
Beyond all *Egypt's GUMS*, *embalms* Mankind :
And stamps the living Features of the MIND.

Time can eject the Sons of Pow'r, from Fame ;
And, *He*, who gains a *World*, may LOSE his NAME.
But, *cherish'd Arts* insure immortal Breath :
And, bid their *prop'd Defenders* tread on Death !

Look back, lov'd *Prince* ! on Ages, *sunk in Shade* !
And feel, what DARKNESS, absent *Genius* made !
Think, on the dead *Fore-fillers* of your Place !
Think, on the stern *First-founders* of your Race !
And, where *lost Story* sleeps, in silent Night ;
Charge to their want of *Taste*, their want of LIGHT.

When, in your rising Grove, (no *Converse* nigh)
BLACK EDWARD's awful *Bust* demands your Eye,
Think, from *what Cause*, blind Chronicles DEFAME
The *gross-told* Tow'rings, of that *dreadful Name* !
Search him, thro' FANCY : and SUPPOSE him, shown
By the Long Glories, to the MUSES known :
Shining, *disclos'd* ;—o'ertrampling *Death's Control* !
And, *opening, backward*, All his *Depth of Soul* !

To His Royal Highness the PRINCE.

Then—breathe a conscious Sigh, to mourn his Fate,
Who form'd no Writers, like his Spirit, Great !
To limn his living Thoughts—past Fame renew ;
And build HIM Honours, they reserve, for You !

I am,

With profound Respect,

S I R,

Your ROYAL HIGHNESS'S

most humble

and Obedient Servant,

A. HILL.



PREFACE to the READER.

HE Beauties, of Nature, will be Beauties, everlastingly.—If they are, sometimes eclips'd, by a Cloud of ill Accidents, they disperse the dark Screen; and, again, become amiable.

But, unwilling to suppose, we are, now, under Influence of such a Cloud, with Regard to Dramatical Taste, I thought it more decent, (and jutter) to charge its Degeneracy to the STAGE, than to the Genius of the Nation.

Accounting in this manner for the Defect, I have often taken Pleasure, (when turning my Search towards a Remedy) to consider it, as no improbable Hope, that YOUNG Actors, and Actresses, beginning, uneduc'd by AFFECTED EXAMPLES, might go some Length, towards what has been said, of a celebrated Writer,

“ Who reach'd Perfection, in his first Essay.

It requir'd, methought, but the Assistance of a lively Imagination, join'd to an easy, and natural, Power; with a resolute Habitue, to BE, for an Hour or two, the very Persons, they wou'd seem.—Such a Foundation for accomplish'd Acting, lies so open, and so clearly in Nature, that they, who find it at all, must discover it at first: because, when Men are once got out of the Road, they, who travel the farthest, have but most Length of Way to ride back again.

Yet, the Interested in Playhouses were so positive, in the contrary Sentiment, that they submitted to reverence, as a Maxim, this extraordinary Concession, “ That Actors must be twenty Years such, before they can expect to be Masters, of the Air, and Tread, of the Stage.

Now,

PREFACE to the READER.

Now, there is but one View, in Nature, wherein I was willing to admit of this Argument: I was forc'd to confess, I had seen some particular Stage Airs, and Stage Treads, which a Man of good Sense might indeed, waste a long Life, in endeavouring to imitate, and, at last, lose his Labour!

However, since an Opinion, in Opposition to these Gentlemen's, wanted Weight to make That believ'd possible, which had not, yet, been reduc'd into Practice, I took a sudden Resolution, actually to try, WHO was in the Right, by attempting the EXPERIMENT.—This, I knew, was a Design, which, succeeding, wou'd not fail to give Pleasure to the Publick; and, which, miscarrying, cou'd produce no worse Consequence, than my particular Mortification.

I imagin'd it reasonable to found a Trial, of this Nature, rather on a New Play, than an Old one: And, as it ought to be a Play of unquestionable Merit, it must have been Presumption, and Vanity, to have cast a Thought toward any thing, of my own.—Upon the whole, that I might keep out of the Reach either of Prejudice, or Partiality, a Foreign Production seem'd the properest Choice; and, the ZAIRE, of Monsieur de Voltaire, offer'd me every thing that Nature could do, on the Part of the Poet: But, I had still something to wish, with regard to that other Part of her Influence, which depended on the Player.

I had (of late) among the rest of the Town, been depriv'd of all rational Pleasure from the Theatre, by a monstrous, and unmoving, Affectation: which, choking up the Avenues to Passion, had made Tragedy FORBIDDING, and HORRIBLE!

I was despairing to see a Correction of this Folly; when I found myself, unexpectedly, re-animated, by the War which the THE PROMPTER has proclaim'd, and is now, Weekly, waging against the Ranters, and Whiners, of the Theatre; after having undertaken to reduce the Actor's lost Art, into PRINCIPLES, with Design, by reconciling them to the touching, and spirited,
Medium,

PREFACE to the READER.

Medium, to reform those wild Copies of Life, into some Resemblance, at least, of their Originals.

Thus, confirm'd in my Sentiments, I ventur'd on the Cast of two Capital Characters, into Hands, not disabled, by Custom, and obstinate Prejudice, from pursuing the Plain Track, of NATURE.

It was easy to induce OSMAN, (as he is a Relation of my own, and but too fond of the Amusement) to make Trial, how far his Delight, in an Art, I shall never allow him to practise, might enable him to supply one Part of the Proof, that, to imitate Nature, we must proceed, upon Natural Principles.

At the same Time, it happened, that Mrs. CIBBER was, fortunately, inclinable to exert her inimitable Talent, in additional Aid of my Purpose, with View to continue the Practice of a Profession, for which, Her Person, Her Voice, the unaffected Sensibility of her Heart, (and, her Face, so finely dispos'd, for assuming, and expressing, the PASSIONS) have, so naturally, qualify'd her.

And, to give this bold Novelty of Design, all its necessary Furtherance, Mr. FLEETWOOD, who professes the most generous Inclinations, for Improvement of his troublesome Province, very willingly concurr'd, in whatever cou'd, on His Part, be of Use, to the Experiment.

Behold, in this little Detail, from what Motive, I have taken upon me to throw one of the finest of French Plays upon the Publick.—If my Expectations are not strangely deceiv'd, it will be found, by the Event, whether our Taste for true Tragedy is declin'd; or, the true Art of Acting it forgotten.

From the First, I can have nothing to conclude, but, that my Judgment has been weak, and mistaken.

But, if the Last proves the Case, I shall flatter myself, that those Persons of Quality, from whose imaginary Want of Discernment some People have not blush'd, to DERIVE their Dull Qualities, will, in Right of their
insulted

PREFACE to the READER.

insulted Understanding, EXACT, for the future, a warm, and, toilsome, Exertion, of the Strong and the Natural, tho' at the COST of the Lazy, and Affected.

This would awaken, at once, the Reflexion, of many, who have it in their POWER to be moving, and natural Actors; and, by effectually convincing them, that their Present Opinion is wrong, bring 'em over (for their own, and the Publick Advantage) to embrace, and succeed by, a New one.

Such a Step, toward reforming the Theatre, wou'd draw on, (as a Consequence) many, of its nobler Improvements—For, where Emotions are keenest, the Delight becomes greatest; and, to whatever most charms, we, most closely, adhere; and, encourage it, most actively.

If, in translating this excellent Tragedy, I have regarded, in some Places, the Soul, and, in others, the Letter, of the Original, Monsieur de Voltaire, who has made himself a very capable Judge, both of our Language, and Customs, will indulge me that Latitude; except, he shou'd, in observing some Alterations I have made, in his Names, and his Diction, forget, that their Motives are to be found, in the Turn of our National Difference.

After what I have said of the Playhouses, it wou'd be Injustice, not to declare, that I exclude from the Censure, of Speaking, or acting, unnaturally, Any One of the Persons, who have been cast into ZARA.—And, in particular, I must say This, of TWO of them; that Mr. MILWARD, who is already a very excellent, and hourly rising to be an accomplish'd, Actor, has a VOICE, that both comprehends, and expresses, the utmost Compass of HARMONY.—And, Mr. CIBBER, discerningly, pursued, thro' the numberless Extent of his Walks, is an Actor, of as unlimited a Compass of GENIUS, as ever I saw on the Stage: and, is, barely, receiv'd, as he deserves, when the Town is most favourable.

P R O-



P R O L O G U E,

Written by COLLEY CIBBER, Esq;

Spoke by Mr. CIBBER.

THE French, *howe'er Mercurial they may seem,*
Extinguish half their Fire, by Critic Phlegm:
While English Writers Nature's Freedom claim,
And warm their Scenes with an ungovern'd Flame:
'Tis strange that Nature never should inspire
A Racine's Judgment, with a Shakespear's Fire!
Howe'er, to-night—(to promise much we're loth)
But—you've a Chance, to have a Taste of Both.
From English Plays, Zara's French Author fir'd,
Confess'd his Muse, beyond herself, inspir'd;
From rack'd Othello's Rage, he rais'd his Style,
And snatch'd the Brand, that lights this Tragick Pile:
Zara's Success his utmost Hopes outflaw,
And a twice twentieth Weeping-Audience drew.
As for our English Friend, he leaves to you,
Whate'er may seem to his Performance due;
No Views of Gain, his Hopes or Fears engage,
He gives a Child of Leisure to the Stage:
Willing to try, if yet, forsaken Nature,
Can Charm, with any One remember'd Feature.

Thus far, the Author speaks—but now, the Player,
With trembling Heart, prefers his humble Prayer.

To-night,

P R O L O G U E.

*To-night, the greatest Venture of my Life,
 Is Lost, or Sav'd, as You receive—a Wife :
 If Time, you think, may ripen her, to Merit,
 With gentle Smiles, support her wav'ring Spirit.
 Zara in France, at once, an Actress rais'd,
 Warm'd into Skill, by being kindly Prais'd :
 O ! cou'd such Wonders Here, from Favour flow,
 How would our Zara's Heart, with Transport glow !
 But she, alas ! by juster Fears oppress'd,
 Begs but your bare Endurance, at the Best.
 Her unskill'd Tongue would simple Nature speak,
 Nor dares Her Bounds, for false Applauses break.
 Amidst a thousand Faults, her best Pretence
 To please—is unpresuming Innocence.
 When a chaste Heart's Distress your Grief demands,
 One silent Tear out-weighs a thousand Hands.
 If she conveys the pleasing Passions, RIGHT,
 Guard and Support her, this decisive Night.
 If she MISTAKES—or, finds her Strength too small,
 Let interposing Pity—break her Fall.
 In You it rests, to Save her, or Destroy,
 If She draws Tears from You, I Weep—for Joy.*

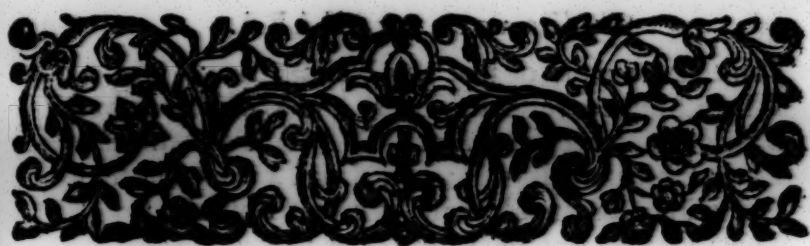
PERSONS



PERSONS REPRESENTED,

As Acted at the Theatre-Royal in Covent-Garden,
1752.

Osman, <i>Sultan of Jerufalem,</i>	By Mr. Barry.
Lufignan, <i>last of the Blood of the</i>	} Mr. Sparks.
<i>Christian Kings of Jerufalem,</i>	
Zara, }	} Mrs. Cibber.
Selima, } <i>Slaves to the Sultan.</i>	
Nereftan, }	} Mrs. Elmy.
Chatillon, } <i>French Officers.</i>	
Orafmin, <i>Minifter to the Sultan,</i>	Mr. Ridout.
Melidor, <i>an Officer in the Seraglio,</i>	Mr. Bransby.

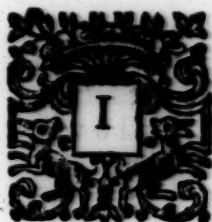


T H E
T R A G E D Y
O F
Z A R A .

A C T I. S C E N E I.

Zara and Selima.

Selima.



I T moves my Wonder, young and
beauteous *Zara*,
Whence these new Sentiments in-
spire your Heart!
Your Peace of Mind increaseth with
your Charms;
Tears, now, no longer shade your
Eyes soft Lustre:
You meditate, no more, those happy Climes,
To which *Nerestan* will return to guide you:

You

You talk no more of that gay Nation, now,
 Where Men adore their Wives, and Woman's Power
 Draws Rev'rence from a polish'd People's Softness :
 Their Husband's Equals; and their Lovers' Queens!
 Free without Scandal; wise, without Restraint;
 Their Virtue, due to Nature, not to Fear!
 Why have you ceas'd to wish this happy Change?
 A barr'd Seraglio!—sad, unsocial Life!
 Scorn'd, and a Slave! All this has lost its Terror:
 And Syria rivals, now, the Banks of *Seine*!

Zara. Joys, which we do not know, we do not
 wish;

My Fate's bound in, by *Sion*'s sacred Wall;
 Clos'd, from my Infancy, within this Palace,
Custom has learnt, from *Time*, the Power to please :
 I claim no Share in the remoter World,
 The Sultan's Property, his Will my Law;
 Unknowing All, but Him, his Power, his Fame;
 To live his Subject, is my only Hope,
 All, else, an empty Dream.—

Selima. Have you forgot
 Absent *Nerestan* then? Whose gen'rous Friendship,
 So nobly yow'd Redemption from your Chains!
 How oft have you admir'd his dauntless Soul!
Osman, his Conqueror, by his Courage, charm'd,
 Trusted his Faith, and, on his Word, releas'd him:
 Tho' not return'd, in Time— —we, yet, expect Him.
 Nor had his Noble Journey other Motive,
 Than to procure our Ransom;—And is this,
 This dear, warm, Hope—become an idle Dream?

Zara. Since after two long Years, he not returns,
 'Tis plain, his Promise stretch'd beyond his Power :
 A Stranger, and a Slave, unknown like him,
 Proposing Much, means Little;—Talks, and vows,
 Delighted with a Prospect of Escape :—
 He promis'd to redeem Ten Christians more,
 And free us All, from Slavery!—I own

I once admir'd th' unprofitable Zeal,
But, now, it charms no longer.—

Selima. What! if yet,
He, faithful, shou'd return, and hold his Vow?
Wou'd you not, then—

Zara. No matter—Time is past;
And every Thing is chang'd—

Selima. But, whence comes This?

Zara. Go—'twere too much, to tell thee *Zara's*
Fate;

The Sultan's Secrets, all, are sacred here:
But my fond Heart delights to mix with Thine.—
Some three Months past, when thou, and other Slaves,
Were forc'd to quit fair *Jordan's* flow'ry Bank;
Heaven, to cut short the Anguish of my Days,
Rais'd me, to Comfort, by a powerful Hand!
This mighty *Osman*!

Selima. What of Him?

Zara. This Sultan!
This Conqu'ror of the Christians! loves—

Selima. Whom?

Zara. *Zara*!—

Thou blushest, and I guess, thy Thoughts accuse me;
But, know me better—'twas unjust Suspicion:
All Emperor, as he is, I cannot stoop
To Honours, that bring Shame and Baseness with
'em:

Reason, and Pride, those Props of Modesty,
Sustain my guarded Heart, and strengthen Virtue;
Rather than sink to Infamy, let *Chains*
Embrace me, with a Joy; such Love denies:
No—I shall, now, astonish thee;—His Great-
ness

Submits, to own a pure, and honest Flame;
Among the shining Crowds, which *live*, to please
him,

His whole Regard is fix'd on *Me*, alone:

He

4 *The TRAGEDY of ZARA.*

He offers Marriage—and its Rites, now, wait,
To crown me Empress of this Eastern World.

Selima. Your Virtue, and your Charms, deserve it
All :

My Heart is not surpris'd, but struck, to hear it;
If, to be *Empress*, can compleat your Happiness,
I rank myself, with Joy, among your Slaves.

Zara. Be, still, my Equal—and enjoy my Blessings :

For, *Thou* partaking, they will bless *Me* more.

Selima. Alas! but Heaven! will it permit this
Marriage?

Will not this Grandeur, falsely, call'd a Bliss,
Plant Bitterness, and root it, in your Heart?
Have you forgot, you are of Christian Blood?

Zara. Ah me! what hast thou said? Why wou'dst
thou, thus,

Recal my wav'ring Thoughts?—How know I, what,
Or whence I am? Heaven kept it, hid, in Darkness,
Conceal'd me from myself, and from my Blood.

Selima. *Nereftan*, who was born a Christian, here,
Asserts, that You, like Him, had Christian Parents;
Besides—*That* Cross, which, from your Infant Years,
Has been preserv'd, was found upon your Bosom,
As if design'd, by Heaven, a Pledge of Faith,
Due to the God, you purpose to forsake!

Zara. Can my fond Heart, on such a feeble Proof,
Embrace a Faith, abhorr'd by him I love?
I see, too plainly, Custom forms us All;
Our Thoughts, our Morals, our most fix'd Belief,
Are Consequences of our Place of Birth :
Born beyond *Ganges*, I had been a Pagan ;
In *France*, a Christian;—I am, here, a *Saracen* :
'Tis but *Instruction*, all! Our Parents' Hand
Writes, on our Heart, the first, faint Characters,
Which Time, re-tracing, deepens into Strength,
That nothing can efface, but Death, or Heaven!—
Thou wert not made a Pris'ner in this Place,

'Till,

'Till, after Reason, borrowing Force from Years,
Had lent its Lustre, to enlighten Faith : —
For me, who in my Cradle was their Slave,
Thy Christian Doctrines were, too lately, taught me :
Yet, far from having lost the Rev'rence due,
This Cross, as often as it meets my Eye,
Strikes thro' my Heart a kind of awful Fear !
I honour, from my Soul, the Christian Laws,
Those Laws, which, soft'ning Nature, by Humanity,
Melt Nations into Brotherhood ; — no doubt,
Christians are happy ; and, 'tis just to love 'em.

Selima. Why have you, then, declar'd yourself
their Foe ? [man's ?]

Why will you join your Hand, with this proud *Of-*
Who owes his Triumphs to the Christian's Ruin !

Zara. Ah ! — *Who* could slight the Offer of his
Heart ?

Nay ——— for I mean to tell thee all my Weakness ;
Perhaps, I had, ere now, profess'd *Thy* Faith,
But *Osman* lov'd me ——— and I've left it All : ———
I think, on none, but *Osman* — my pleas'd Heart,
Fill'd with the Blessing, to be lov'd, by *Him*,
Wants Room for other Happiness : — Place thou,
Before thy Eyes, his Merit, and his Fame,
His Youth, yet, blooming but in Manhood's Dawn !
How many conquer'd Kings have swell'd his Pow'r !
Think, too, how lovely ! how his Brow becomes
This Wreath of early Glories ! — Oh ! my Friend !
I talk not of a Scepter, which he gives me :
No ——— to be charm'd with That, were Thanks,
too humble !

Offensive Tribute, and, too poor, for Love !
'Twas *Osman*, won my Heart, not *Osman's* Crown :
I love not, in Him, aught, besides Himself.
'Thou think'st, perhaps, that these are starts of Passion ;
But, had the Will of Heav'n, less bent to bless him,
Doom'd *Osman* to my Chains, and Me, to fill

The Throne, that *Osman* sits on—Ruin and Wretchedness,

Catch and consume my Wishes, but I wou'd——

To raise me, to my self, descend to Him.

Selima. Hark! the wish'd Music sounds!——'Tis
he——he comes—— [Exit *Selima*.

Zara. My Heart prevented him, and found him
near:

Absent, two whole long Days, the slow-pac'd Hour,
At last, is come—and gives him, to my Wishes!

*Enter Osman, reading a Paper, which he re-delivers
to Orasmin.*

Osman. Wait my Return——or, shou'd there be
a Cause,

That may require my Presence——do not fear

To enter——ever mindful, that my Own

[Exit *Orasmin*.

Follows my People's Happiness.——At length,
Cares have releas'd my Heart——to Love, and *Zara*.

Zara. 'Twas not in cruel Absence, to deprive me
Of your Imperial Image——every where,
You reign, triumphant: Memory supplies
Reflexion, with your Pow'r; and you, like Heaven,
Are always present——and are, always gracious.

Osman. The Sultans, my great Ancestors, be-
queath'd

Their Empire to me, but their Taste they gave not;

Their Laws, their Lives, their Loves, delight not me:

I know, our Prophet smiles, on am'rous Wishes;

And opens a wide Field, to vast Desire:

I know, that, at my Will, I might possess;

That, wasting Tenderness, in wild Profusion,

I might look down, to my furrounded Feet,

And bless contending Beauties.——I might speak,

Serenely slothful, from within my Palace,

And bid my Pleasure be my People's Law.

But, sweet, as Softness is, its End is cruel;

I can look round, and count a Hundred Kings,
Unconquer'd, by themselves, and Slaves to others:
Hence was *Jerusalem*, to Christians, lost;
But, Heaven, to blast that unbelieving Race,
Taught me, to *be* a King, by thinking *like* one.
Hence, from the distant *Euxine*, to the *Nile*,
The Trumpet's Voice has wak'd the World to War;
Yet, amidst Arms, and Death, *thy* Power has reach'd
For, thou disdain'st it, like me, a languid Love; [me:
Glory, and *Zara*, join——and charm, together.

Zara. I hear at once, with Blushes, and, with Joy,
This Passion, so unlike your Country's Customs.

Osman. Passion, like mine, disdains my Country's
The Jealousy, the Faintness, the Distrust, [Customs,
The proud, superior, Coldness, of the East:

I know to love you, *Zara*, with Esteem;
To trust your Vertue, and to court your Soul.
Nobly confiding, I unveil my Heart,
And dare inform you, that, 'tis All your own:
My Joys must, *All*, be yours——only my Cares
Shall lie, conceal'd, within——and reach not *Zara*.

Zara. Oblig'd, by this Excess of Tenderness,
How low, how wretched, was the Lot of *Zara*!
Too poor with aught, but Thanks, to pay such
Blessings!

Osman. Not so——I love——and wou'd be lov'd,
Let me confess it, I possess a Soul, [again;
That what it wishes, wishes, *ardently*.
I shou'd believe, you *bated*, had you Power
To love, with *Moderation*: 'Tis my Aim,
In every Thing, to reach supreme Perfection.
If, with an equal Flame, I touch your Heart,
Marriage attends your Smile—but know, 'twill make
Me wretched, if it makes not *Zara* happy.

Zara. Ah! Sir, if such a Heart, as gen'rous *Os-*
Can, from my Will, submit to take its Bliss, [*man's*,
What Mortal, ever, was decreed so happy!
Pardon the Pride, with which I own my Joy;

Thus,

Thus, wholly, to possess the Man, I love!
 To know, and to confess, his Will my Fate!
 To be the happy Work of his dear Hands!
 To be——

Enter Orasmin.

Osman. Already interrupted! What?
 Who?——Whence?

Orasmin. This Moment, Sir, there is arriv'd
 That Christian Slave, who, licens'd, on his Faith,
 Went hence, to *France*——and, now return'd, prays
 Audience.

Zara. [*Aside.*] O! Heaven! [not?—

Osman. Admit him——What?—Why comes he

Orasmin. He waits, without?—No Christian dares
 approach

This Place, long sacred to the Sultan's Privacies.

Osman. Go—bring him with thee—Monarchs,
 like the Sun,

Shine but in vain, unwarining, if unseen;
 With Forms, and Rev'ence, let the *Great* approach
 Not the *Unhappy*;——Every Place, alike, [us;
 Gives the Distress'd a Privilege to enter.——

[*Exit Orasmin.*

I think, with Horror, on these dreadful Maxims,
 Which harden Kings, insensibly, to Tyrants.

Re-enter Orasmin, with Nereftan.

Nereftan. Imperial Sultan! honour'd, even by Foes!
 See me, return'd, regardful of my Vow,
 And, punctual, to discharge a Christian's Duty:
 I bring the Ransom of the Captive, *Zara*,
 Fair *Selima*, the Partner of her Fortune,
 And of Ten Christian Captives, Pris'ners, here.
 You promis'd, Sultan, if I shou'd return,
 To grant their rated Liberty:——Behold,
 I am return'd, and they are yours no more.
 I wou'd have stretch'd my Purpose, to *Myself*,

But

But Fortune has deny'd it;—My poor All
Suffic'd, no further; and a noble Poverty
Is, now, my whole Possession:—I redeem
The promis'd Christians; for I taught 'em Hope.
But, for myself, I come, again, your Slave,
To wait the fuller Hand of future Charity.

Osman. Christian! I must confess, thy *Courage*
charms me;

But let thy *Pride* be taught, it treads too high,
When it presumes to climb, above my Mercy.—
Go, ransomless, thyself—and carry back
Their unaccepted Ransoms, join'd with Gifts,
Fit to reward thy Purpose:—Instead of Ten,
Demand a Hundred Christians; they are thine:
'Take 'em—and bid 'em teach their haughty Country,
'They left some Virtue, among *Saracens*.——
Be *Lusignan*, alone, excepted——He,
Who boasts the Blood of Kings, and dares lay Claim
'To My *Jerusalem*——That Claim his Guilt!
Such is the Law of States, had I been vanquish'd,
Thus had *He* said of *Me*:——I mourn his Lot,
Who must, in Fetters, lost to Day-light, pine,
And sigh away old Age, in Grief, and Pain.——
For *Zara*——but to name her, as a Captive,
Were to dishonour Language;——she's a Prize,
Above my Purchase;——All the Christian Realms,
With all their Kings to guide 'em, wou'd unite
In vain, to force her from me,——Go, retire——

Nerestan. For *Zara's* Ransom, with her own Con-
sent,

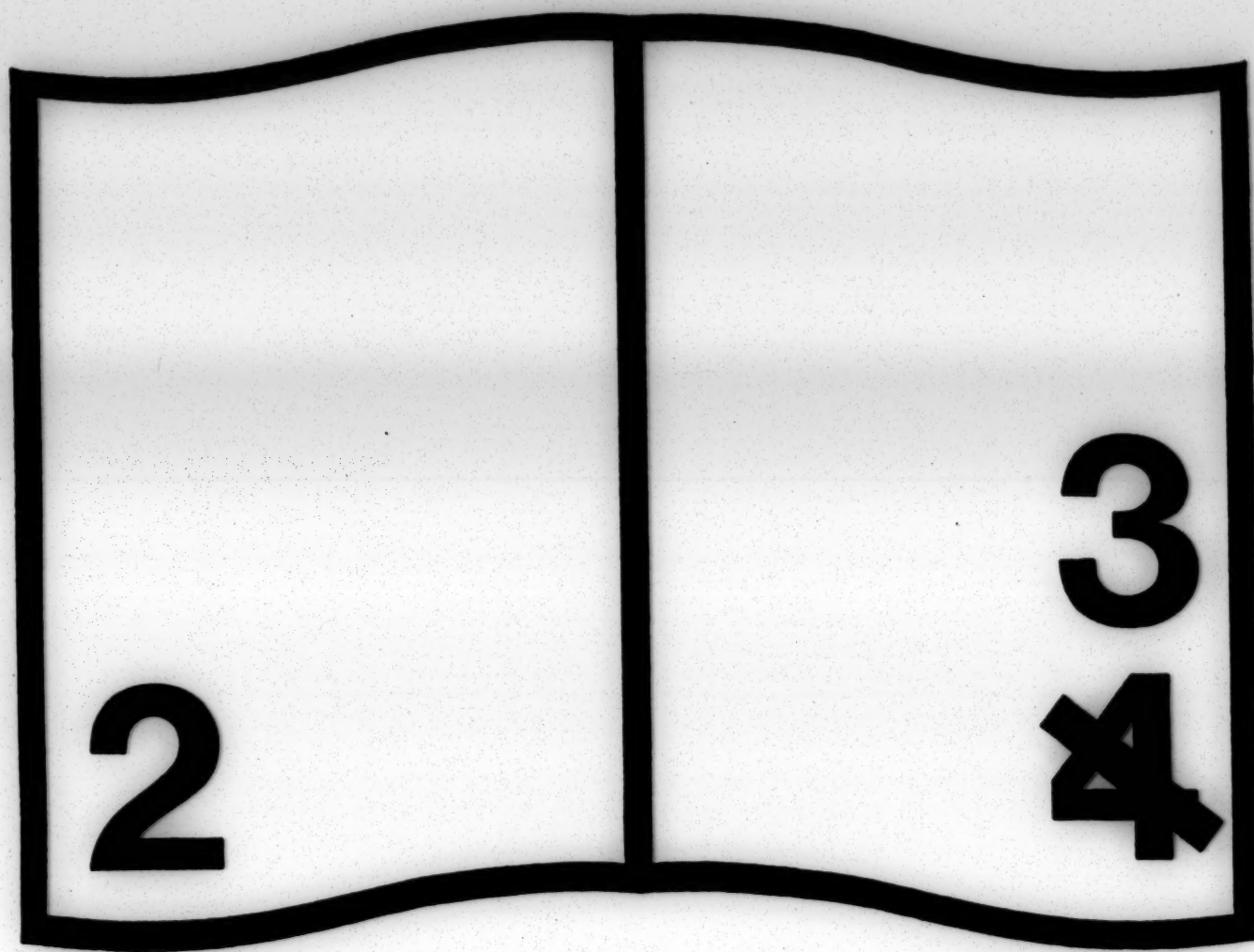
I had your Royal Word——For *Lusignan*——
Unhappy, poor, old Man——

Osman. Was I not heard?

Have I not told thee, Christian, all my Will?
What, if I prais'd thee!—This presumptuous Virtue,
Compelling my Esteem, provokes my Pride:
Be gone——and, when to-morrow's Sun shall rise
On my Dominions, be not found——too near me.

[*Exit Nerestan.*

Zara,



**INCORRECT
NUMBERING**

Zara. [*Aside.*] Assist him, Heaven!

Osman. Zara, retire a Moment——

Assume, throughout my Palace, Sovereign Empire,
While I give Orders, to prepare the Pomp,
That waits, to crown the Mistress of my Throne :

[*Leads her out, and returns.*]

Oraşmin! didst thou mark th' imperious Slave?

What cou'd he mean?—he sigh'd—and, as he went,
Turn'd, and look'd back at Zara!—did'st thou mark
it?

Oraşmin. Alas! my Sovereign Master! let not
Jealousy

Strike high enough, to reach your noble Heart.

Osman. Jealousy, said'st thou? I disdain it:—No!—
Distrust is poor; and a misplac'd Suspicion
Invites, and justifies, the Falshood fear'd.—
Yet, as I love with Warmth——So, I *cou'd* hate!
But, Zara, is above Disguise and Art:——
My Love is stronger, nobler, than my Power.
Jealous!——I was not Jealous——If I was,
I am not—no—my Heart—but, let us drown
Remembrance of the Word, and of the Image :
My Heart is fill'd with a diviner Flame.—
Go——and prepare for the approaching Nuptials;
Zara to *careful* Empire joins Delight.
I must allot one Hour to Thoughts of State,
Then, all the smiling Day is Love, and Zara's.

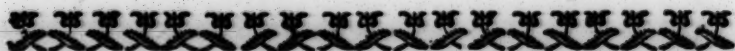
[*Exit Oraşmin.*]

Monarchs, by Forms of pompous Mişery, press'd,
In proud, unsocial Solitude, unblest'd,
Wou'd, but for Love's soft Influence, curse their
Throne,

And, among crowded Millions, live, *alone*.

End of the First Act.

A C T



ACT II. SCENE I.

Nerestan, Chatillon.

MATCHLESS *Nerestan*! Generous, and Great!
You, who have broke the Chains of hope-
less Slaves!

You, Christian Saviour! by a Saviour sent!
Appear, be known, enjoy your due Delight;
'The grateful Weepers wait, to clasp your Knees,
They throng, to kiss the happy Hand, that sav'd 'em:
Indulge the kind Impatience of their Eyes,
And, at their Head, command their Hearts, for ever.

Nerestan. Illustrious *Chatillon*! this Praise o'er-
whelms me;

What have I done, beyond a Christian's Duty?
Beyond, what *You* wou'd, in my Place, have done?

Chatillon, True——It is ev'ry honest Christian's
Nay, 'tis the Blessing of such Minds as ours, [Duty;
For others' Good to sacrifice our own.——

Yet, happy they, to whom Heav'n grants the Power,
To execute, like you, the Duty's Call!

For us——the Relicks of abandon'd War,

Forgot in *France*, and, in *Jerusalem*,

Left, to grow old, in Fetters;——*Osman*'s Father

Consign'd us to the Gloom of a damp Dungeon,

Where, but for you, we must have groan'd out Life;

And native *France* have blest'd our Eyes no more.

Nerestan. The Will of Gracious Heaven, that
soften'd *Osman*,

Inspir'd me, for your Sakes;——But, with our Joy,

Flows, mix'd, a bitter Sadness——I had hop'd,

To save, from their Perversion, a young Beauty,

B 2

Who,

Who, in her Infant Innocence, with me,
 Was made a Slave by cruel *Noradin*;
 When, sprinkling *Syria*, with the Blood of Christians,
Cæsarea's Walls saw *Lusignan*, surpris'd,
 And the proud Crescent rise, in bloody Triumph:
 From this Seraglio, having, young, escap'd,
 Fate, Three Years since, restor'd me to my Chains;
 Then, sent to *Paris*, on my plighted Faith,
 I flatter'd my fond Hope, with vain Resolves,
 To guide the lovely *Zara*, to that Court,
 Where *Lewis* has establish'd Virtue's Throne;—
 But *Osman* will detain her—yet, not *Osman*;
Zara, herself, forgets she is a Christian,
 And loves the Tyrant Sultan!—Let that pass:
 I mourn a Disappointment, still, more cruel;
 The Prop of all our Christian Hope is lost!

Chatillon. Dispose me, at your Will—I am your
 own.

Nerestan. Oh, Sir, great *Lusignan*, so long, their
 That last, of an Heroic Race of Kings! [Captive,
 That Warrior! whose past Fame has fill'd the World!
Osman refuses, to my Sighs, for ever!

Chatillon. Nay, then, we have been all redeem'd,
 in vain;

Perish that Soldier, who wou'd quit his Chains,
 And leave his noble Chief, behind, in Fetters.
 Alas! you know him not, as I have known him;
 Thank Heav'n, that plac'd your Birth, so far, remov'd,
 From those detested Days of Blood, and Woe;
 But I, less happy, was condemn'd to see
 Thy Walls, *Jerusalem*, beat down—and all
 Our pious Fathers' Labours lost, in Ruins!
 Heav'n! had you seen the very *Temple* rifled!
 The sacred Sepulchre, itself, profan'd!
 Fathers with Children, mingled, flame together!
 And our last King, oppress'd, by Age, and Arms,
 Murder'd—and bleeding, o'er his murder'd Sons!
 Then, *Lusignan*, sole Remnant of his Race,

Rallying

Rallying our fated Few, amidst the Flames,
Fearless, beneath the Crush of falling Towers,
The Conqu'rors, and the Conquer'd, Groans, and
Death!

Dreadful—and, waving in his Hand, his Sword,
Red, with the Blood of Infidels—cry'd out,
This Way, ye faithful Christians! follow *Me*—

Nerestan. How full of Glory was that brave Retreat!

Chatillon. 'Twas Heav'n, no doubt, that sav'd,
and led him on;

Pointed his Path; and march'd our Guardian Guide:
We reach'd *Cæsarea*—there, the general Voice
Chose *Lusignan*, thenceforth, to give us Laws;
Alas! 'twas vain—*Cæsarea* cou'd not stand,
When *Sion's* Self was fall'n!—we were betray'd;
And *Lusignan* condemn'd, to Length of Life,
In Chains, and Damps, and Darkness, and Despair:
Yet, Great, amidst his Miseries, he look'd,
As if he could not feel his Fate, himself,

But, as it reach'd his Followers:—And shall we,
For whom our gen'rous Leader suffer'd This,
Be, vilely, safe? and dare be blest'd, without him?

Nerestan. Oh! I shou'd hate the Liberty, he shar'd
I knew, too well, the Miseries, you describe, [not:
For I was born, amidst 'em—Chains, and Death,
Cæsarea lost, and *Saracens*, triumphant,
Were the first Objects, which my Eyes e'er look'd on.
Hurried, an Infant, among other Infants,
Snatch'd, from the Bosoms of their bleeding Mothers,
A Temple sav'd us, till the Slaughter ceas'd;
Then, were we sent to this ill-fated City,
Here, in the Palace of our former Kings,
To learn, from *Saracens*, their hated Faith,
And be completely wretched.——*Zara*, too,
Shar'd this Captivity; we, both, grew up,
So near each other, that a tender Friendship
Endear'd her to my Wishes:—My fond Heart——
Pardons its Weakness! bleeds, to see her lost,
And, for a barb'rous Tyrant, quit her God!

Chatillon. Such is the *Saracens'*, too fatal, Policy!
 Watchful Seducers, still, of Infant Weakness:
 Happy, that *You*, so young, escap'd their Hands!
 But, let us think——May not this *Zara's* Int'rest,
 Loving the Sultan, and, by him belov'd,
 For *Lusignan* procure some softer Sentence?
 The Wise, and Just, with Innocence, may draw
 Their own Advantage, from the Guilt of others.

Nerestan. How shall I gain Admission to her Presence?

Osman has banish'd me—— but That's a Trifle;
 Will the Seraglio's Portals open to me?
 Or, cou'd I find *That*, easy, to my Hopes,
 What Prospect of Success, from an Apostate?
 On whom I cannot look, without Disdain;
 And who will read her Shame, upon my Brow?
 The hardest Trial of a gen'rous Mind
 Is, to court Favours, from a Hand it scorns.

Chatillon. Think, it is *Lusignan*, we seek to serve.

Nerestan. Well——It shall be attempted——Hark!
 who's this?

Are my Eyes false? or, is it, really, she?

Enter Zara.

Zara. Start not, my worthy Friend! I come, to
 seek you;

The Sultan has permitted it; fear nothing:——
 But, to confirm my Heart, which trembles, near you,
 Soften that angry Air, nor look Reproach;
 Why should we fear each other, Both, mistaking?
 Associates, from our Birth, one Prison held us,
 One Friendship taught Affliction, to be calm;
 Till Heav'n thought fit to favour your Escape,
 And call you to the Fields of happier *France*;
 Thence, once again, it was my Lot to find you,
 A Pris'ner here; where, hid, amongst a Crowd
 Of undistinguish'd Slaves, with less Restraint,
 I shar'd your frequent Converse;——

It

It pleas'd your Pity, shall I say your Friendship?
Or, rather, shall I call it generous Charity?
To form that noble Purpose, to redeem
Distressful *Zara*——you procur'd my Ransom,
And, with a Greatness, that out-soar'd a Crown,
Return'd, Yourself a Slave, to give *Me* Freedom!
But Heaven has cast our Fate, for different Climes;
Here, in *Jerusalem*, I fix, for ever:
Yet, among all the Shine, that marks my Fortune,
I shall, with frequent Tears, remember yours;
Your Goodness will, for ever, sooth my Heart,
And keep your Image, still, a Dweller, there.
Warm'd, by your great Example, to protect
That Faith, that lifts Humanity, so high,
I'll be a Mother to distressful Christians.

Nerestan. How!——*You* protect the Christians!
You, who can

Abjure their saving Truth!——and, coldly, see
Great *Lusignan*, their Chief, die slow, in Chains?

Zara. To bring him Freedom, you behold me here,
You will, this Moment, meet his Eyes, in Joy:

Chatillon. Shall I, then live, to bless that happy
Hour? [Zara?]

Nerestan. Can Christians owe, so dear a Gift, to

Zara. Hopeless, I gather'd Courage, to intreat
The Sultan, for his Liberty——Amaz'd,
So soon, to gain the Happiness, I wish'd!
See! where they bring the good, old Chief, grown dim,
With Age, by Pain, and Sorrows, hasten'd on!

Chatillon. How is my Heart dissolv'd, with sudden
Joy!

Zara. I long to view his venerable Face,
But Tears, I know not why, eclipse my Sight!
I feel, methinks, redoubled Pity for him;
But I, alas! myself, have been a Slave;
And, when we pity Woes, which we have felt,
'Tis but a partial Virtue!

Nerestan. Amazement!—Whence this Greatness,
in an Infidel!

Enter Lufignan, led in by two Guards.

Lufignan. Where am I! What forgiven Angel's
Has call'd me, to revisit long-lost Day? [Voice
Am I with Christians?—I am weak—forgive me,
And guide my trembling Steps?—I'm full of Years,
Yet, *Misery* has worn me, more than Age.
[Seating himself.] Am I, in Truth, at Liberty?

Chatillon. You are;
And every Christian's Grief takes end, with yours.
Lufignan. O, Light!—O! dearer, far, than Light!
that Voice!

Chatillon! is it you?—my Fellow Martyr!
And, shall our Wretchedness, indeed, have end?
In what Place are we, now?—my feeble Eyes,
Disus'd to Daylight, long, in vain, to find you.

Chatillon. This was the Palace of your Royal Fa-
'Tis now, the Son of *Noradin's* Seraglio. [thers,

Zara. The Master of this Place—the mighty *Os-*
Distinguishes, and loves to cherish, Virtue; [man!
This gen'rous *Frenchman*, yet, a Stranger to you,
Drawn from his Native Soil, from Peace, and Rest,
Brought the vow'd Ransoms of Ten Christian Slaves,
Himself, contented, to remain a Captive:
But *Osman*, charm'd by Greatness, like his own,
To equal, what he lov'd, has giv'n him, *You*.

Lufignan. So, gen'rous *France* inspires her social
They have been, ever, dear, and useful to me! [Sons!
Wou'd I were nearer to him—Noble Sir!

[*Nerestan approaches.*

How have I merited, that you, for me,
Shou'd pass such distant Seas, to bring me Blessings,
And hazard your own Safety, for my Sake?

Nerestan. My Name, Sir, is *Nerestan*—Born, in *Syria*,
I wore the Chains of Slav'ry, from my Birth;
Till, quitting the proud Crescent, for the Court,
Where

Where warlike *Lewis* reigns, beneath his Eye,
I learnt the Trade of Arms:—The Rank, I hold,
Was but the kind Distinction, which he gave me,
To tempt my Courage, to deserve Regard.
Your Sight, unhappy Prince, wou'd charm his Eye;
That Best, and Greatest Monarch, will behold,
With Grief, and Joy, those venerable Wounds,
And print Embraces, where your Fetters bound you:
All *Paris* will revere the Cross's Martyr;
Paris, the Refuge, still, of ruin'd Kings!

Lusignan. Alas! In Times, long past, I've seen its
Glory:

When *Philip*, the Victorious, liv'd—I fought,
Abreast, with *Montmorency*, and *Melun*,
D'Estaing, *De Neile*, and the far-famous *Courcy*;—
Names, which were, then, the Praise, and Dread,
But, what have I to do, at *Paris*, now? [of War!
I stand upon the Brink of the cold Grave;
That way, my Journey lies—to find, I hope,
The King of *Kings*, and move Remembrance, there,
Of all my Woes, long-suffer'd, for his Sake.—

You, gen'rous Witnesses of my last Hour,
While I yet live, assist my humble Prayers,
And join the Resignation of my Soul.
Nerestan! *Chatillon*! and you—fair Mourner!
Whose Tears do Honour to an old Man's Sorrows!
Pity a Father, the unhappiest, sure!

That ever felt the Hand of angry Heaven!
My Eyes, tho' dying, still, can furnish Tears:
Half my long Life they flow'd, and, still, *will* flow!
A Daughter, and three Sons, my Heart's proud Hopes,
Were, all, torn from me, in their tend'rest Years;
My Friend *Chatillon* knows, and can remember—

Chatillon. Wou'd I were able, to forget your Woe.

Lusignan. Thou wert a Pris'ner, with me, in *Cæ-
sarea*,

And, there, beheld'st my Wife, and Two dear Sons
Perish, in Flames—They did not need the Grave,

Their Foes wou'd have *deny'd* 'em!—I beheld it;
Husband! and *Father!* helpless, I beheld it!
 Deny'd the mournful Privilege, to die!
 If ye are Saints in Heaven, as, sure! ye are!
 Look, with an Eye of Pity, on *That* Brother,
That Sister, whom you left!—if I have, yet,
 Or Son, or Daughter:—for, in early Chains,
 Far from their lost, and unassisting Father,
 I heard, that they were sent, with Numbers more,
 To this *Seraglio*; hence to be dispers'd,
 In nameless Remnants, o'er the East, and spread
 Our Christian Miseries, round a faithless World.

Gbatillon. 'Twas true—for, in the Horrors of
 that Day,

I snatch'd your Infant Daughter, from her Cradle;
 But, finding ev'ry Hope of Flight was vain,
 Scarce had I sprinkled, from a publick Fountain,
 Those sacred Drops, which wash the Soul from Sin;
 When, from my bleeding Arms, fierce *Saracens*
 Forc'd the lost Innocent, who, smiling, lay,
 And pointed, playful, at the swarthy Spoilers!
 With Her, your youngest, then, your *only* Son,
 Whose little Life had reach'd the fourth, sad Year,
 And, just, giv'n Sense, to *feel* his own Misfortunes,
 Was order'd to this City.

Nerestan. I, too, hither,
 Just, at that fatal Age, from lost *Casarea*,
 Came, in that Crowd of undistinguish'd Christians.—

Lusignan. You?—came *You* thence?—Alas!
 who knows but you

Might, heretofore, have seen my Two, poor Children?
 [*Looking up.*] Hah! Madam! that small Ornament
 you wear,

Its Form a Stranger to this Country's Fashion,
 How long has it been yours?

Zara. From my first Breath, Sir——

Ah! What!—you seem surpris'd!—Why should
This move you?

Lusignan,

Lusignan. Wou'd you confide it to my trembling Hands ?

Zara. To what new Wonder, am I now reserv'd ?
Oh ! Sir, what mean you ?

Lusignan. Providence ! and Heaven !
O, failing Eyes ! deceive ye not my Hope ?
Can this be possible ?——Yes, yes—'tis She !
This little Cross——I know it, by sure Marks ;
Oh ! take me, Heav'n ! while I can die with Joy—

Zara. O ! do not, Sir, distract me !—rising Thoughts,
And Hopes, and Fears, o'erwhelm me !

Lusignan. Tell me, yet,
Has it remain'd, for ever, in your Hands ?
What !—Both, brought Captives, from *Cæsarea* hither ?

Zara. Both, both—— [ther ?

Nerestan. Oh, Heaven ! have I then found a Fa-

Lusignan. Their Voice ! their Looks !
The living Images of their dear Mother !
O, Thou ! who, thus, canst bless my Life's last Sand !
Strengthen my Heart, too feeble for this Joy.

Madam ! *Nerestan.*—Help me, *Chatillon.* ! [Rising.

Nerestan. ! if thou ought'st to own that Name,
Shines there, upon thy Breast, a noble Scar,
Which, ere *Cæsarea* fell, from a fierce Hand,
Surprising us, by Night, my Child receiv'd ?

Nerestan. Bless'd Hand !——I bear it, Sir——
the Mark is there !

Lusignan. Merciful Heaven !

Nerestan. [Kneeling.] O, Sir !—O, *Zara*, kneel.—

Zara. [Kneeling.] My Father ?——Oh !——

Lusignan. O, My lost Children !

Both. Oh !—— [bracing you,

Lusignan. My Son ! my Daughter ! Lost, in em-
I wou'd, now, die, lest this should prove a Dream.

Chatillon. How touch'd is my glad Heart, to see
their Joy !

Lusignan. Again, I find you—dear, in *Wretched-*
ness.

O, my brave Son—and, Thou, my nameless Daugh-
Now, dissipate all Doubt, remove all Dread: [ter!
Has Heaven, that gives me back my Children——
giv'n 'em,

Such, as I lost 'em?—Come they, Christians, to me?—
One weeps—and one declines a conscious Eye!
Your Silence speaks—Too well I understand it.

Zara. I cannot, Sir, deceive you—*Osman's* Laws
Were mine—and *Osman* is not Christian.——

Lusignan. Oh! my misguided Child!—at that sad
Word,

The little Life, yet mine, had left me, quite,
But that my Death might fix thee, lost, for ever.
Full sixty Years, I fought the Christians' Cause,
Saw their doom'd Temple fall, their Power destroy'd:
Twenty, a Captive, in a Dungeon's Depth,
Yet, never, for myself, my Tears fought Heaven;
All, for my Children, rose my fruitless Prayers:
Yet, what avails a Father's wretched Joy?
I have a Daughter gain'd, and *Heav'n* an Enemy.
But, 'tis my Guilt, not her's—Thy Father's *Prison*
Depriv'd thee of thy Faith—yet, do not lose it:—
Reclaim thy Birthright—Think upon the Blood
Of Twenty Christian Kings, that fills thy Veins;
'Tis Heroes' Blood—the Blood of Saints, and Mar-
tyrs!

What wou'd thy *Mother* feel, to see thee, thus?
She, and thy murder'd *Brothers*!—Think, they
call thee;

Think, that thou see'st 'em, stretch their bloody Arms,
And weep, to win thee, from their Murderers' Bo-
som.

Ev'n, in the Place, where thou *betray'st* thy God,
He *dy'd*, my Child, to save thee.—Turn thy Eyes,
And see; for thou art *near*, his sacred Sepulchre;
Thou can'st not move a Step, but where He *trod*!
Thou tremblest—Oh! admit me to thy *Soul*;
Kill not thy aged, thy afflicted Father;

Take

Take not, thus soon, again, the Life thou gav'st him;
Shame not thy Mother—nor betray thy God.—

'Tis past—Repentance dawns, in thy sweet Eyes;
I see bright Truth, descending to thy Heart,
And, now, my long-lost Child, is found, for ever.

Nereftan. O! doubly blefs'd! a Sister, and a Soul,
To be redeem'd, together!

Zara. O! my Father!
Dear Author of my Life! inform me, teach me,
What shou'd my Duty do?

Lufignan. By one short Word,
To dry up all my Tears, and make Life welcome,
Say, thou art Christian——

Zara. Sir——I am a Christian.

Lufignan. Receive her, gracious Heaven! and blefs
her, for it.

Enter Orasmin.

Orasmin. Madam, the Sultan order'd me, to tell
That he expects, you, instant, quit this Place, [you,
And bid your last Farewell, to these vile Christians:
You, Captive *Frenchmen*, follow me;——for you,
It is my Task, to answer.——

Chatillon. Still, new Miseries!
How cautious Man shou'd be, to say, I'm happy!

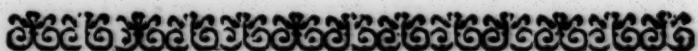
Lufignan. These are the Times, when Men of Vir-
tue, prove, [nefs.
That, 'tis the Mind, not Blood, insures their Firm-

Zara. Alas! Sir——Oh!——

Lufignan. O, you!——I dare not name you:
Farewell—but, come what may, besure, remember,
You keep the fatal Secret!——for the rest,
Leave all to Heaven,——be faithful, and be blest.

End of the Second Act.

A C T



ACT III. SCENE I.

Osman, and Orasmin.

Osman. **O**RASMIN! this Alarm was false, and
groundless;
Lewis, no longer, turns his Arms, on *Me*:
The *French*, grown weary, by a Length of Woes,
Wish not, at once, to quit their fruitful Plains,
And famish, on *Arabia's* desert Sands.
Their Ships, 'tis true, have spread the *Syrian* Seas;
And *Lewis*, hovering, o'er the Coast of *Cyprus*,
Alarms the Fears of *Asia*;——But, I've learnt,
That, steering wide, from our unmenac'd Ports,
He points his Thunder, at th' *Egyptian* Shore.
There, let him war, and waste my Enemies;
Their mutal Conflict will but fix my Throne.——
Release those Christians——I restore their Freedom;
'Twill please their Master, nor can weaken *Me*:
'Transport 'em, at my Coast, to find their King;
I wish, to have him *know* me: Carry thither,
This *Lusignan*, whom, tell him, I restore,
Because I cannot fear his Fame in Arms;
But love him, for his Virtue, and his Blood.
Tell him, my Father having conquer'd, twice,
Condemn'd him to perpetual Chains; but I
Have set him *free*, that I might triumph *more*.

Orasmin. The Christians gain an Army, in *His*

Osman. I cannot fear a Sound.—— [Name.

Orasmin. But, Sir,——shou'd *Lewis*——

Osman. Tell *Lewis*, and the *World*——it *shall* be so:
Zara propos'd it, and my Heart approves:
Thy Statesman's Reason is too dull, for Love!

Why

Why wilt thou force me, to confess it all ?
 Tho' I, to *Lewis*, send back *Lusignan*,
 I give him but to *Zara*——I have griev'd her ;
 And ow'd her the Atonement of this Joy.
Thy false Advices, which, but now, misled
 My Anger, to confine those helpless Christians,
 Gave her a Pain, I feel, for Her and Me :
 But I talk on, and waste the smiling Moments.
 For one long Hour, I yet, defer my Nuptials ;
 But, 'tis not *lost*, that Hour ! 'twill all be Hers !
 She wou'd employ it, in a Conference,
 With that *Nerestan*, whom thou know'st——That
 Christian !

Orafmin. And have you, Sir, indulg'd that strange
 Desire ?

Osman. What mean'st thou ? they were Infant
 Slaves together ;

Friends should *part, kind*, who are to meet no more ;
 When *Zara* asks, I will refuse her nothing.
 Restraint was never made for those, we love ;
 Down, with these Rigours, of the proud Seraglio ;
 I hate its Laws——where blind Austerity
 Sinks Virtue, to Necessity.——My Blood
 Disclaims your *Asian* Jealousy ;——I hold
 The fierce, free, Plainness, of my *Scythian* Ancestors,
 Their open Confidence, their honest Hate,
 Their Love, unfearing, and their Anger, told.
 Go—the good Christian waits——conduct him to her ;
Zara expects thee——What she wills, obey.

[Exit *Osman*.]

Orafmin. Ho ! Christian ! enter——wait, a Mo-
 ment, here ;

Enter *Nerestan*.

Zara will soon approach——I go, to find her.

[Exit *Orafmin*.]

Nerestan. In what a State, in what a Place, I
 leave her !

O,

O, faith! O, Father! O! my poor, lost Sister!
She's here! —————

Enter Zara.

Thank Heaven, it is not, then, unlawful,
To see you, yet, once more, my lovely Sister!
Not *All* so happy! ——— We, who met, but now,
Shall never meet *again* ——— for *Lusignan* ———
We shall be Orphans, still, and want a Father.

Zara. Forbid it, Heaven!

Nerestan. His last, sad Hour's at Hand. ———
That Flow of Joy, which follow'd our Discovery,
Too strong, and sudden, for his Age's Weakness,
Wasting his Spirits, dry'd the Source of Life,
And Nature yields him up, to Time's Demand:
Shall he not die, in Peace? ——— Oh! let no Doubt
Disturb his parting Moments, with Distrust;
Let me, when I return, to close his Eyes,
Compose his *Mind's* Impatience, too, and tell him,
You are confirm'd a Christian. ———

Zara. Oh! may his Soul enjoy, in Earth, and
Heaven,
Eternal Rest! nor let one Thought, one Sigh,
One bold Complaint; of *mine*, recall his Cares!
But, *You* have injur'd me, who, still, can *doubt*. ———
What! am I not your Sister? and shall *You*
Refuse me Credit? *You* suppose me light?
You, who shou'd judge *my* Honour, by your own!
Shall *You* distrust a Truth, I dar'd avow,
And stamp Apostate, on a Sister's Heart!

Nerestan. Ah! do not misconceive me! ——— If I
err'd,

Affection, not Distrust, misled my Fear;
Your *Will* may be a Christian, yet, *not* You:
There is a sacred *Mark* ——— a *Sign*, of Faith,
A Pledge, of Promise, that must firm your Claim;
Wash you from Guilt, and open Heaven, before you:
Swear, swear, by all the Woes, we All have borne,

By

By all the martyr'd Saints, who call you Daughter;
'That you consent, this Day, to seal our Faith,
By that myſterious Rite, which waits your Call.

Zara. I ſwear, by Heaven, and all its holy Hoſt,
Its Saints, its Martyrs, its attesting Angels,
And the dread Preſence of its living Author,
To have no Faith, but yours;—to die, a Chriſtian!
Now, tell me, what this myſtick Faith requires?

Nereſtan. To hate the Happineſs of *Osman's* Throne,
And love that God, who, thro' this Maze of Woes,
Has brought us All, unhoping, thus, together;
For me—I am a Soldier, uninſtructed,
Nor daring to inſtruct, tho' ſtrong in Faith:
But I will bring th' Ambaſſador of Heaven,
'To clear your Views, and liſt you to your God:
Be it your Taſk, to gain Admiſſion for him.—
But where? from whom?—Oh! thou Immortal
Power!

Whence can we hope it, in this curs'd Seraglio?
Who is this Slave of *Osman*?—Yes, this Slave!
Does ſhe not boaſt the Blood of twenty Kings?
Is not her Race the ſame, with That, of *Lewis*?
Is ſhe not *Lufignan's* unhappy Daughter?
A Chriſtian? and my Siſter?—yet, a Slave!
A willing Slave!—I dare not ſpeak, more plainly.

Zara. Cruel! go on—Alas! you know not *Me*!
At once, a Stranger, to my ſecret Fate,
My Pains, my Fears, my Wiſhes, and my Power:
I am—I will be, Chriſtian—will receive
This holy Prieſt, with his myſterious Bleſſing;
I will not do, nor ſuffer, aught, unworthy
Myſelf, my Father, or my Father's Race.—
But, tell me—nor be tender, on this Point;
What Punishment your Chriſtian Laws decree,
For an unhappy Wretch, who, to herſelf,
Unknown, and, all abandon'd, by the World,
Loſt, and enſlav'd, has, in her Sovereign Maſter,
Found a Protector, Generous, as Great,

Has

Has touch'd *his* Heart, and giv'n him, all her own ?

Nerestan. The Punishment of such a Slave, *shou'd* be Death, in *This* World—and Pain, in *That* to come.

Zara. I am that Slave—strike here—and save my Shame :

Nerestan. Destruction to my Hopes!—Can it be you ?

Zara. It is—ador'd by *Osman*, I adore him : This Hour, the Nuptial Rites will make us, *One*.

Nerestan. What! marry *Osman*!—Let the World grow dark,

That the extinguish'd Sun may hide thy Shame !
Cou'd it be thus, it were no Crime to kill thee.

Zara. Strike, strike—I love him—yes, by Heav'n !
I love him. [*Me :*

Nerestan. Death is thy Due—but not thy Due from Yet, were the Honour of our House no Bar—
My Father's Fame, and the too gentle Laws
Of that Religion, which thou hast disgrac'd—
Did not the God, thou quit'st, hold back my Arm,
Not there—I cou'd not there ;—but, by my Soul,
I wou'd rush, desp'rate, to the Sultan's Breast,
And plunge my Sword, in his proud Heart, who
damns thee.

Oh! Shame! Shame! Shame! at such a Time, as this!
When *Lewis*, that Awak'ner of the World,
Beneath the lifted Cross, makes *Egypt* pale,
And draws the Sword of Heaven, to spread our Faith!
Now, to submit to see my Sister, doom'd
A Bosom Slave, to Him, whose Tyrant Heart
But measures Glory, by the Christian's Woe!
Yes—I will dare acquaint our Father with it ;—
Departing *Lusignan* may live, so long,
As just, to hear, thy Shame, and die, to 'scape it.

Zara. Stay—my too angry Brother,—stay—perhaps,
Zara has Resolution, great as Thine:

'Tis cruel—and unkind!—Thy Words are Crimes;
My Weakness but *Misfortune*! Dost thou suffer?

I suffer more;—Oh! wou'd to Heaven, this Blood.
Of Twenty boasted Kings, would stop, at once,
And stagnate in my Heart!—It, then, no more,
Would rush, in boiling Fevers, thro' my Veins,
And ev'ry trembling Drop, be fill'd with *Osman*.
How has he lov'd me! How has he oblig'd me!
I owe *Thee* to him! What has he *not* done,
To justify his boundless Pow'r of charming!
For *me*, he softens the severe Decrees
Of his own Faith;—And is it just, that *mine*
Shou'd bid me hate him, but because he loves me?
No—I will be a Christian—but, preserve
My Gratitude, as sacred, as my Faith:
If I have Death to fear, for *Osman's* Sake,
It must be, from his *Coldness*, not his *Love*.

Nerestan. I must, at once, condemn, and pity thee;
I cannot point thee out, which Way to go,
But Providence will lend its Light to guide thee.
That sacred Rite, which thou shalt, now, receive,
Will strengthen, and support, thy feeble Heart,
To live, an Innocent; or die, a Martyr:
Here, then, begin Performance of thy Vow;
Here, in the trembling Horrors of thy Soul,
Promise thy King, thy Father, and thy God,
Not to accomplish these detested Nuptials,
Till, first, the reverend Priest has clear'd your Eyes,
Taught you to know, and giv'n you Claim to, Hea-
ven.

Promise me this——

Zara. So bless me, Heaven! I do.——
Go——hasten the good Priest, I will expect him;
But, first, return——cheer my expiring Father,
Tell him, I am, and will be, All he wishes me:
Tell him, to give Him Life, 'twere Joy, to die.

Nerestan. I go---farewell---farewell, unhappy Sister!
[Exit *Nerestan*.]

Zara. I am alone---and, now, be just, my Heart!
And tell me, Wilt thou dare betray thy God!

What

What am I? What am I about to be?
 Daughter of *Lusignan*?——or Wife to *Osman*?
 Am I a Lover, most? or, most, a Christian?
 Wou'd *Selima* were come! and, yet, 'tis just,
 All Friends shou'd fly Her, who forsakes Herself:
 What shall I do?—What Heart has Strength, to bear
 These double Weights of Duty?—Help me Heaven!
 To thy hard Laws I render up my Soul:
 But, Oh! demand it back—for, now, 'tis *Osman's*.---

Enter Osman.

Osman. Shine out, appear, be found, my lovely
Zara!

Impatient Eyes attend——The Rites expect thee;
 And my devoted Heart, no longer, brooks
 This Distance, from its Soft'ner!—All the Lamps
 Of Nuptial Love are lighted, and burn pure,
 As if they drew their Brightness from thy Blushes;
 The holy Mosque is fill'd with fragrant Fumes,
 Which emulate the Sweetness of thy Breathing:
 My prostrate People, all, confirm my Choice,
 And send their Souls to Heaven, in Prayer, for Blessings.
 Thy envious *Rivals*, conscious of thy Right,
 Approve superior Charms, and join to praise thee;
 The Throne, that waits thee, seems to shine, more
 As all its Gems, with animated Lustre, [richly,
 Fear'd to look dim, beneath the Eyes of *Zara*!
 Come, my slow Love! the Ceremonies wait thee;
 Come, and begin, from this dear Hour, my Triumph.

Zara. Oh! what a Wretch am I? O, Grief! Oh,
 Love!

Osman. Come——come——

Zara. Where shall I hide my Blushes?

Osman. Blushes?—here, in my Bosom, hide 'em.—

Zara. My Lord?

Osman. Nay, *Zara*—give me thy Hand, and come---

Zara. Instruct me, Heaven!

What I shou'd say——Alas! I cannot speak:

Osman.

Osman. Away——this modest, sweet, reluctant,
Trifling

But doubles my Desires, and thy own Beauties !

Zara. Ah, me !

Osman. Nay---but thou should'st not be *too* cruel---

Zara. I can, no longer, bear it —— Oh ! my Lord---

Osman. Ha ! —— what ! —— whence ? how ? ——

Zara. My Lord ! my Sovereign !

Heaven knows, this Marriage wou'd have been a Bliss,
Above my humble Hopes !——yet, witness Love !

Not from the Grandeur of your Throne, that Bliss,
But, from the Pride of calling *Osman*, Mine.

Wou'd, You had been no Emperor ! and I,
Possess'd of Power, and Charms, deserving *You* !

That, slighting *Asia's* Thrones, I might, alone,

Have left a proffer'd World, to follow *You*,

Through Desarts, uninhabited by Men,

And bless'd, with ample Room, for Peace, and Love :

But, as it is —— these Christians ——

Osman. Christians ! what !

How start two Images into thy Thoughts,

So distant —— as the Christians, and *my* Love !

Zara. That good, old Christian, reverend *Lusignan*,
Now, dying, ends his Life, and Woes, together !

Osman. Well ! let him die --- What has thy Heart
to feel,

Thus pressing, and thus tender, from the Death

Of an old, wretched, Christian ? --- Thank our Prophet,

Thou art no Christian ! —— educated, here,

Thy happy Youth was taught our better Faith :

Sweet, as thy Pity shines, 'tis, now, mistim'd ;

What ! tho' an aged Suff'rer dies, unhappy,

Why shou'd his foreign Fate disturb our Joys ?

Zara. Sir, if you love me, and wou'd have me
That, I am, truly, dear —— [think,

Osman. Heaven ! *if* I love ——

Zara. Permit me ——

Osman. What ?

Zara.

Zara. To desire——

Osman. Speak out——

Zara. The Nuptial Rites

May be deferr'd, till——

Osman. What?——is That the Voice
Of Zara?

Zara. Oh! I cannot bear his Frown!

Osman. Of Zara!

Zara. It is dreadful to my Heart,
To give you but a seeming Cause, for Anger;
Pardon my Grief---Alas! I cannot bear it;
There is a painful Terror, in your Eye,
That pierces to my Soul——hid, from your Sight.
I go, to make a Moment's Truce, with Tears,
And gather Force, to speak of my Despair.

[Exit disorder'd.

Osman. I stand, immoveable, like senseless Marble!
Horror had frozen my suspended Tongue:
And an astonish'd Silence robb'd my Will
Of Power, to tell her, that she shock'd my Soul!
Spoke she to *Me*?---sure! I misunderstood her!
Cou'd it be *Me*, she left?---What have I seen!

Enter Orasmin.

Orasmin! What a Change is here!---She's gone,
And I permitted it, I know not how!

Orasmin. Perhaps, you but accuse the charming
Of Innocence, too modest, oft, in Love. [Fault

Osman. But why, and whence, those Tears?-----
those Looks! that Flight!

That Grief! so strongly stamp'd, on every Feature!
If it has been that *Frenchman*!---What a Thought!
How low, how horrid, a Suspicion, That!
The dreadful Flash, at once, gives Light, and kills
My too bold Confidence, repell'd my Caution; [me:
An Infidel!---a Slave!---a Heart, like mine,
Reduc'd, to suffer, from so *vile* a Rival!

But, tell me, did'st thou mark 'em, at their parting?
Did'st

Did'st thou observe the Language of their Eyes?
Hide nothing from me----Is my love betray'd?
Tell me my whole Disgrace: Nay, if thou tremblest,
I hear thy Pity speak, tho' thou art silent.

Oraſmin. I tremble at the Pangs, I ſee you ſuffer;
Let not your angry Apprehenſion urge
Your faithful Slave, to irritate your Anguiſh;
I did, 'tis true, obſerve ſome parting Tears;
But, there are Tears, of *Charity*, and *Grief*:
I cannot think, there was a Cauſe, deſerving
This Agony of Paſſion-----

Osman. Why no-----I thank thee-----
Oraſmin, thou art wiſe! It cou'd not be,
That I ſhou'd ſtand, expos'd, to ſuch an Inſult:
Thou know'ſt, had *Zara* meant me the Offence,
She wants not Wiſdom, to have *bid* it, better;
How rightly did'ſt thou judge!---*Zara* ſhall know it:
And thank thy honeſt Service---After all,
Might ſhe not have ſome Cauſe for Tears, which I
Claim no concern in---but the Grief it gives her?
What an unlikely Fear-----from a poor Slave!
Who goes, to-morrow, and, no doubt, who wiſhes,
Nay, who reſolves, to ſee theſe Climes no more!

Oraſmin. Why did you, Sir, againſt our Country's
Cuſtom,
Indulge him, with a ſecond Leave to come?
He ſaid, he ſhou'd return, once more, to ſee her.

Osman. Return! the Traitor! He return!---Dares
Preſume, to preſs a ſecond Interview? [he
Wou'd he be ſeen, again?---He ſhall be ſeen;
But, dead;---I'll puniſh the audacious Slave,
To teach the faithleſs Fair, to feel my Anger:
Be ſtill, my Tranſports; Violence is blind:
I know, my Heart, at once, is fierce, and weak;
I feel, that I deſcend, below my ſelf;
Zara can never, juſtly, be ſuſpected;
Her Sweetneſs was not form'd to cover Treason:
Yet, *Osman* muſt not ſtoop to Woman's Follies.

Their

Their Tears, Complaints, Regrets, and Reconcile-
 ments,
 With all their light, capricious, Roll of Changes,
 Are Arts, too vulgar, to be try'd on *Me*.
 It wou'd become me, better, to resume
 The Empire of my Will :----Rather than fall
 Beneath myself, I must, how dear foe'er
 It costs me, *rise*----till I look down, on *Zara* !
 Away---but mark me---these Seraglio Doors,
 Against all Christians, be they, henceforth, shut,
 Close, as the dark Retreats of silent Death.----
 What have I done, just Heav'n ! thy Rage to move,
 That thou should'st sink me down, so low, to Love ?



ACT IV. SCENE I.

Zara, Selima.

Selima.

AH! Madam, how, at once, I grieve your Fate,
 And, how admire your Virtue!-----Heaven
 permits, [fortune ;

And Heaven will give you Strength, to bear, Mis-
 To break these Chains, so strong, and, yet, so dear.

Zara. Oh ! that I cou'd support the fatal Struggle !

Selima. Th' Eternal aids your Weakness, fees your
 Will ;

Directs your Purpose, and rewards your Sorrows.

Zara. Never had Wretch more Cause, to *hope*, he
 does.

Selima. What ! tho', you here, no more, behold
 There is a Father to be found, above, [your Father !
 Who can restore That Father to his Daughter.

Zara. But, I have planted Pain, in *Osman's* Bosom ;
 He loves me, ev'n to Death !---and I reward him,
 With

With Anguish, and Despair:—How base: how cruel!
But I deserv'd him not, I shou'd have been
Too happy, and the Hand of Heaven repell'd me.

Selima. What! will you, then, regret the glorious
And hazard, thus, a Vict'ry, bravely won? [Lofs,

Zara. Inhuman Victory!----thou dost not know,
This Love, so pow'rful, this sole Joy of Life,
This first, best, Hope of earthly Happiness,
Is, yet, less pow'rful, in my Heart, than Heaven!
To him, who made that Heart, I offer it;
There, there, I sacrifice my bleeding Passion:
I pour, before him, ev'ry guilty Tear;
I beg him, to efface the fond Impression,
And fill, with his own Image, all my Soul;
But, while I weep, and sigh, repent, and pray,
Remembrance brings the Object of my Love,
And ev'ry light Illusion floats before him.
I see, I hear him, and, again, he charms!
Fills my glad Soul, and shines, 'twixt me, and
Heav'n!

Oh! all ye Royal Ancestors! Oh, Father!
Mother! you Christians, and the Christians' God!
You, who deprive me of this gen'rous Lover!
If you permit me not to live for him,
Let me not live, at all, and I am blest'd:
Let me die, innocent; let his dear Hand
Close the sad Eyes of her, he stoop'd to love,
And I acquit my Fate, and ask no more.
But he forgives me not——regardless, now
Whether, or how, I live, or, when I die,
He quits me, scorns me ——and I, yet live on,
And talk of Death, as distant.——

Selima. Ah! despair not,
Trust your Eternal He and be happy.

Zara. Why——what has *Osman* done, that *He*,
too, shou'd not?
Has Heaven, so nobly, form'd his Heart, to *bate* it?
Gen'rous, and Just, Beneficent, and Brave,

Were he but Christian-----what can Man be, *more*?
 I wish, methinks, this reverend Priest were come;
 To free me from these Doubts, which shake my Soul:
 Yet, know not, why I shou'd not dare to hope,
 That Heaven, whose Mercy All confess, and feel,
 Will pardon, and approve, th' Alliance wish'd:
 Perhaps, it seats me on the Throne of *Syria*,
 To tax my my Pow'r, for these good Christians'
 Comfort.

Thou know'st the mighty *Saladine*, who, first,
 Conquer'd this Empire, from my Father's Race,
 Who, like my *Osman*, charm'd th' admiring World,
 Drew Birth, tho' *Syrian*, from a Christian Mother.

Selima. What mean you, Madam! Ah? you do
 not see-----

Zara. Yes, yes-----I see it all; I am not blind:
 I see, my Country, and my Race, condemn me;
 I see, that, spite of all, I still, love *Osman*.
 What! if I, now, go throw me at his Feet,
 And tell him, there, sincerely, what I am?

Selima. Consider--*That* might cost your Brother's
 Expose the Christians, and betray you All. [Life,

Zara. You do not know the noble Heart of *Osman*;

Selima. I know him the Protector of a Faith,
 Sworn Enemy to ours;-----The *more* he loves,
 The *less* will he permit you, to profess
 Opinions, which he hates: To Night, the Priest,
 In private, introduc'd, attends you, here;
 You promis'd him Admission-----

Zara. Wou'd I had not!

I promis'd, too, to keep this fatal Secret;
 My Father's urg'd Command requir'd it, twice;
 I must obey, all dangerous, as it is:
 Compell'd to Silence, *Osman* is enrag'd,
 Suspicion follows, and I lose his Love.

Enter

Enter Osman.

Osman. Madam ! there was a Time, when my
charm'd Heart

Made it a Virtue, to be lost, in Love ;
When, without blushing, I indulg'd my Flame ;
And ev'ry Day, still, made you dearer to me.
You taught me, Madam, to believe, my Love
Rewarded, and return'd——nor was that Hope,
Methinks, too bold for Reason : Emperors,
Who chuse to sigh, devoted, at the Feet
Of Beauties, whom the World conceive their Slaves,
Have Fortune's Claim, at least, to sure Success :
But, 'twere profane to think of Pow'r, in Love.
Dear, as my Passion makes you, I decline
Possession of her Charms, whose Heart's another's ;
You will not find me a weak, jealous, Lover,
By coarse Reproaches giving Pain to you,
And shaming my own Greatness——wounded deeply,
Yet shunning, and disdaining, low Complaint,
I come——to tell you——

Zara. Give my trembling Heart
A Moment's Respite——

Osman. That unwilling Coldness,
Is just the Prize of your capricious Lightness ;
Your ready Arts may spare the fruitless Pains,
Of colouring Deceit with fair Pretences ;
I wou'd not wish to hear your slight Excuses ;
I cherish Ignorance, to save my Blushes.

Osman, in ev'ry Trial, shall remember,
That he is Emperor——Whate'er I suffer,
'Tis due to Honour, that I give up You,
And, to my injur'd Bosom, take Despair,
Rather than, shamefully, possess you, sighing,
Convinc'd, those Sighs were, never, meant for Me.—
Go, Madam—you are free—From *Osman's* Pow'r
Expect no Wrongs, but see his Face no more.

Zara. At last, 'tis come—the fear'd, the mur-
d'ring Moment
Is come—and I am curs'd by Earth, and Heaven !
[*Throws herself on the Ground.*
If it is true, that I am lov'd no more ;——
If you——

Osman. It is too true, my *Fame* requires it ;
It is too true, that I, unwilling, leave you :
That I, at once, renounce you, and adore.——
Zara !——you weep !

Zara. If I am doom'd to lose you,
If I must wander o'er an empty World,
Unloving, and unlov'd——Oh ! yet, do Justice
To the Afflicted——do not wrong me, doubly :
Punish me, if 'tis needful to your Peace,
But say not, 'I deserv'd it——This, at least,
Believe——for, not the Greatness of your Soul
Is Truth, more pure, and sacred——no Regret
Can touch my bleeding Heart, for having lost
The Rank, of Her, you raise to share your Throne :
I know, I never ought to have been there ;
My Fate, and my Defects require, I lose you :
But ah ! my Heart was, never, known to *Osman*.
May Heaven, that punishes, for ever hate me,
If I regret the Loss of aught, but *You*.

Osman. Rise—rise—This means not Love ?

[*Raises her.*

Zara. Strike——Strike me, Heaven !

Osman. What ! is it Love, to force yourself to wound
The Heart, you wish to gladden ?——But I find,
Lovers, least know *Themselves*, for, I believ'd,
That I had taken back the Power I gave you ;
Yet, see !——you did but weep, and have resum'd me !
Proud, as I am——I must confess, one Wish
Evades my Power——the Blessing to forget you.
Zara——Thy Tears were form'd to teach Disdain,
That Softness can disarm it.——'Tis decreed,
I must, for ever, love—but, from what Cause,

If thy consenting Heart partakes my Fires,
Art thou reluctant to a Blessing, meant me ?
Speak ? Is it Levity—or, is it Fear ?
Fear of a Power, that, but for blessing *Thee*,
Had, without Joy, been painful.—Is it Artifice ?
Oh ! spare the needless Pains—*Art* was not made
For ~~Zara~~ *Art*, however innocent,
Looks like Deceiving—I abhorr'd it, ever.///

Zara. Alas ! I have no Art, not ev'n enough,
To hide this Love, and this Distress, you give me.

Osman. Now Riddles ! speak, with Plainness, to
What can'st thou mean ; [my Soul ;

Zara. I have no Power to speak it.

Osman. Is it some Secret, dangerous to my State ?
Is it some Christian Plot, grown ripe, against me ?

Zara. Lives there a Wretch, so vile, as to betray
Osman is bless'd, beyond the Reach of Fear ; [you !
Fears, and Misfortunes, threaten only *Zara*.

Osman. Why threaten *Zara* ?

Zara. Permit me, at your Feet,
Thus, trembling, to beseech a Favour from you.

Osman. A Favour !—Oh ; you guide the Will
of *Osman*. [united,

Zara. Ah ! wou'd to Heaven, our Duties were
Firm, as our Thoughts and Wishes !—But This Day,
But This one sad, unhappy Day, permit me,
Alone, and far-divided, from your Eye,
To cover my Distress, lest you, too tender,
Shou'd see, and share it with me—from To-morrow,
I will not have a Thought, conceal'd from you.

Osman. What strange Disquiet ! from what stranger
Cause ?

Zara. If I am, really, bless'd with *Osman*'s Love,
He will not, then, refuse this humble Prayer.

Osman. If it must be, it must.—Be pleas'd---my
Will

Takes Purpose, from your Wishes ;---And, Consent
Depends not on my Choice, but your Decree :

Go—but remember, how He loves, who thus,
Finds a Delight in Pain, because you give it.

Zara. It gives me more than Pain, to make you
feel it.

Osman. And——can you, *Zara*, leave me?

Zara. Alas! my Lord! [Exit *Zara*.]

Osman. [*Alone.*] It shou'd be, yet, methinks, too
soon to fly me!

Too soon, as yet, to wrong my easy Faith;
The *more* I think, the *less* I can conceive,
What hidden Cause shou'd raise such strange Despair!
Now, when her Hopes have Wings, and ev'ry Wish
Is courted to be lively!——When I love,
And Joy, and Empire, press her to their Bosom;
When, not alone belov'd, but, ev'n, a Lover:
Professing, and accepting; blest'd, and blessing;
To see her Eyes, thro' Tears, shine mystick Love!
'Tis Madness! and I were unworthy Power,
To suffer, longer, the capricious Insult!
Yet, was I blameless?——No——I was too rash;
I have felt Jealousy, and spoke it, to her;
I have distrust'd her——and, still, she loves:
Gen'rous Atonement, That! and 'tis my Duty
To expiate, by a Length of soft Indulgence,
The Transports of a Rage, which, still, was Love,
Henceforth, I, never, will suspect her false;
Nature's plain Power of Charming dwells about her,
And Innocence gives Force to ev'ry Word:
I owe full Confidence to All, she *looks*,
For, in her Eye, shines Truth, and ev'ry Beam
Shoots Confirmation round her:—I remark'd,
Ev'n, while she wept, her Soul, a thousand times,
Sprung to her Lips, and long'd to leap to mine,
With honest, ardent, Ut'rance of her Love.——
Who can possess a Heart, so low, so base,
To look such Tenderness, and, yet, have none?

Enter

Enter Melidor, with Orasmin.

Melidor. This Letter, great Disposer of the World!
Address'd to Zara, and, in private, brought,
Your faithful Guards, this Moment, intercepted,
And, humbly, offer to your Sovereign Eye.

Osman. Come nearer; give it me.---To Zara.---
Rise!

Bring it, with Speed---Shame on your flatt'ring
Distance---

[*Advancing, and snatching the Letter.*
Be honest---and approach me, like a Subject,
Who serves the Prince, yet, not forgets the Man.

Melidor. One of the Christian Slaves, whom, late,
your Bounty
Releas'd from Bondage, fought, with heedful Guile,
Unnotic'd, to deliver it,-----discover'd
He waits, in Chains, his Doom, from your Decree.

Osman. Leave me---I tremble, as if something
fatal,
Were meant me, from this Letter---shou'd I read it?
Orasmin. Who knows, but it contains some happy
Truth,

That may remove all Doubts, and calm your Heart?

Osman. Be it, as 'twill---it *shall* be read---my Hands
Have Apprehension, that outreaches mine!

Why shou'd they tremble, thus?----'Tis done---and
now,

[*Opens the Letter.*
Fate be thy Call obey'd---*Orasmin*, mark-----

“ There is a secret Passage, toward the Mosque,
“ That Way, you might escape; and, unperceiv'd,
“ Fly your Observers, and fulfil our Hope;
“ Despise the Danger, and depend on me,
“ Who wait you, but to die, if you deceive.”

Hell! Tortures! Death! and Woman!-----What?

Orasmin?

Are we awake? Heard'st thou? Can this be *Zara*?

Orafmin. Wou'd, I had lost all Sense---for, what
I heard,

Has cover'd my afflicted Heart with Horror!

Osman. Thou see'st how I am treated?

Orafmin. Monstrous Treason!

To an Affront, like This, you cannot---must not---
Remain, insensible---You, who, but now,
From the most slight Suspicion, felt such Pain,
Must, in the Horror of so black a Guilt,
Find an effectual Cure, and banish Love.

Osman. Seek her this Instant---go---*Orafmin*, fly---
Shew her, this Letter---bid her read, and tremble:
Then, in the rising Horrors of her Guilt,
Stab her unfaithful Breast---and let her die.
Say, while thou strik'st---Stay, stay---return, and
pity me:

I will think, first, a Moment---Let that Christian
Be, strait, confronted with her---Stay---I will,
I will---I know not what;---Wou'd, I were dead!
Wou'd, I had dy'd, unconscious of this Shame!

Orafmin. Never did Prince receive so bold a Wrong.

Osman. See! here, detected, this infernal Secret!
This Fountain of her Tears, which my weak Heart
Mistook for Marks of Tendernefs and Pain!
Why! what a Reach has Woman, to deceive!
Under how fine a Veil, of Grief, and Fear,
Did she propose Retirement, 'till To-morrow!
And I, blind Dotard! gave the Fool's Consent,
Sooth'd her, and suffer'd her to go!---She parted,
Dissolv'd in Tears; and parted, to betray me!

Orafmin. Reflexion serves but to confirm her Guilt:
At length, resume Yourself; awaken Thought;
Assert your Greatnefs; and resolve, like *Osman*.

Osman. *Nereftan*, too---Was this the boasted Ho-
Of that proud Christian? whom *Jerusalem* [nour
Grew loud, in Praising! whose half-envy'd Virtue
I wonder'd at, myself! and felt Disdain,

To

To be but, equal, to a Christian's Greatness !
 And does he thank me thus ?——base Infidel !
 Honest, pretending, pious, *praying*, Villain !
 Yet, *Zara* is, a thousand times, more base,
 More Hypocrite, than He !——a Slave ! a Wretch !
 So low, so lost, that, ev'n the vilest Labours,
 In which he lay, condemn'd, could never sink him,
 Beneath his Native Infamy !——Did she not know,
 What I have done, what suffer'd——for Her Sake ?

Orafmin. Cou'd you, my gracious Lord ! forgive
 You wou'd—— [my Zeal !

Ozman. I know it——Thou art right——I'll see
 her——

I'll tax her, in thy Presence ;——I'll upbraid her——
 I'll let her *learn*——go——find, and bring her, to me.

Orafmin. Alas ! my Lord, disorder'd as you are,
 What can you wish to say ?

Ozman. I know not, now :——
 But I resolve to see her——lest she think,
 Her Falshood has, perhaps, the Power to grieve me.

Orafmin. Believe me, Sir, your Threatnings, your
 Complaints,

What will they All produce, but *Zara's* Tears,
 To quench this fanfy'd Anger ! your lost Heart,
 Seduc'd, against itself, will search but Reasons,
 To justify the Guilt, which gives it Pain :
 Rather conceal, from *Zara*, this Discovery ;
 And let some trusty Slave convey the Letter,
 Reclos'd to her own Hand——then, shall you learn,
 Spite of her Frauds, Disguise, and Artifice,
 The firmness, or Abasement, of her Soul.

Ozman. Thy Counsel charms me ! We'll about it,
 'Twill be some Recompence, at least, to see [now :
 Her Blushes, when detected,——

Orafmin. Oh ! my Lord,
 I doubt you, in the Trial——for, your Heart——

Ozman. Distrust me not——my Love, indeed, is
 weak,

But, Honour, and Disdain, more strong than *Zara* :
 Here, take this fatal Letter——chuse a Slave,
 Whom, yet, she never saw, and who retains
 His try'd Fidelity——Dispatch——be gone——

[*Exit Orasmin.*]

Now, whither shall I turn my Eyes, and Steps,
 The surest Way, to shun her ; and give Time
 For this discovering Trial ?——Heav'n ! she's here !

Enter Zara.

So, Madam ! Fortune will befriend my Cause,
 And free me from your Fetters :——You are met,
 Most aptly, to dispel a new-ris'n Doubt,
 That claims the finest of your Arts, to gloss it.
 Unhappy, each, by other, it is Time,
 To end our mutual Pain, that Both may rest :
 You want not Generosity, but Love :
 My Pride forgotten, my obtruded Throne,
 My Favours, Cares, Respect, and Tenderness,
 Touching your Gratitude, provok'd Regard ;
 Till, by a Length of Benefits, besieg'd,
 Your Heart submitted, and you thought, 'twas Love ;
 But, you deceiv'd Yourself, and injur'd me.
 There is, I'm told, an Object, more deserving
 Your Love, than *Osman*——I wou'd know his Name.
 Be just, nor trifle with my Anger : Tell me,
 Now, while expiring Pity struggles faint ;
 While I have yet, perhaps, the Pow'r to pardon :
 Give up the bold Invader of my Claim,
 And let him die, to save thee.—Thou art known ;
 Think, and resolve—While I yet speak, renounce
 him ;

While yet the Thunder rolls, suspended, stop it ;
 Let thy Voice charm me, and recall my Soul,
 That turns, averse, and dwells no more on *Zara*.

Zara. Can it be *Osman*, speaks ? and speaks to
Zara ?

Learn, cruel ! learn, that this afflicted Heart,

This

This Heart, which Heaven delights to prove, by
Tortures,

Did it not love, has Pride, and Pow'r, to shun you :

Alas ! you will not know me ! What have I

To fear, but that unhappy Love, you question ?

That Love, which, only, cou'd outweigh the Shame,

I feel, while I descend, to weep my Wrongs.

I know not, whether Heaven, that frowns upon me,

Has destin'd my unhappy Days, for Yours ;

But, be my Fate, or blest'd, or curs'd, I swear,

By Honour, dearer ev'n than Life, or Love,

Cou'd *Zara* be but Mistress of Herself,

She wou'd, with cold Regard, look down on Kings,

And, You alone excepted, fly 'em all :

Wou'd you learn more, and open all my Heart ?

Know then, that, spite of this renew'd Injustice,

I do not——cannot——wish to love you less :

That, long before you look'd so low, as *Zara*,

She gave her Heart to *Osman*——Yours, before

Your Benefits had bought her, or your Eye

Had thrown Distinction round her ; never had,

Nor ever will acknowledge, other Lover.——

And, to this sacred Truth, attesting Heaven !

I call thy dreadful Notice ! If my Heart

Deserves Reproach, 'tis *for*, but not *from*, *Osman*.

Osman. What ! does she, yet, presume to swear
Sincerity !

Oh ! Boldness of unblushing Perjury !

Had I not seen, had I not read, such Proof,

Of her light Falshood, as extinguish'd Doubt,

I cou'd not be a Man, and not believe her.

Zara. Alas ! my Lord, what cruel Fears have
seiz'd you ?

What harsh, mysterious Words were those, I heard ?

Osman. What Fears shou'd *Osman* feel, since *Zara*
loves him ?

Zara. I cannot live, and answer to your Voice,

In that reproachful Tone !——Your angry Eye
Trembles

Trembles with Fury, while you talk of Love;

Osman. Since *Zara* LOVES him!

Zara. Is it possible,

Osman should disbelieve it?——Again, again

Your late-repent'd Violence returns;

Alas! what killing Frowns you dart against me!

Can it be kind? Can it be just, to doubt me?

Osman. No—I can doubt no longer—You may retire.

[*Exit Zara.*]

Re-enter Orasmin.

Orasmin! she's perfidious, ev'n beyond
Her Sex's undiscover'd Power of Seeming:
She's at the topmost Point of shameless Artifice;
An Empress, at Deceiving!——Soft, and easy
Destroying like a Plague, in calm Tranquility:
She's innocent, she swears——So is the Fire;
It *shines*, in harmless Distance, bright, and pleasing,
Consuming nothing, till it, first, embraces.——
Say? Hast thou chos'n a Slave?——Is he instructed?
Haste, to detect her Vileness, and my Wrongs.

Orasmin. Punctual, I have obey'd your whole
Command;

But, have you arm'd, my Lord, your injur'd Heart,
With Coldness, and Indiff'rence? Can you hear,
All, painless and unmov'd, the False One's Shame?

Osman. *Orasmin!* I adore her, more than ever!

Orasmin. My Lord! my Emperor! forbid it,
Heaven!

Osman. I have discern'd a Gleam of distant
Hope;

This hateful Christian, the light Growth of *France*,
Proud, young, vain, amorous, conceited, rash,
Has misconceiv'd some charitable Glance,
And judg'd it Love, in *Zara*:——He, alone,
Then, has offended me.—Is it her Fault,
If those, she charms, are indiscreet and daring?
Zara, perhaps, expected not this Letter;

And

And I, with Rashness, groundless, as its Writer's,
Took Fire, at my own Fancy, and have wrong'd her.
Now, hear me, with Attention——Soon as Night
Has thrown her welcome Shadows, o'er the Palace;
When this *Nerestan*, this ungrateful Christian,
Shall lurk, in Expectation, near our Walls,
Be watchful, that our Guards surprize, and seize him;
Then, bound in Fetters, and o'erwhelm'd with Shame,
Conduct the daring Traitor, to my Presence;
But, above all, be sure, you hurt not *Zara*:
Mindful to what supreme Excess, I love.
I feel, I must confess, a kind of Shame,
And blush, at my own Tendernefs;—but, Faith,
Howe'er it seems deceiv'd, were weak, as I am,
Cou'd it admit Distrust, to blot its Face,
And give Appearance Way, till Proof takes Place.

End of the Fourth Act.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Zara, Selima.

Zara. SOOTH me, no longer, with this vain De-
fire;
To a Recluse, like *me*, who dares, henceforth,
Presume Admission!—The Seraglio's shut—
Barr'd, and unpassable—as *Death*, to *Time*!
My Brother ne'er must hope to see me, more:—
How now! what unknown Slave accosts us, here!

Enter Melidor.

Melidor. This Letter, trusted to my Hands, re-
ceive,

It

In secret Witness, I am, wholly, yours.

[Zara reads the Letter.]

Selima. [*Aside.*] Thou, everlasting Ruler of the World!

Shed thy wish'd Mercy on our hopeless Tears;
Redeem us from the Hands of hated Infidels,
And save my Princess from the Breast of *Osman*.

Zara. I wish, my Friend, the Comfort of your Counsel.

Selima. Retire—you shall be call'd—wait near—
Go, leave us: [Exit Melidor.]

Zara. Read this—and tell me, what I ought to answer?

For I wou'd, gladly, hear my Brother's Voice.

Selima. Say rather, you wou'd hear the Voice of Heav'n.

'Tis not your Brother, calls you, but your God.

Zara. I know it, nor resist his awful Will;
Thou know'st, that I have bound my Soul, by Oath;
But, can I—ought I—to engage myself,
My Brother, and the Christians in this Danger?

Selima. 'Tis not their Danger, that alarms your Fear;

Your Love speaks loudest, to your shrinking Soul;
I know your Heart, of Strength, to hazard All,
But, it has let in Traitors, who surrender,
On poor Pretence of Safety:---Learn, at least,
To understand, the Weakness, that deceives you:
You tremble, to offend your haughty Lover,
Whom Wrongs, and Outrage, but endear the more;
Yes—you are blind to *Osman's* cruel Nature,
That *Tartar's* Fierceness, that obscures his Bounties:
This Tyger, savage, in his Tenderness,
Courts, with Contempt, and threatens, amidst Soft-
ness;

Yet, cannot your neglected Heart efface
His fated, fix'd, Impression!

Zara. What Reproach

Can I, with Justice, make him?—I, indeed,
Have given Him Cause to hate me!—
Was not his Throne, was not his Temple, ready?
Did not he court his Slave, to be a Queen?
And have not I declin'd it?—I, who ought
To tremble, conscious of affronted Power!
Have not I triumph'd o'er his Pride, and Love?
Seen him submit his own high Will, to mine?
And sacrifice his Wishes, to my Weakness?

Selima. Talk we, no more, of this unhappy Pass—
What Resolution will your Virtue take? [sion :

Zara. All Things combine, to sink me to Despair;
From the Seraglio, Death, alone, will free me.
I long to see the Christians' happy Climes;
Yet, in the Moment, while I form that Prayer,
I sigh a secret Wish, to languish, here:
How sad a State is mine! my restless Soul
All ign'rant, what to do, or what to wish?
My only *Perfect* Sense is, That of Pain.
O, Guardian Heav'n! protect my Brother's Life;
For I will meet him, and fulfil his Prayer.
Then, when, from *Solyma's* unfriendly Walls,
His Absence shall unbind his Sister's Tongue,
Osman shall learn the Secret of my Birth,
My Faith unshaken, and my deathless Love;
He will approve my Choice, and pity me.
I'll send my Brother Word, he may expect me;
Call in the faithful Slave—God of my Fathers!

[*Exit Selima.*

Let thy Hand save me, and thy Will direct.

Enter Selima, and Melidor.

Go—tell the Christian, who intrusted thee,
That *Zara's* Heart is fix'd, nor shrinks at Danger;
And, that my faithful Friend will, at the Hour,
Expect, and introduce him, to his Wish.
Away—the Sultan comes; he must not find us.

[*Exeunt Zara and Selima.*

Enter

Enter Osman, and Orasmin.

Osman. Swifter, ye Hours, move on; my Fury
glows
Impatient, and wou'd push the Wheels of Time :—
How now ! What Message dost thou bring ? Speak
boldly——

What Answer gave she, to the Letter, sent her ?

Melidor. She blush'd, and trembled, and grew
pale, and paus'd ;

Then blush'd, and read it ; and, again, grew pale ;
And wept, and smil'd, and doubted, and resolv'd :
For, after all this Race of vary'd Passions,
When she had sent me out, and call'd me back,
Tell him (he cry'd) who has intrusted thee,
That *Zara's* Heart is fix'd, nor shrinks at Danger ;
And, that my faithful Friend will, at the Hour,
Expect, and introduce him, to his Wish.

Osman. Enough—be gone—I have no Ear for
more.——— *[To the Slave.]*

Leave me, Thou too, *Orasmin.*—Leave me Life,

[To Orasmin.]

For, ev'ry Mortal Aspect moves my Hate :

Leave me, to my Distraction—I grow mad,

And cannot bear the Visage of a Friend.

Leave me, to Rage, Despair, and Shame, and
Wrongs ;

Leave me, to seek Myself—and shun Mankind.

[Alone.]

Who *am* I?—Heav'n ! Who am I ? What resolve I ?
Zara ! Nereftan ! Sounds those Words, like Names
Decreed to join !—Why pause I ?—Perish *Zara*——
Wou'd, I cou'd tear her Image from my Heart :—
'Twere happier, not to live, at all, than live
Her Scorn, the Sport of an ungrateful False One !
And sink the Sovereign, in a Woman's Property.

Re-enter

Re-enter Orasmin.

Orasmin!—Friend! return—I cannot bear
This Absence, from thy Reason: 'Twas unkind,
'Twas cruel, to obey me, thus distress'd,
And wanting Pow'r to *think*, when I had lost thee.
How goes the Hour? Has he appear'd? This Rival!
Perish the shameful Sound—This Villain Christian!
Has he appear'd, below?

Orasmin. Silent, and dark,
Th' unbreathing World is hush'd, as if it heard,
And listen'd to, your Sorrows.

Osman. O, treach'rous Night!
Thou lend'st thy ready Veil, to ev'ry Treason,
And teeming Mischiefs thrive, beneath thy Shade.

Orasmin! Prophet! Reason! Truth! and Love!
After such Length of Benefits to wrong me!
How have I over-rated, how mistaken,
The Merit of her Beauty!—Did I not
Forget I was a Monarch? Did I remember,
That Zara was a Slave?—I gave up All;
Gave up Tranquility, Distinction, Pride,
And fell, the shameful Victim of my Love!

Orasmin. Sir! Sovereign! Sultan! my Imperial
Master!

Reflect on your own Greatness, and disdain
The distant Provocation.——

Osman. Heard't thou nothing?

Orasmin. My Lord?

Osman. A Noise, like Dying Groans?

Orasmin. I listen, but can hear nothing.

Osman. Again!—look out—he comes——.

Orasmin. Nor Tread of Mortal Foot—nor Voice,
I hear:

The still Seraglio lies, profoundly plung'd,
In Deathlike Silence! nothing stirs.—The Air
Is soft, as Infants' Sleep, no breathing Wind
Steals, thro' the Shadows, to awaken Night.

Osman.

Osman. Horrors, a thousand times more dark,
than these,

Benight my suff'ring Soul——Thou dost not know,
To what Excess of Tendernefs, I lov'd her.

I knew no Happinefs, but what she gave me,

Nor cou'd have felt a Mis'ry, but for her!

Pity this Weaknefs——mine are Tears, *Orafmin!*

That fall not oft, nor lightly :——

Orafmin. Tears!——Oh, Heaven!

Osman. The first, which, ever, yet, unmann'd
my Eyes!

O! pity *Zara*——pity *Me*——*Orafmin,*

These but forerun the Tears of destin'd Blood.

Orafmin. Oh, my unhappy Lord!——I tremble
for you——

Osman. Do——tremble at my Suff'rings, at my
Love;

At my Revenge, too, tremble——for, 'tis due,
And will not be deluded.

Orafmin. Hark! I hear

The Steps of Men, along the neighb'ring Wall!——

Osman. Fly——seize him——'tis *Nerefsan!* wait no
Chains,

But, drag him down, to my impatient Eye.

[*Exit Orafmin.*]

Enter Zara, and Selima, in the Dark.

Zara. Where art thou, *Selima?* Give me thy Hand;

It is so dark, I tremble, as I step,

With Fears, and Startings, never felt, 'till now!

Osman. Damnation! 'tis Her Voice! the well
known Sound,

That has, so often, charm'd me into Baseness!

Oh! the perfidious Hypocrite!——she goes,

To meet th' inviting Infidel!——now, now,

[*Drawing a Dagger.*]

Revenge, stand firm, and intercept his Wishes:——

Revenge! on whom?—no matter—Earth, and Hea-
ven,

Wou'd

Wou'd blush, shou'd I forbear:—Now—*Zara*, now;

[*Drops the Dagger.*

I must not——cannot strike, the starting Steel,
Unwilling, flies my Hand, and shuns to wound her.

Zara. This is the private Path—come nearer, lead
me——

Are we not notic'd, think'st thou?

Selima. Fear not, Madam;

It cannot, now, be long, ere we shall meet him.

Osman. That Word has giv'n me, back, my eb-
bing Rage; [*Recovers the Dagger.*

Zara. I walk in Terror, and my Heart forebodes:
Who's there?—*Nerestan!* Is it you!—Oh! Wel-
come——

Osman. [*Stabbing her.*] This to thy Heart—'Tis
not the Traitor, meets thee,

'Tis the Betray'd——who writes it, in thy Blood.

Zara. O, gracious Heaven! receive my parting
Soul. [*Dies.*

Osman. Soul?—then Revenge has reach'd thee—
I will, now,

Haste, from this fatal Place——I cannot leave her!

Whom did I strike? Was this the Act of Love?

Swallow me, Earth!—She's silent—*Zara's* dead!

And should I live, to see returning Day,

'Twill shew me but her Blood!—shew me, left joy-
less,

In a wide, empty World, with nothing round me,

But Penitence, and Pain—and, yet, 'twas just:—

Hark!—Destiny has sent her Lover to me,

To fill my Vengeance, and restore my joy.

Enter Orasmin, with Nerestan.

Approach thou Wretch! thou more than curs'd!
come near——

Thou! who, in Gratitude, for Freedom gain'd,

Hast given *Me* Miseries, beyond thy own!

Thou Heart of Heroe, with a Traitor's Soul!

Go

Go——reap thy due Reward, prepare to suffer,
 Whate'r inventive Malice can inflict,
 'To make Thee *feel* thy Death, and perish, slow.
 Are my Commands obey'd ?

Orafin. All is prepar'd :

Osman. Thy wanton Eyes look round, in Search
 of Her,

Whose Love, descending to a Slave, like Thee,
 From my dishonour'd Hand, receiv'd her Doom ?
 See ! where she lies——

Nerestan. O, fatal, rash, Mistake !

Osman. Dost thou behold her, Slave ?

Nerestan. Unhappy Sister !

Osman. Sister !——Did'st thou say Sister ? if
 thou did'st,

Bless me, with Deafness, Heaven !

Nerestan. Tyrant ! I did——

She ~~was~~ my Sister——All, that, now, is left thee,
 Dispatch——From my distracted Heart, drain, next,
 The Remnant of the Royal, Christian, Blood :

Old *Lusignan*, expiring, in my Arms,
 Sent his too wretched Son, with his last Blessing,
 To his, now, murder'd Daughter !——

Wou'd I had seen the bleeding Innocent !
 I wou'd have liv'd, to speak to her, in Death ;
 Wou'd have awaken'd, in her languid Heart,
 A livelier Sense of her abandon'd God :

That God, who, left by Her, forsook Her, too,
 And gave the poor, lost, Suff'rer, to thy Rage.

Osman. Thy Sister ?——*Lusignan*, her Father——
Selima !

Can this be true ;—and have I wrong'd thee, *Zara* ?

Selima. Thy Love was all the Cloud, 'twixt her,
 and Heav'n !

Osman. Be dumb——for thou art base, to add
 Distraction,

To my, already, more, than bleeding Heart :
 And was thy Love sincere ?—What, then, remains ?

Nerestan.

Nereſſan. Why ſhou'd a Tyrant hesitate, on Murder!

There, now, remains, but mine, of all the Blood,
Which, through thy Father's cruel Reign, and Thine,
Has, never, ceas'd to stream, on *Syria's* Sands;
Restore a Wretch to his unhappy Race;
Nor hope, that Torments, after such a Scene,
Can force one feeble Groan, to feast thy Anger.
I waite my fruitless Words, in empty Air;
The Tyrant, o'er the bleeding Wound, he made,
Hangs his unmoving Eye, and heeds not me.

Osman. O, *Zara*!——

Oraſmin. Alas! my Lord, return—whither wou'd Grief

Transport your gen'rous Heart?——This Christian Dog——

Osman. Take off his Fetters, and observe my Will:
To Him, and all his Friends, give instant Liberty:
Pour a Profusion, of the richest Gifts,
On these unhappy Christians; and, when heap'd,
With vary'd Benefits, and charg'd, with Riches,
Give 'em safe Conduct, to the nearest Port.

Oraſmin. But, Sir!——

Osman. Reply not, but obey.——

Fly—nor dispute thy Master's last Command,
Thy Prince, who orders—and thy Friend, who loves thee!

Go—lose no Time—farewell—be gone—and thou!
Unhappy Warrior!—yet, less lost, than I!——

Haste, from our bloody Land—and, to thy own,
Convey this poor, pale, Object of my Rage:

Thy King, and all his Christians, when they hear
Thy Miseries, shall mourn 'em, with their Tears;
But, if thou tell'st 'em mine, and tell'st 'em, truly,
They, who shall hate my Crime, shall pity *Me*.

Take, too, this Poinard, with thee, which my Hand
Has stain'd with Blood, far dearer, than my own;
Tell 'em—with This, I murder'd, Her, I lov'd;

The

The noblest, and most virtuous, among Women!
 The Soul of Innocence, and Pride of Truth!
 Tell 'em, I laid my Empire at her Feet;
 Tell em, I plung'd my Dagger in her Blood;
 Tell 'em, I so ador'd—and, thus reveng'd her.

[*Stabs himself.*

Rev'rence this Heroe——and conduct him, safe.

[*Dies.*

Nerestan. Direct me, Great Inspirer of the Soul!
 How shou'd I act, how judge, in this Distress?
 Amazing Grandeur! and detested Rage!
 Ev'n I, amidst my Tears, admire this Foe,
 And mourn his Death, who liv'd to give me Woe.

End of the Fifth Act.





E P I L O G U E,

Spoke by Mrs. CLIVE.

HERE, take a Surfeit, Sirs, of being Jealous;
And shun the Pains, that plague those Turkish
Fellows:

Where LOVE and DEATH join Hands, their Darts con-
founding,

Save us, good Heav'n! from this new Way of
WOUNDING!

Curs'd Climate!---where, to CARDS, a lone-left Wo-
man

Has only, One of her Black-Guards, to summon!

Sighs, and sits mop'd, with her tame Beast to gaze at:

And, that cold Treat, is all the Game she plays at!

For---shou'd she once, some Abler Hand be trying,

Poignard's the Word!---and, the first Deal is---DY-
ING!

'Slife! shou'd the bloody Whim get Ground, in
Britain,

Where Woman's FREEDOM has such Heights, to sit on;

Daggers, PROVOK'D, wou'd bring on DESOLATION:

And, murder'd Felles un-people half the Nation!---

Fain

E P I L O G U E.

*Fain wou'd I help this Play, to move Compassion;
And live, to hunt SUSPICION out of Fashion.——*

*FOUR Motives, strongly recommend, to Lovers,
Hate of this Weakness, that our Scene discovers :*

*First then---A Woman WILL, or WON'T---depend
on't :*

*If she will do't, she WILL :---and, there's an End on't.
But, if she won't,---since safe and sound your Trust is,
Fear is AFFRONT : and Jealousy INJUSTICE.*

*Next,---He who bids his Dear do, what she pleases,
Blunts Wedlock's Edge ; and, all its Torture eases :
For---not to feel your Suff'rings, is the same,
As not to suffer :---All the Diff'rence---Name.*

*Thirdly---The Jealous Husband wrongs his Honour;
No Wife goes Lame, without some Hurt upon Her :
And, the malicious World will still be guessing,
Who, oft, Dines out, dislikes her own Cook's Dressing.*

*Fourthly, and lastly,---to conclude my Lecture,
If you wou'd FIX th' inconstant Wife---RESPECT her.
She who perceives her Vertues OVER-RATED,
Will fear to have th' Account more justly stated :
And, bor'wing, from her Pride, the Good Wife's
SEEMING,*

Grow REALLY SUCH---to Merit your Esteeming.

F I N I S.



